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THE MERTON TUNE-BOOK.

A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

USED IN THE

Church of St. John Baptist, Oxford;

COMPILED BY

H. W. SARGENT, M.A.,

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and Incumbent of S. John Baptist's Church.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

L. G. HAYNE, MUS. DOC.,

Coryphæus of the University of Oxford.

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The Lord Bishop of Oxford,

THIS

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS Collection owes its existence to the difficulty I experienced some years ago in finding Tunes of a good ecclesiastical kind suited to the Hymnal used in my Church. Having searched in vain for a Tune-Book fit for my purpose I determined to form one of my own; I therefore examined all the Tune-Books, both English and Foreign, to which I could obtain access, and the Collection now published is the result.

Although it has not been my object to form a large miscellaneous Collection, yet I believe the Tunes will be found numerous and varied enough to meet the requirements of most other Hymnals now in use.

It appeared to me that, in former Tunc-Books, sufficient care had not been taken to secure agreement between the sentiment of the Hymn and its Music. I have endeavoured as much as possible to avoid this defect. How far I have been successful, can only be determined by a reference to the Hymnal to which the Tunes have been adapted. Wishing the book to be useful for Parish Choirs, I have also been careful to choose only such Tunes as are within an ordinary compass of voice, and present no peculiar difficulties in the several parts of the Harmony. My friend the Rev. Dr. Hayne undertook the arrangement and editing of the Tunes. To his skill and taste I am wholly indebted for the performance of this irksome and difficult task, and I cannot be too grateful to him for the time and care he has bestowed upon the work of preparing it for the press.

It now only remains for me to express my acknowledgments to those Gentlemen, by whose courtesy I have been enabled to enrich this Collection with many beautiful Tunes of which they hold the copyright.

Tune 91 is inserted by permission of the Lord Bishop of Argyll; Tunes 20, 44, 45, 65, 74, 95, 121, 123, by permission of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, from his Old Church Psalmody; and the Rev. H. E. Havergal has allowed me the use of Tune 56; for Tunes 41, 46, 120, 124, 125, 133 I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Maurice who allowed me to draw largely from his valuable collection "Choral Harmony."

Mr. Turle allows me to reprint Tune 15; the Rev. J. B. Dykes gives me the same permission for Tune 77; and Mr. Goss allows me to use Tune 82; Tunes 32, 69 are inserted with Mr. W. H. Monk's leave; Tune 58 by the permission of the "Cheadle Society for the Improvement of Church Music;" and for Tunes 92 and 93 I am indebted to the Rev. W. Mercer, who has kindly allowed me to reprint them from the "Church Psalter and Hymn Book." Mr. Reinagle permits me to insert his beautiful setting (Tune 112) of Mr. Neale's translation of one of the Greek Hymns. Tune 110 has been reprinted with Messrs. Addison and Hollier's leave; Tune 131 by the permission of Messrs. Novello; Dr. Gauntlett allows me to insert Tunes 28, 105, 107. I am indebted to Mr. Morley for Tune 142; and last though not least, some of the most beautiful settings of Hymns of peculiar metre have been kindly contributed by Dr. Hayne and Mr. T. Hewlett.

To all these gentlemen I beg to return my grateful thanks, for the facilities they have afforded me in the publication of this work.

H. W. SARGENT.

MERTON COLLEGE,
Jan. 1863.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE Second Edition of the "Merton Tune-Book" has been carefully revised and corrected. Several errors and misprints that had been overlooked in the former edition have been removed; and the Collection has been further enriched by a beautiful setting of Bishop Heber's Hymn to the Trinity, by the kind permission of the Composer, the Rev. J. B. Dykes. Two "Ancient Melodies" have also been added; and with regard to these, as well as all the others of the same kind, it should be stated that the Compiler of this Collection is alone responsible for their insertion.

H. W. S.

MERTON COLLEGE,
Jan. 1867.

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The arrangements and melodies of these Tunes are for the most part copyright.
The right to reprint Tunes 62, 67, 73, 94, 98, and 143 has been purchased from Mr. Masters.
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HYMNS AND TUNES.

*** The Numbers to the Hymns refer to the Merton Hymn Book.

82 The saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their LORD in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family, we dwell in Him:
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

One army of the living GOD,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

LORD JESUS, be our constant guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven. Amen.

---

91 JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

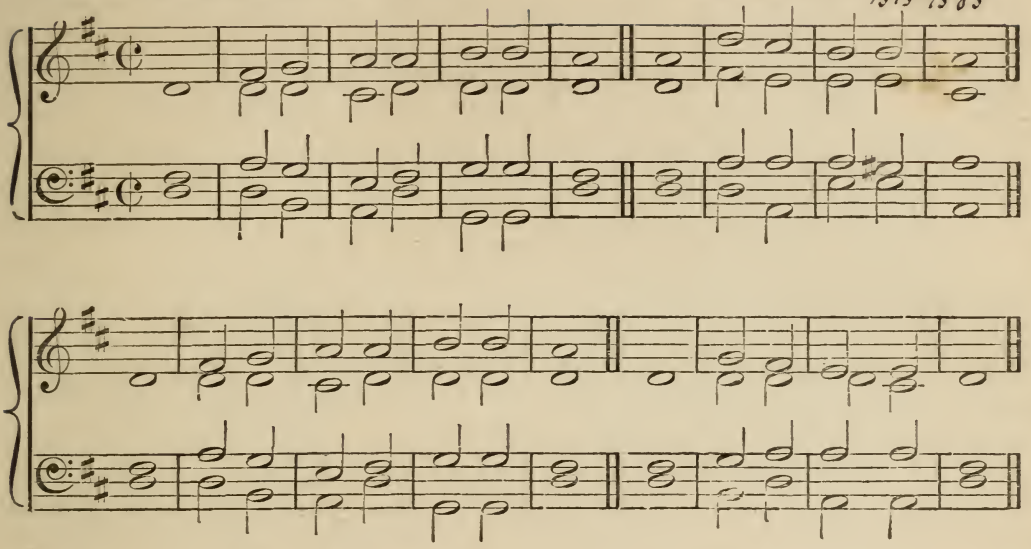
Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed,
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than JESUS, SON of GOD.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
To those who seek how good Thou art;—
But what to those who find?

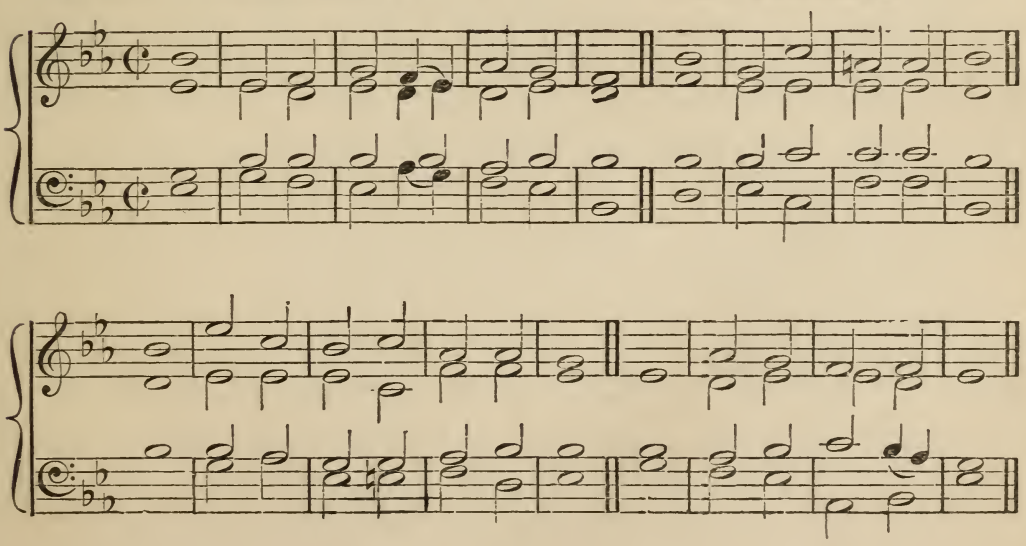
Ah! this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

JESU, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
JESU, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

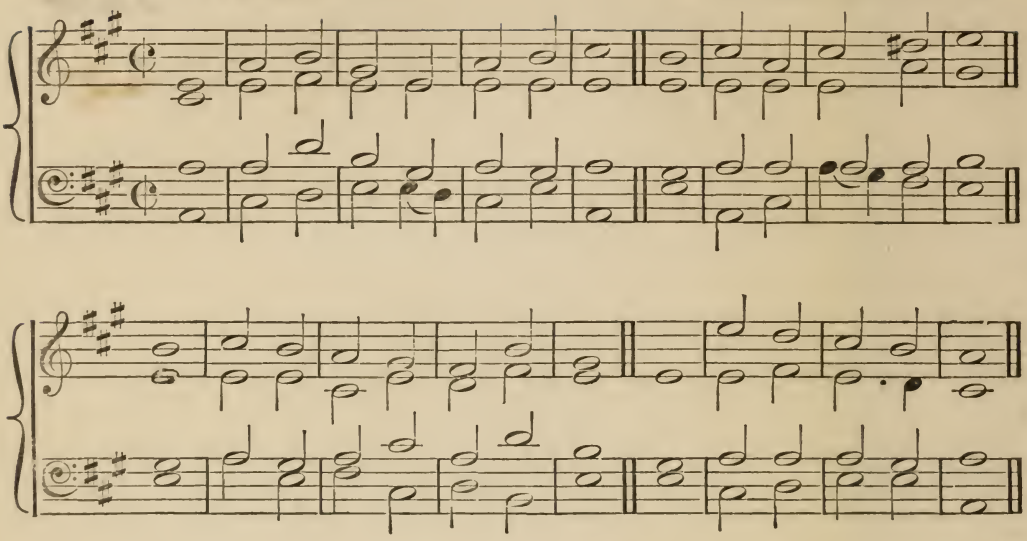
No. 1. VENI CREATOR. C. M. *Thomas Tallis, A.D. 1565.*
1515-1585



No. 2. S. BERNARD. C. M. *W. Richardson*

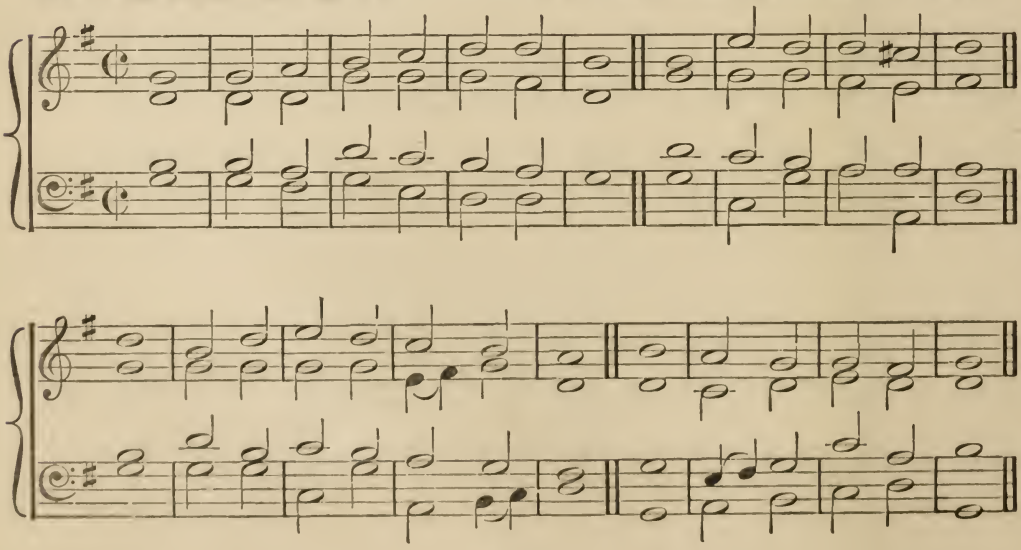


No. 3. S. MAGNUS. C. M. *Dr J. Clarke, ob. A.D.* 1707.



J. Jenkins mus. B.t 1650

No. 4. SOUTHAM. C. M. *From Ravenscroft's Psalter, A.D.* 1621.



11 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For Angels no such love have known
To awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! the incarnate SAVIOUR comes,
With messages from Heaven.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let Heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born!

Glory to GOD in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where CHRIST exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains?

All glory, JESU, be to Thee,
Whom the pure Virgin bore,
With FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

102 O LORD, our LORD, in all the earth
How bright Thy Name, how high!
Thou who hast poured Thy glory forth
Beyond the eternal sky.

When gazing on the heavens, I see
The work of Thine own hand,
The moon and stars, arrayed by Thee
In order as they stand;

What is frail man, for Thee to bear
In memory and in mind?
Or wherefore visit with Thy care
The child of base mankind?

Thou sett'st him where is little space
'Twixt him and Powers divine,
With glory crown'st him, and with grace
O'er every work of Thine.

O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
How glorious is Thy Name! Amen.

100 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes thy glorious walls
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Oh! when, thou city of my GOD,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where blest communion ne'er shall cease,
GOD'S praises never end?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand,
And all I love in CHRIST below
Shall join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see. Amen.

106 My Shepherd is the LORD; I know
No care or craving need:
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead:

He lays me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,
E'en for His Name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of death
My dreary way I take?

I fear no ill, for Thou, O GOD,
With me for ever art;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

For me Thy board is richly spread
In sight of all my foes,
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,
My cup of grace o'erflows.

O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my FATHER'S gate
For long bright years shall be. Amen.

62 O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine altar kneel!

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above!

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the LORD,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O GOD, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

26 O LORD, turn not Thy face from us,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all our sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;

Which Thou dost open wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against us, LORD,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our life
To Thee, who best canst tell
What we have done, and what we are;
We know Thou knowest it well.

So come we to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for our sin,
To heal our deadly wound.

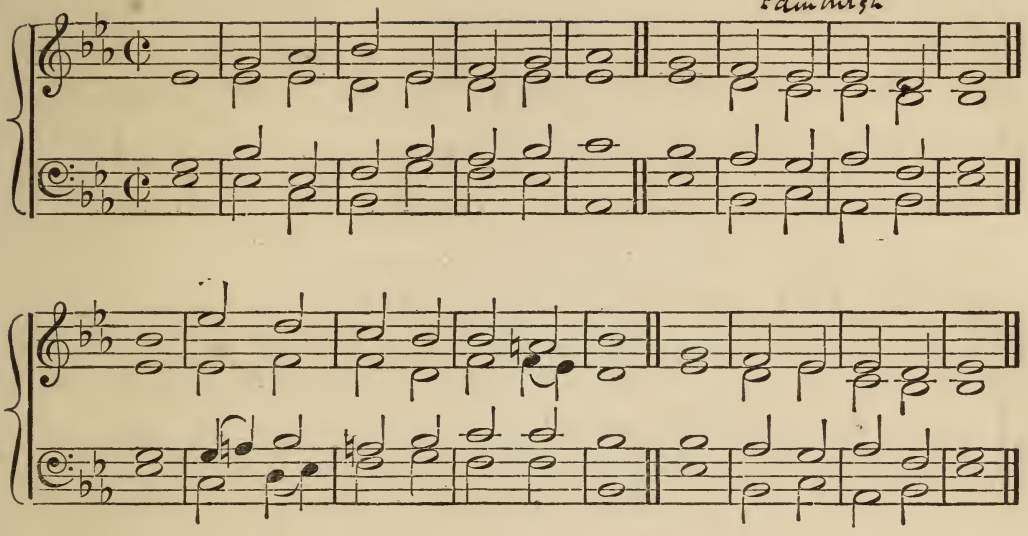
LORD, we need not to repeat
The comfort we would have:
Thou knowest, O LORD, before we ask,
The blessing we do crave.

Mercy, good LORD, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, LORD, is all our suit;
LORD, let Thy mercy come! Amen.

Andro Hart 1615

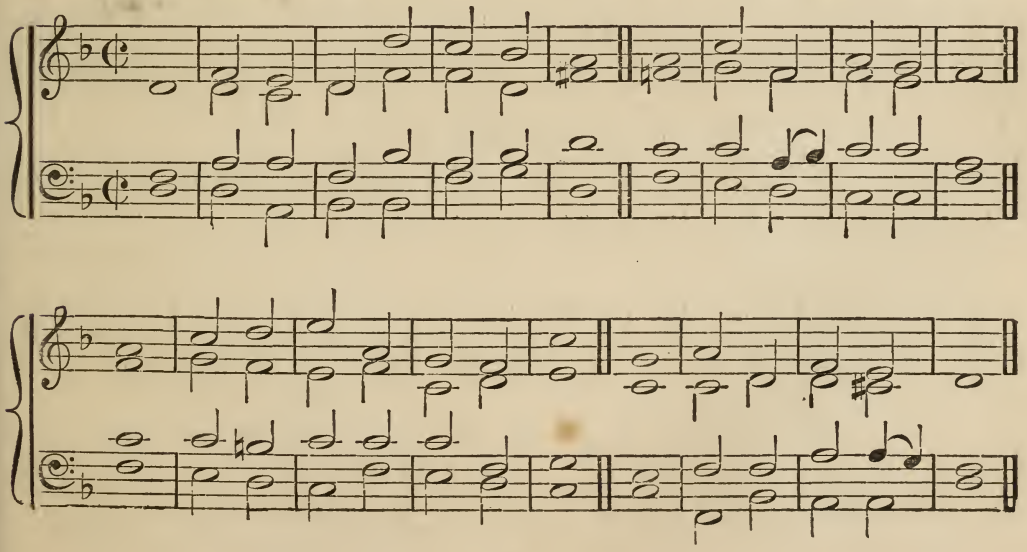
No. 5. DUNDEE. C. M. *From Scotch Psalter, A.D.* 1621.

Edinburgh

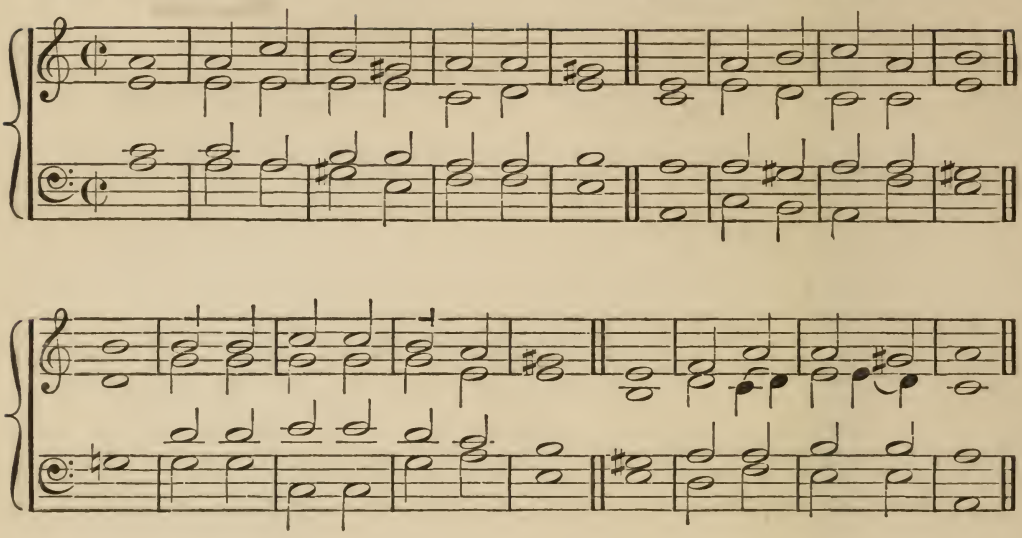


Archdeacon Pys. "Psalter" 1621

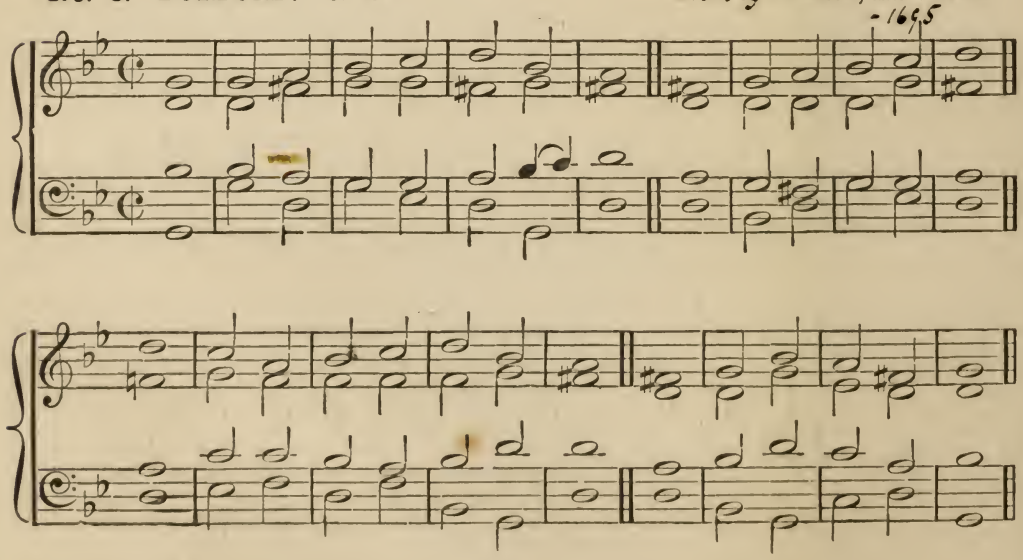
No. 6. S. MARY. C. M. *Dr. Blow, A.D.* 1648.



No. 7. KINGS. C. M. *From Ravenscroft's Psalter, A.D.* 1621.



No. 8. BURFORD. C. M. *Henry Purcell, A.D.* 1658. - 1695



50 When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud—

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; It fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

Come Lord, come wisdom, love, and power,
Open our ears to hear,
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

24 The solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep;
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain,
The smitten soul be torn.

O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

Blest Trinity in Unity!
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

108 The earth is all the LORD's, with all
Her fulness and her store,
The Sovereign He of this round world,
And all that range it o'er.

Who shall ascend the mount of GOD,
Who fearless rise on high,
And stand in the most holy place
Beneath the all-seeing eye?

The pure of hand, the stainless heart,
Which no ill dreams defile,
The soul not lifted up in lies,
The tongue unsworn in guile.

He in the blessing of the LORD
Shall ask and have his part,
The GOD of all salvation pour
True goodness in his heart.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore! Amen.

---

21 Maker of earth, to Thee alone
Perpetual rest belongs,
And the bright choirs around Thy throne
May pour their endless songs:

But we, as sinless now no more,
And doomed to toil and pain—
Can we upon an alien shore
So sing the heavenly strain?

FATHER, Whose promise binds Thee still
To heal the suppliant throng,
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us so long.

And, mourning, grant us faith to rest
Upon Thy love and care;
Till Thou restore us, with the blest
The song of Heaven to share.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Great THREE in ONE, be glory done
By men and angel host. Amen.

97 Blessed are those whose hearts are pure,
From guile their spirits free;
To them shall GOD Himself reveal,
They shall His glory see.

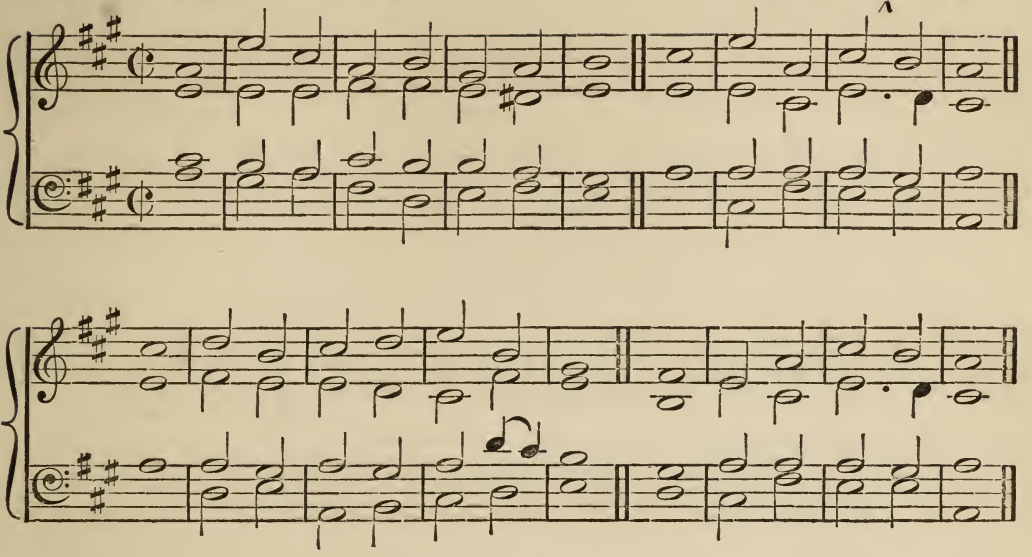
Their simple souls upon His word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust, and ask no more
Than guidance from above.

Who in meek faith unmixed with doubt,
The engrafted word receive;
Whom the first sign of heavenly power
Persuades, and they believe.

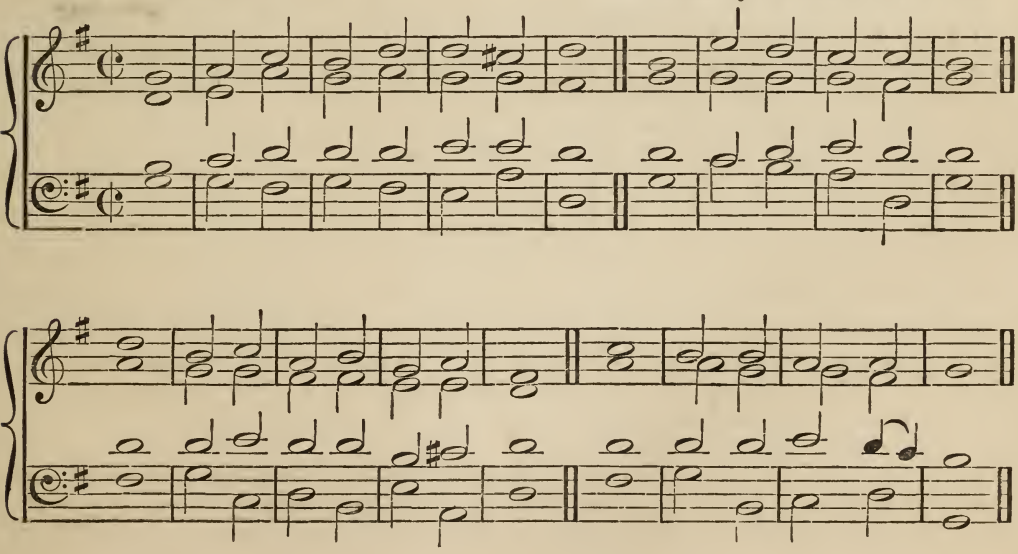
They, as they walk the painful world,
See hidden glories rise;
Our GOD the sunshine of His love
Unfolds before their eyes.

For them far greater things than these
Doth CHRIST the LORD prepare;
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,
No human voice declare. Amen.

No. 9. S. STEPHEN. C. M. *Rev. W. Jones, A.D.* 1800.



No. 10. SALISBURY. C. M. *From Ravenscroft's Psalter, A.D.* 1621.



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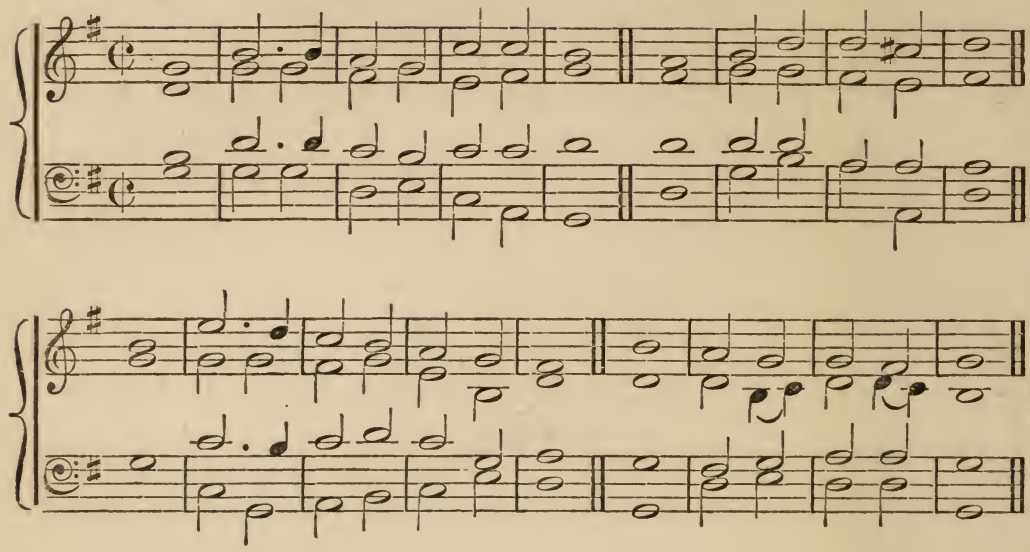
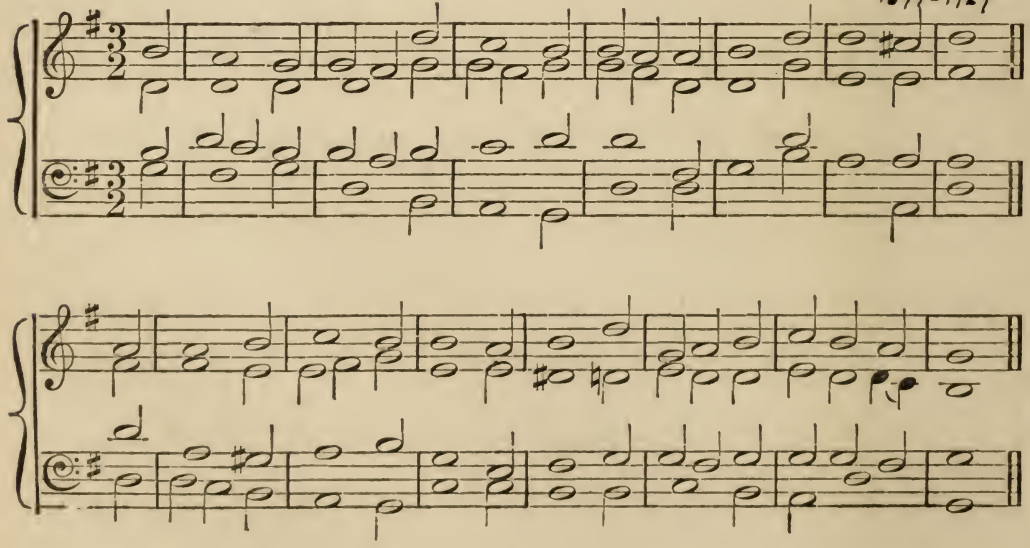
No. 11. WINCHESTER. C. M. *From Alison's Psalter*, 1599.



No. 12. CROFT. C. M. *Dr. Croft, A.D.* 1703.
1677-1727



2 The advent of our KING and GOD,
Our prayers must now employ;
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.

For us the Everlasting SON
Incarnate now shall be;
He will a servant's form put on,
To make His people free.

Gentle and meek He comes; arise,
SION, behold thy KING,
And haste to meet Him, nor despise
The peace He deigns to bring.

He shall return, as Judge, e'en now
On clouds with lightning riven,
And all His saints left here below,
In triumph bear to Heaven.

All praise, while endless ages run,
To FATHER ever blest,
To SPIRIT and Eternal SON,
In flesh made manifest. Amen.

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3 Thou, GOD, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive,
Since all things by Thy word were made,
And by Thy bounty live.

And worthy is the LAMB all power,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to GOD,
rom every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious Blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and Heaven,
To Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the LAMB be given. Amen.

110 How pleasant, LORD of Hosts, how dea.
The tents of Thine abode!
My longing soul faints to be near
The courts of mine own GOD.

My heart and flesh to Thee would chant
The living GOD and blest;
The sparrow, she hath found her haunt,
The swallow knows her nest,

Her home where cowers her callow brood,
Thy altars, LORD of Hosts,
Whom for her GOD and Monarch good
My soul adoring boasts.

O blest, who dwell around Thy shrine,
With ever-growing praise,
Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
Who bear in heart Thy ways:

They will go on from strength to strength,
Each to the mighty GOD;
In Sion they appear at length,
O'er-past their weary road.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By man on earth be glory done,
And by the heavenly host. Amen.

39 Jesus, Thy soul for ever blest,
Hath gone among the dead;
And to his peaceful place of rest
The dying thief hath led.

And all for us, that when ere long
We shall resign our breath,
We may not fear to go among
The unseen shades of death.

In death's dark vale I soon must be,
But I will nothing fear;
Thy rod and staff will comfort me,
Thou hast Thyself been there.

To Him Who left His throne on high,
Mankind from death to raise;
With Father, and with Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting praise. Amen.

58 When kneeling at the hallowed font,
To Heaven we lift our prayer,
Hear, gracious Lord, as Thou art wont,
And be Thou present there.

Have mercy on Thy little ones
Whom we present to Thee,
And make them Thine adopted sons,
From guilt and error free.

Change Thou the carnal heart within,
And make it all Thine own,
Dead to the flesh, the world, and sin,
Alive to Thee alone.

Praise to the Son, through Whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost. Amen.

---

128 Now morning lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned;
Oh, haste we then her light to hail
In courts of holy ground!

But Christ triumphant o'er the grave,
Shines more divinely bright;
Oh, sing we then His power to save,
And walk we in His light!

When from the darkest shades of night
Sprang forth the world so fair,
Arrayed in brilliant robes of light,
What power divine was there!

When He, Who gave His guiltless Son,
A guilty world to spare,
Restored to life the Holy One,
What love divine was there!

When, fresh from the Eternal's hand,
The earth in beauty stood,
All decked with light at His command,
He saw, and called it good.

Yet a far goodlier world it stood
In the Creator's sight,
When by the Lamb's all-cleansing Blood,
Washed to celestial white.

Oh, Holy, Blessed, Three in One!
May Thy pure light be given,
That we the paths of death may shun,
And keep the way to heaven. Amen.

10 While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around:

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;

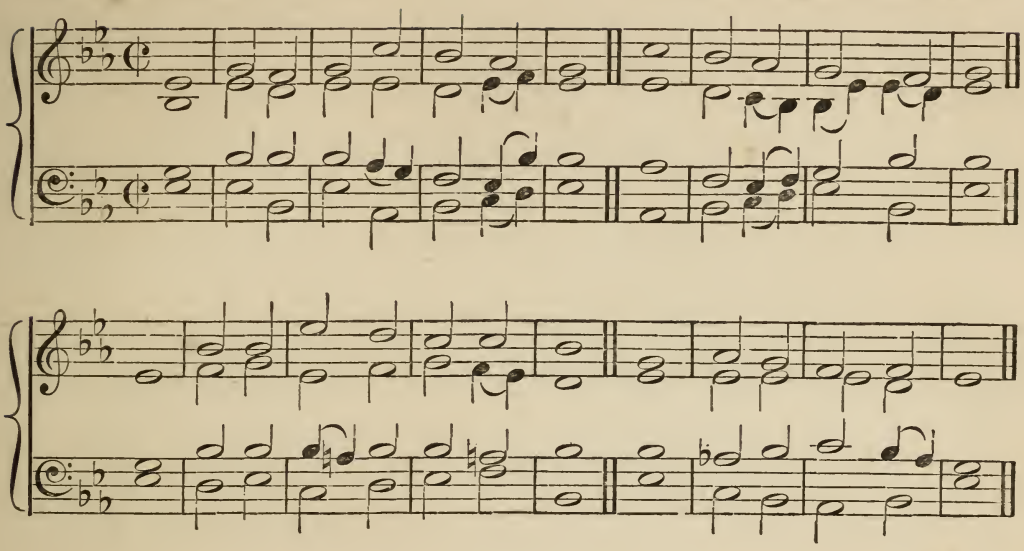
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

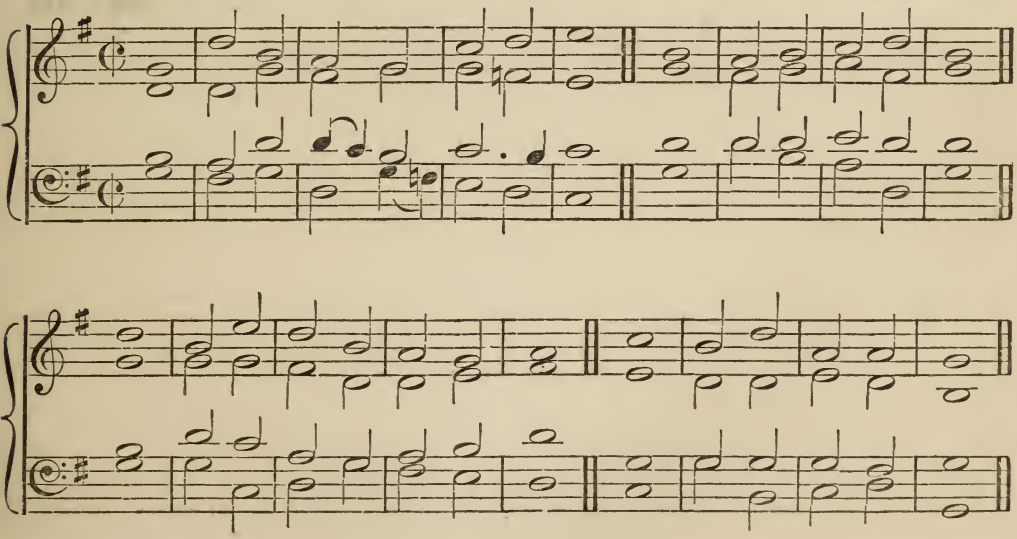
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." Amen.

Melchior Vulpius 1560-1616

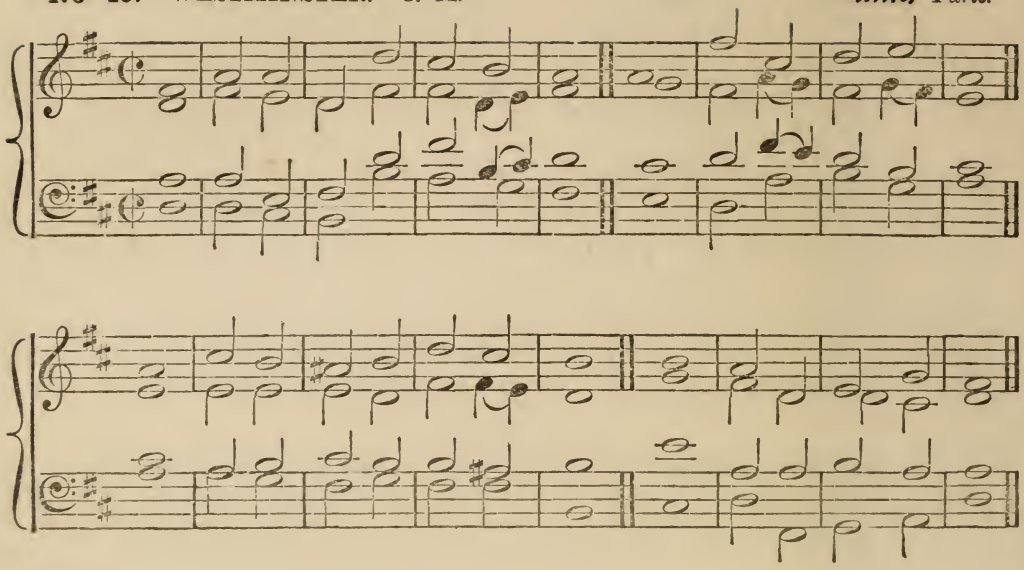
No. 13. BERLIN. C. M. *From "Sächsen Choral-Buch."*



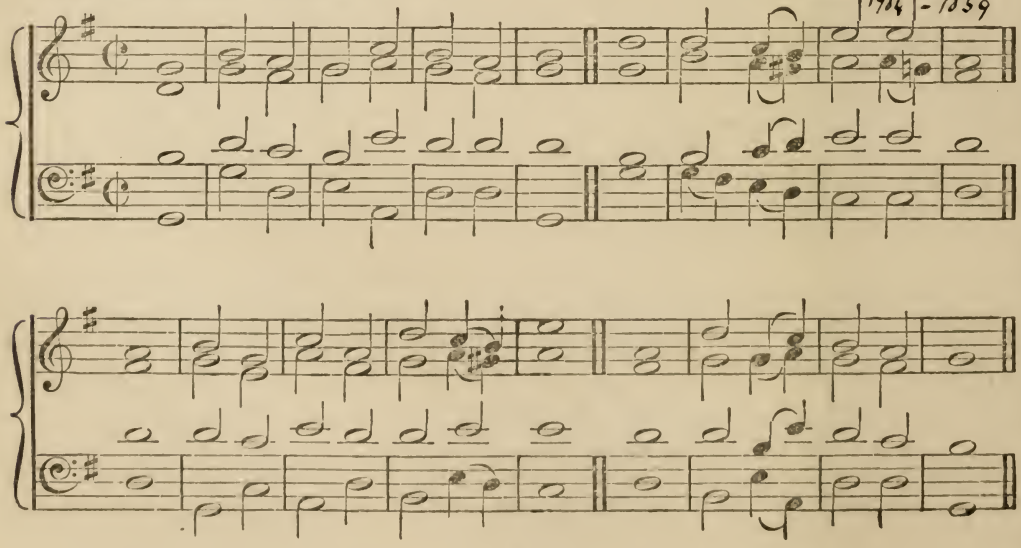
No. 14. GLOUCESTER. C. M. *From Ravenscroft's Psalter, A.D.* 1621.



No 15. WESTMINSTER. C. M. *James Turle.*



No. 16. SPOHR. C. M. *Louis Spohr. 1784 - 1859*



90 Jesus! exalted far on high!
To Whom a name is given,
A Name surpassing every name
That's named in earth or heaven;

Before Whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before Whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord;

Jesus! Who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame;—

Oh! may that mind be formed in us
Which shone so bright in Thee;
May we be humble, lowly, meek,
From pride and envy free.

May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above. Amen.

49 O Jesu, Who art gone before
To Thy blest realms of light;
Oh, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to Thee;
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
What faith alone can see.

Where God to those whom He doth own,
His secret doth reveal;
And is Himself their joy and crown,
And all in all doth fill.

To guide us to Thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky;
O may Thy Holy Ghost be poured
Upon us from on high.

Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
Who didst to heaven ascend,
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
One God world without end. Amen.

---

17 In stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before His eyes;
A Lamb unblemish'd, meek, and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that stay the sky,
No earthly toil refuse,
And He Who sets the stars on high,
An humble path pursues.

He Whom the choirs of angels praise,
At Whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys,
And lays His glory by.

The Father's Name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise
Both now and evermore. Amen.

137 There is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying LAMB! Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of GOD
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing Wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

My harp, attuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
Shall sound in GOD the FATHER'S ears,
No saving Name but Thine. Amen.

---

20 O Thou, Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where JESUS lay:

Though by a star Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below;
Yet Thy good Spirit, when they need,
Will shew them how to go.

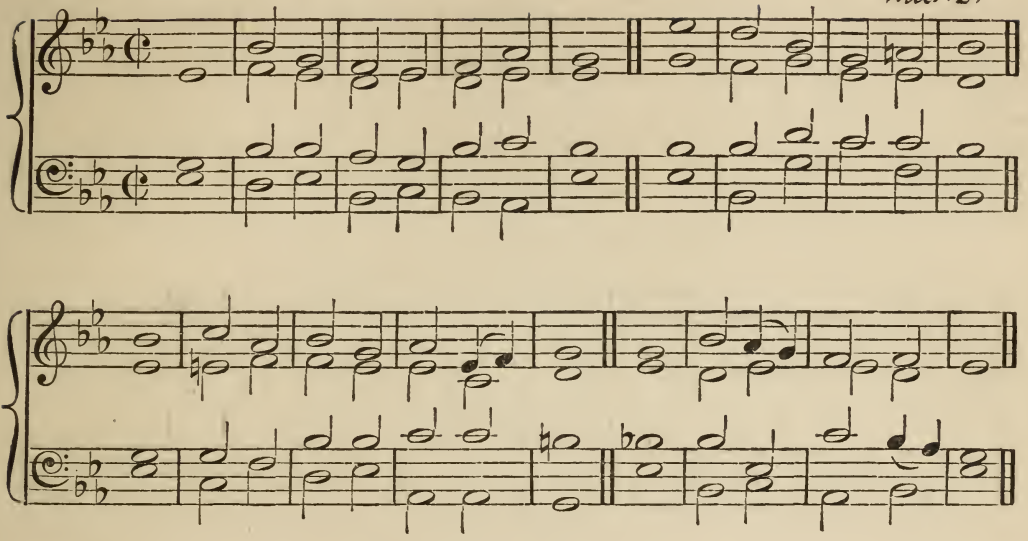
Though now we know Thee but in part,
'Tis written in Thy Word,
That "blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the LORD."

O SAVIOUR, give, as then, Thy grace
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face,
Hereafter as Thou art!

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth all praise be done,
And by the heavenly host. Amen.

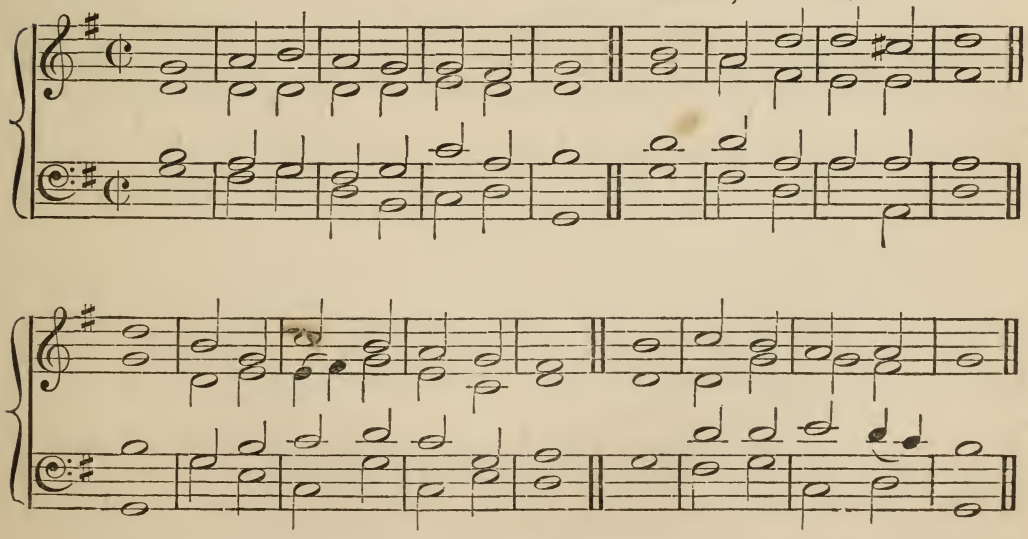
No. 17. S. MARGARET. C. M.

Rev. L. G. Hayne.
Mus. D.

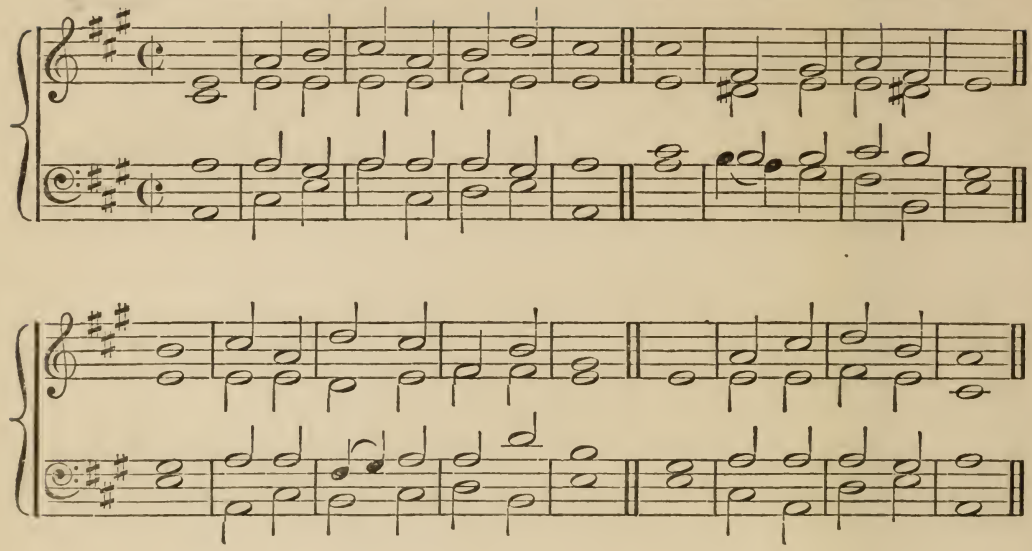


No. 18. PLAYFORD. C. M.

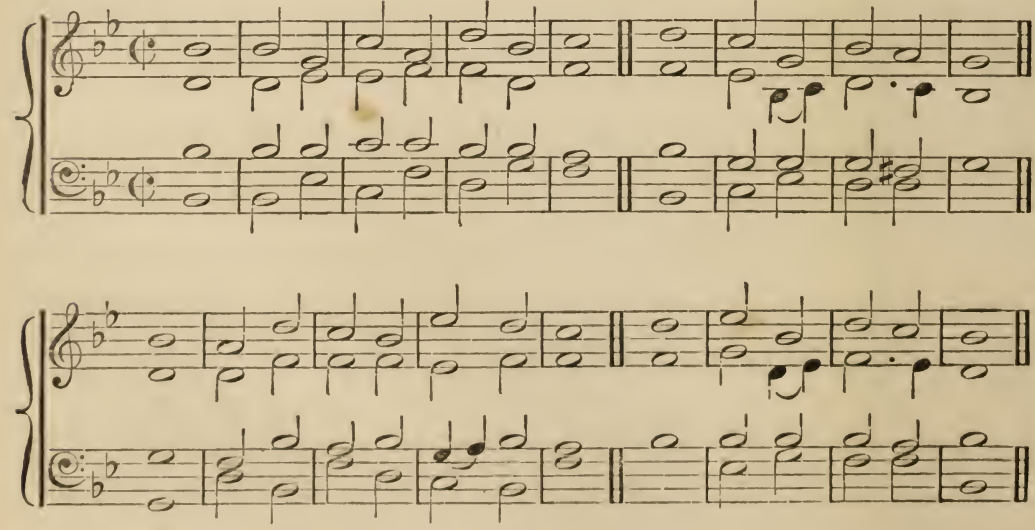
From Playford's "Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Musick," A.D. 1671.



No. 19. S. JAMES. C. M. *Raphael Courtville, A.D.* 1680.



No. 20. CARLISLE. C. M. *Thomas Ravenscroft, A.D.* 1621.



48 O CHRIST! our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its SAVIOUR and its KING.

How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid:
And Thou art on Thy FATHER's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

O CHRIST! be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the LORD. Amen.

---

99 Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet in the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in JESUS, and are blessed;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the LORD;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

To Him Who left His throne on high,
Mankind from death to raise,
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
Be everlasting praise. Amen.

69 Oh weep not o'er thy children's tomb!
O Rachel weep not so;
he bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow!

Firstlings of faith! the murderer's knife
Has missed its deadliest aim:
The GOD for Whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came!

Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, Whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb;
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow! Amen.

77 Judea's desert heard a sound
Of one that cried aloud;
They flocked the holy John around,
With sin and sadness bowed.

Lo, 'mid that guilty company
A sinless Lamb drew near,
His Blood alone that crowd can free
From guilt, and shame, and fear.

Confessor, and great harbinger,
Thou Baptist of the wave!
The Baptist *He* of living fire,
The secret soul to lave!

To Him Who washed us with His Blood,
As hath been heretofore,
To FATHER and to SPIRIT good,
Be glory evermore! Amen.

---

114 O GOD our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

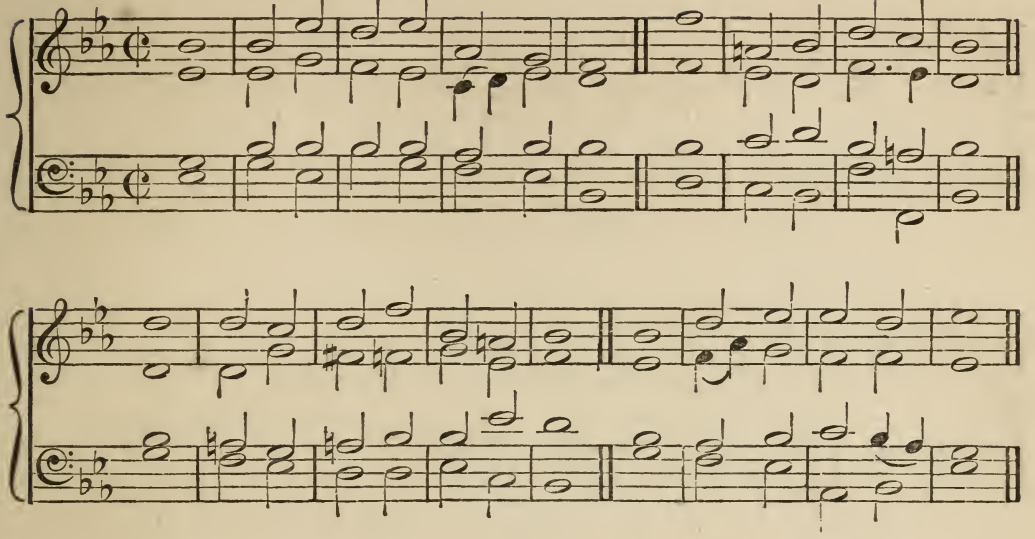
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

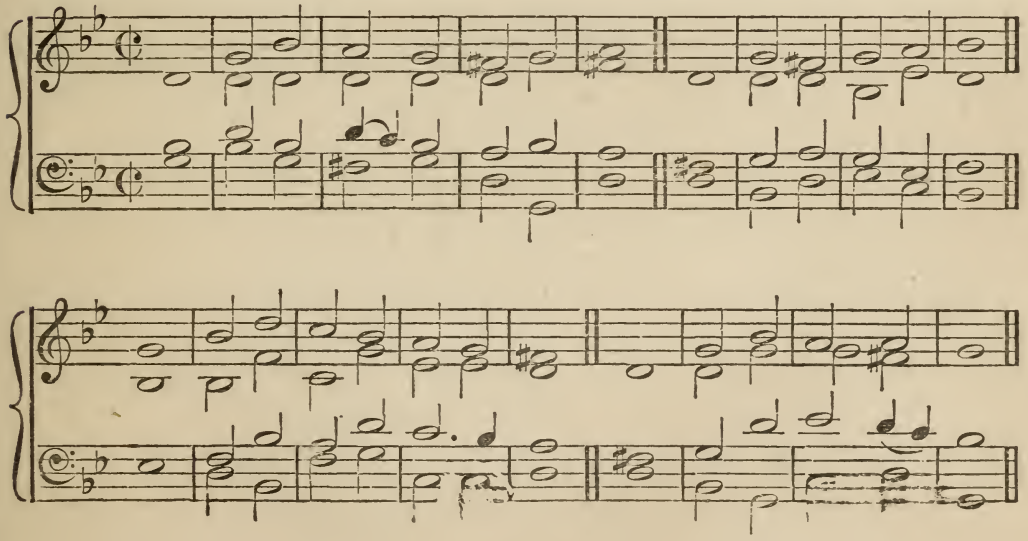
O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

No. 21. S. CLEMENT. C. M. *Dr John Blow, A.D. 1648.* -1710

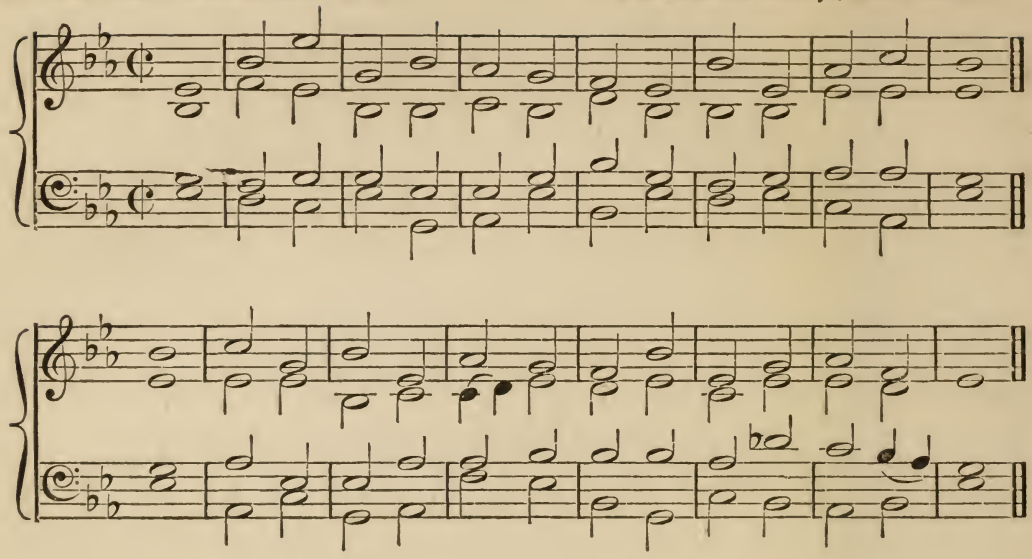


Andro Hart Edinburgh

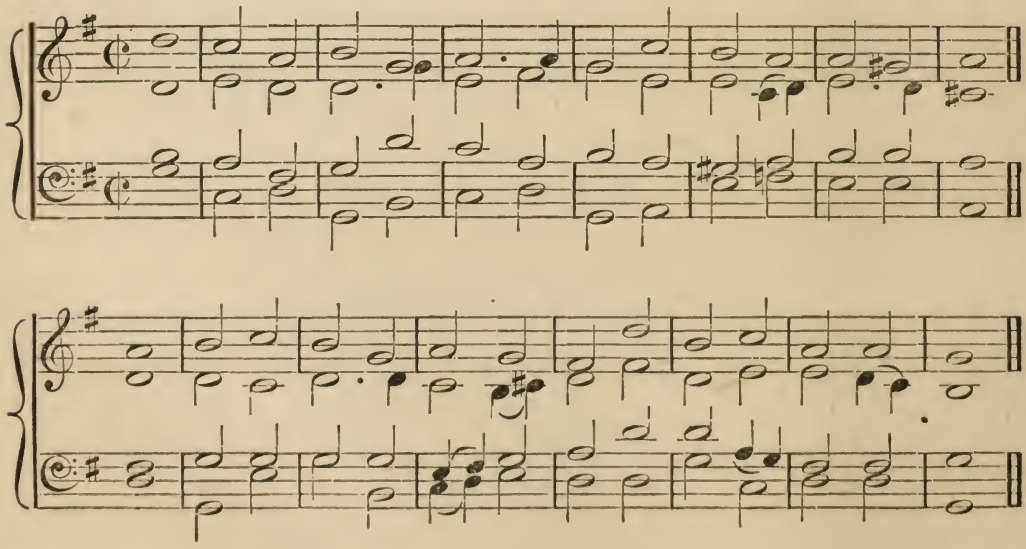
No. 22. CULROSS. C. M. *From the Scotch Psalter, A.D. 1635.*



No. 23. S. DAVID. C. M. *From Ravenscroft, A.D.* 1591.



No. 24. BRISTOL. C. M. *From Ravenscroft's Psalter, A.D.* 1621.



104 The fear of God is undefiled,
Enduring evermore;
God's judgments are the very truth,
All good in endless store;

By these Thy servant owns the light,
And but to keep them all
Is great reward:—but who can tell
His wanderings and his fall?

O cleanse me from my secret faults;
Mine only Lord Thou art:
Withdraw me from the haughty ones,
That would enthral my heart.

So stainless in my Maker's sight
And whole may I appear,
From all my deep and deadly sin
For ever washed and clear:

So may the musings of my heart
And every breathed word
Accepted rise to Thee, my Rock,
And my redeeming Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

---

61 Blest Jesu! at Thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
We show anew Thy Death, O Lord,
On Thee by faith we feed.

That Cup of blessing blessed by Thee,
Let it Thy Blood impart;
That Bread Thy mystic Body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

Thy grace which sure salvation brings,
Lord, may we now receive;
Fill Thou the hungry with good things,
Thy hidden manna give.

The living Bread sent down from Heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy Flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.

Now, Lord, on us Thy Flesh bestow,
And let us drink Thy Blood:
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God! Amen.

67 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong!
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

A noble army—men and boys
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain!
Oh God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

---

103 The Heavens are telling high and wide
The glory of the Lord,
The firmament and deeps of air
His handy-work record.

Day speaks to day—a gushing fount
Of praise that cannot fail:—
Day unto day, and night to night,
Tells out the wondrous tale.

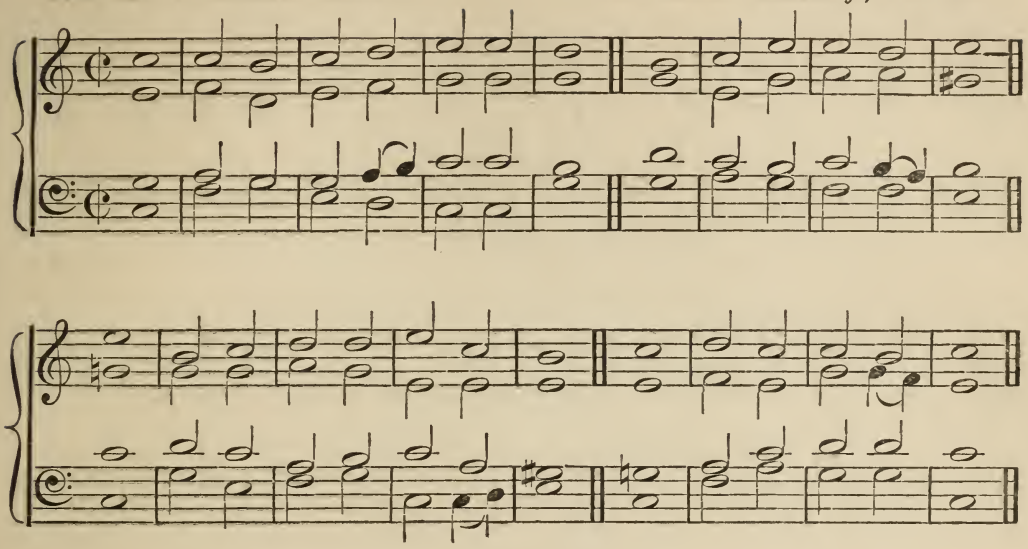
No sound, no converse; all unheard
The solemn voice they send:
Their line goes out o'er all the earth,
Their words to the world's end.

In them the Lord made for the Sun
A tent and home on high,
Who like a bridegroom quits his bower
To tread the morning sky,

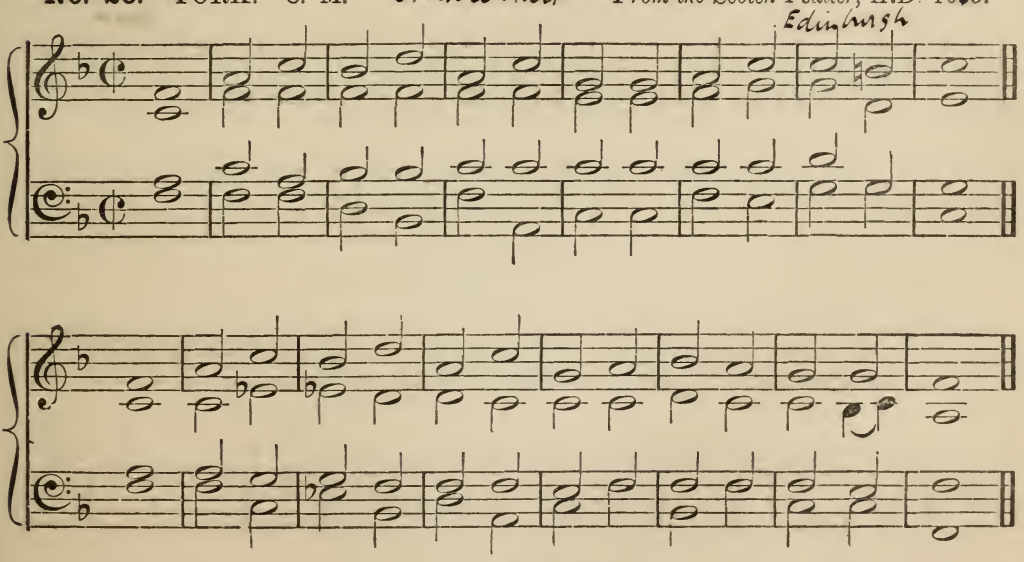
Like champion glad to run his course,
Comes forth from Heaven's far side,
And o'er Heaven's bound his circuit takes:
Nought from his heat may hide.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from Saints on earth,
And from the heavenly host. Amen.

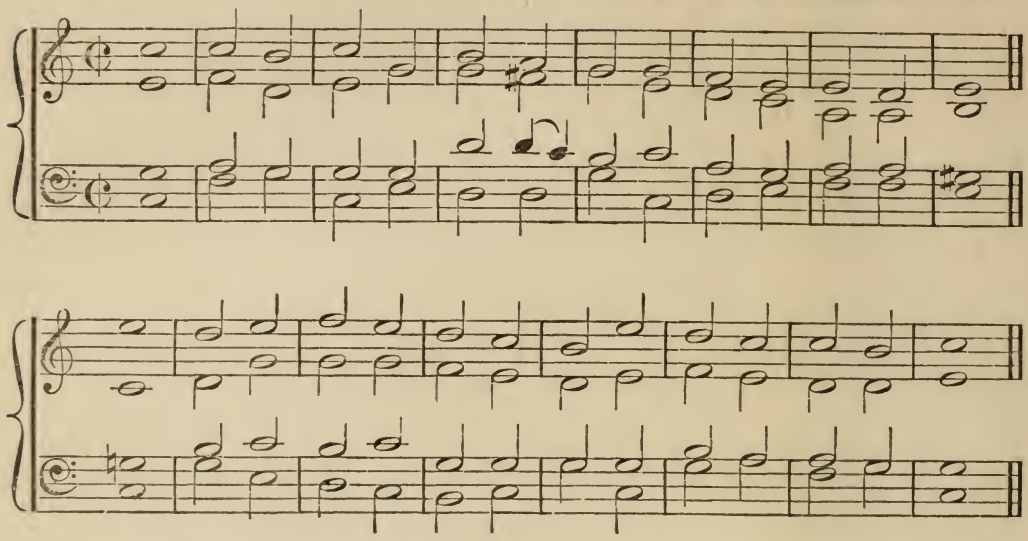
No. 25. S. GILES. C. M. *Thomas* *Ravenscroft, A.D.* 1591.



No. 26. YORK. C. M. *Andro Hart* *From the Scotch Psalter, A.D.* 1615.
Edinburgh

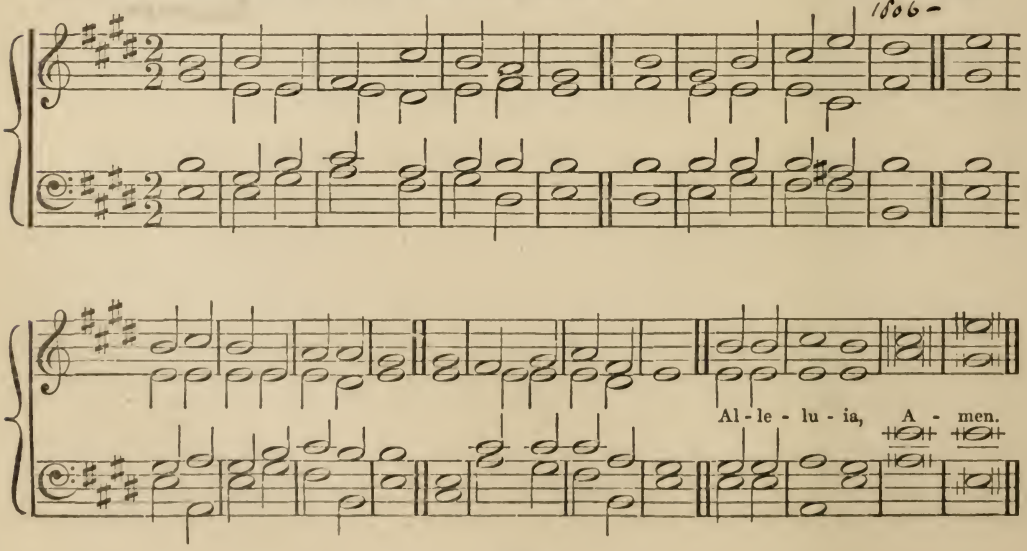


No. 27. S. ALDATE. C. M. *Thomas Ravenscroft, A.D.* 1591.



C.M.

No. 28. CHORUS NOVÆ HIERUSALEM. *Dr. Gauntlett.* 1806 –



109 How blest, whose sin is all forgiven,
Whose guilt is veiled o'er!
How blest the man, whom God in Heaven
A rebel counts no more!

The spirit where no guile is known!—
In silence long I lay,
My bones all day with inward moan
Consumed and worn away.

Then would I speak to Thee my sin,
Mine ill I durst not hide:
"My God shall hear what I have been,
"I will own all," I cried.

Far off Thy pardoning mercy bare
The stain of all my crime:
For this each saint shall breathe his prayer
To Thee in happy time.

To Him Who washed us in His Blood,
As hath been heretofore,
To Father, and to Spirit good,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

---

158 Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be;
All glory to the Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endles ages run. Alleluia. Amen.

113 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom Heaven and Earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

---

15 What star is this, with beams so bright,
A stranger midst the orbs of light?
It shines to herald forth the KING,
Glad tidings of our GOD to bring.

See now fulfilled what GOD decreed
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in Heaven the LORD'S command.

And soon within their hearts do shine,
Rays fairer still and more divine,
Which summon them with force benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

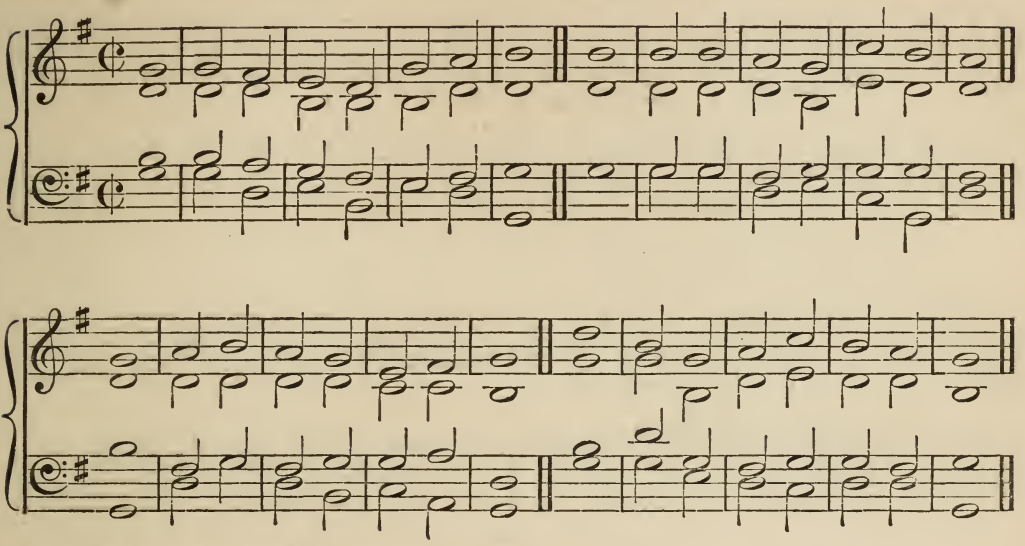
True love can brook no dull delay,
Through toils and dangers lies their way;
And yet their home, their friends, their all,
They leave at once, at GOD'S high call.

O, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, LORD, to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light, which shines so well.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise! Amen.

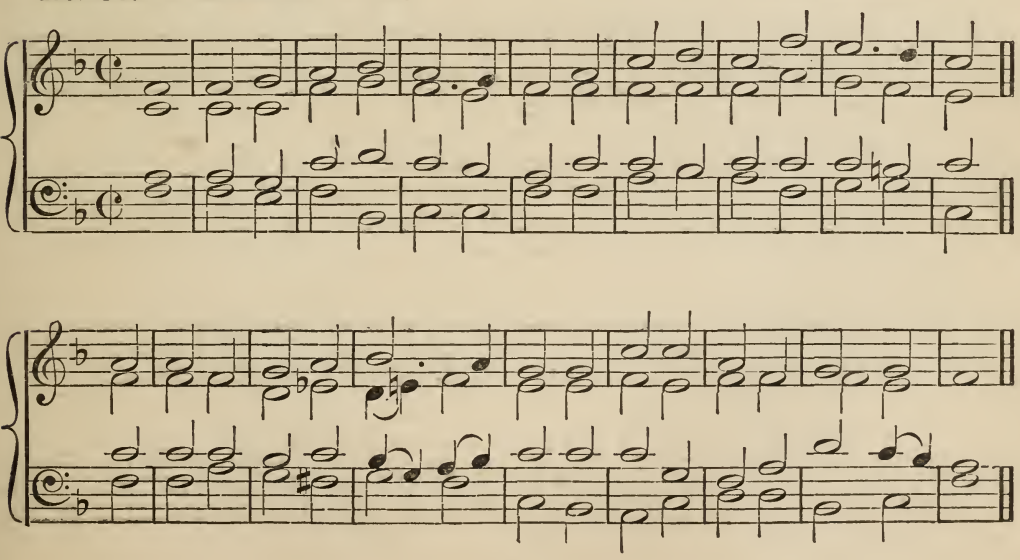
William Franck? 1543 or
French Psalter 1555 or
Claude Goudimel Psalter 1565

No. 29. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

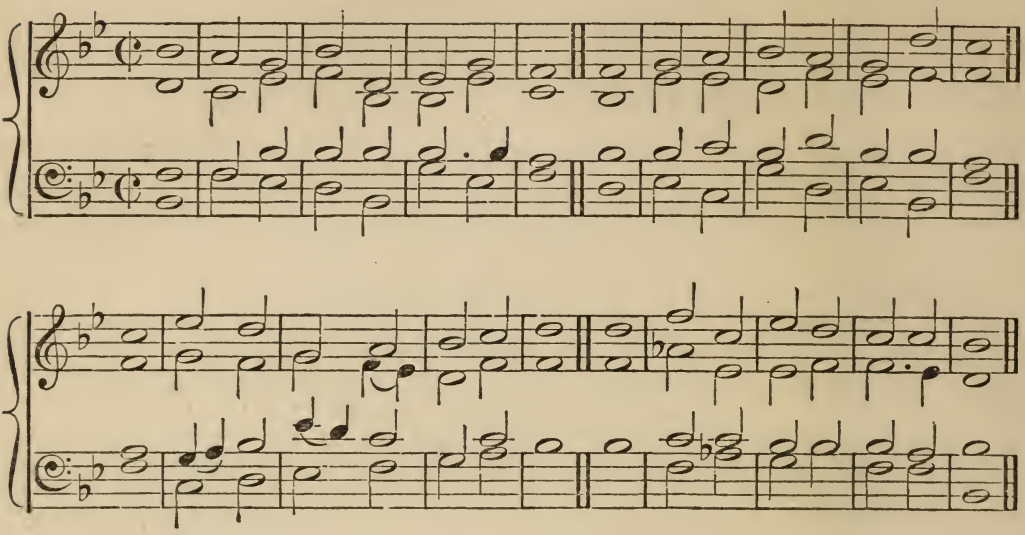


Ancient

No. 30. S. ANSELM. L. M.

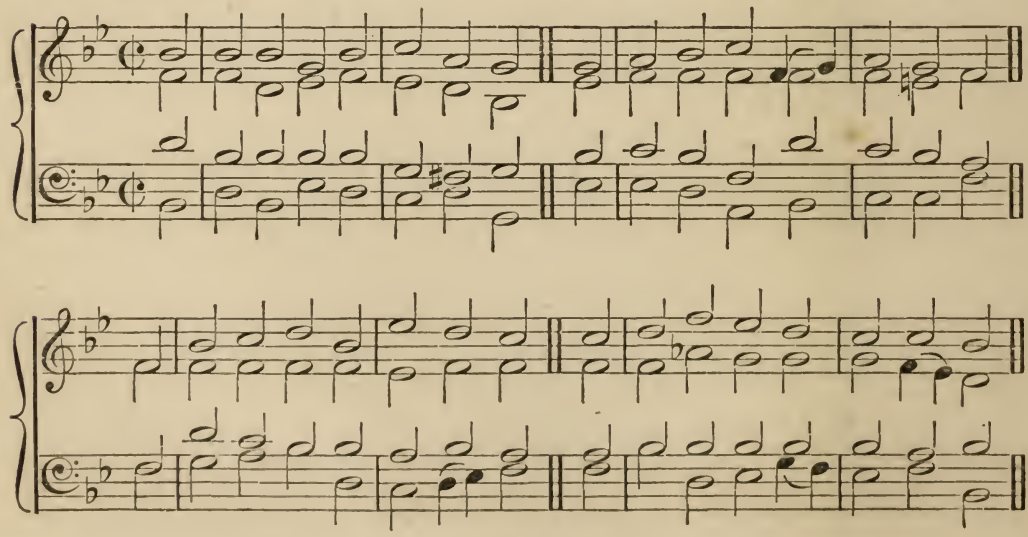


No. 31. SHROPSHIRE. L. M. *H. Lawes, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal,* 1602.



Joz: Clauder "Psalmodia nova" 1630

No. 32. S. MATTHIAS. L. M. *Old melody arranged by W. H. Monk.*



4 FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The grateful tribute of our praise,
Who for our twofold life hast given
Bread from the earth and Bread from heaven.

Thou too, O JESU, be adored,
The only SON, the ALMIGHTY LORD,
Who, to save sinners from their doom,
Did'st not abhor the Virgin's womb :—

Who, on the Cross a victim made,
The ransom of the world has paid;
Through Whom alone on guilty men
The hope of life has dawned again.

And Thou, by Whose almighty power
The blessed Virgin shadowed o'er,
Brought forth Incarnate DEITY,
Eternal SPIRIT, praise to Thee!

Three persons but One GOD! Whose grace
Hath formed and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee,
We hymn this mighty mystery. Amen.

80 Around the throne of GOD a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

LORD, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

Praise GOD from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen

'4 O Day of glad solemnity!
Which GOD appointed to convey
Such news as made our sorrows cease,
Glad news of mercy and of peace.

We by our parents' one offence
We fallen all from innocence;
But now to raise us from our fall,
On earth descends the LORD of all.

Yes! He Who was the Eternal Son
E'er time had yet its course begun,
Our life of pain and weakness bore,
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on Him our mortal state,
That He might bear the sinner's fate;
That so His Blood in ransom given
Might take away the wrath of Heaven.

Yes! He, the all-encircling GOD,
In human flesh awhile abode;
That we with GOD on high might dwell,
He came as our Immanuel. Amen.

65 Heralds of CHRIST! through whom go forth
Glad tidings o'er the awakening earth,
Unfolding all the wondrous plan
Of love divine to sinful man.

The mysteries which beneath the law
The ancient prophets dimly saw,
Have ye beheld in open day,
For CHRIST removes all shades away.

The woes He bore, the words He taught,
The wondrous miracles He wrought,
All this ye wrote as GOD decreed,
That ages yet unborn might read.

Though far removed in time and space,
One SPIRIT guides you by His grace:
Oh, may that SPIRIT still be given,
To guide us in the way to Heaven! Amen.

28 FATHER of all, Whose wondrous grace
Moved Thee to save our guilty race,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty SON, Incarnate WORD,
Our PROPHET, PRIEST, REDEEMER, LORD,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving Grace extend.

Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath
Mankind are raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening Power extend.

Thrice Holy! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Mysterious GODHEAD, THREE in ONE!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to all extend.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, be glory done:
Let equal praise to each be given
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

153 O come and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the SAVIOUR's side;
O come, together, let us mourn;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Oh! look how patiently He hangs;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

Come let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the Blood from out His side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
LORD JESUS, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

---

16 Why, cruel Herod, vainly fear,
That CHRIST the SAVIOUR cometh here?
He takes not earthly realms away,
Who gives the crown that lasts for aye.

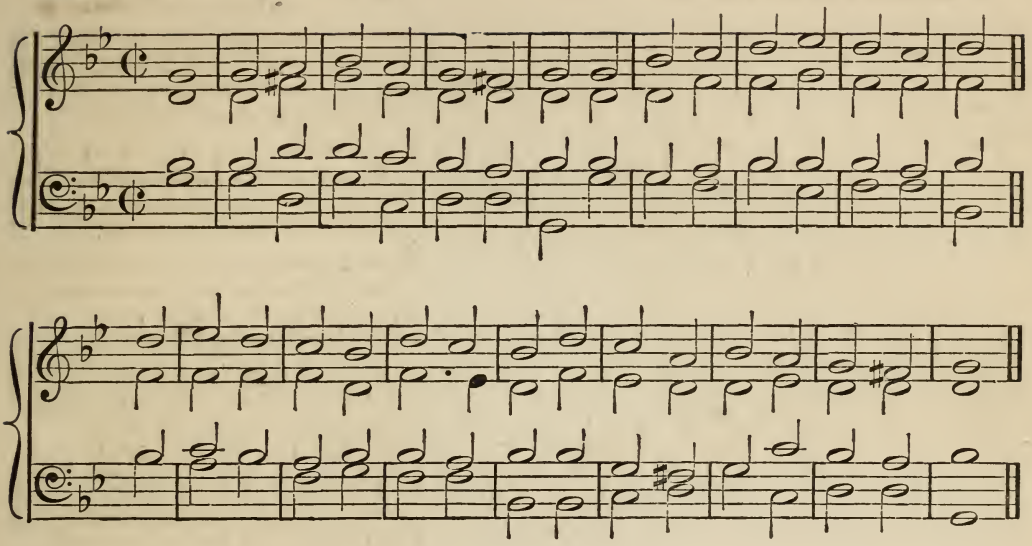
To greet His birth the wise men went
Led by the star before them sent,
Called on by light towards Light they pressed
And by their gifts their GOD confessed.

The Heavens next at Jordan's stream
The well-beloved SON proclaim:
"Behold the Lamb!" the Baptist cries,
"The world's atoning sacrifice."

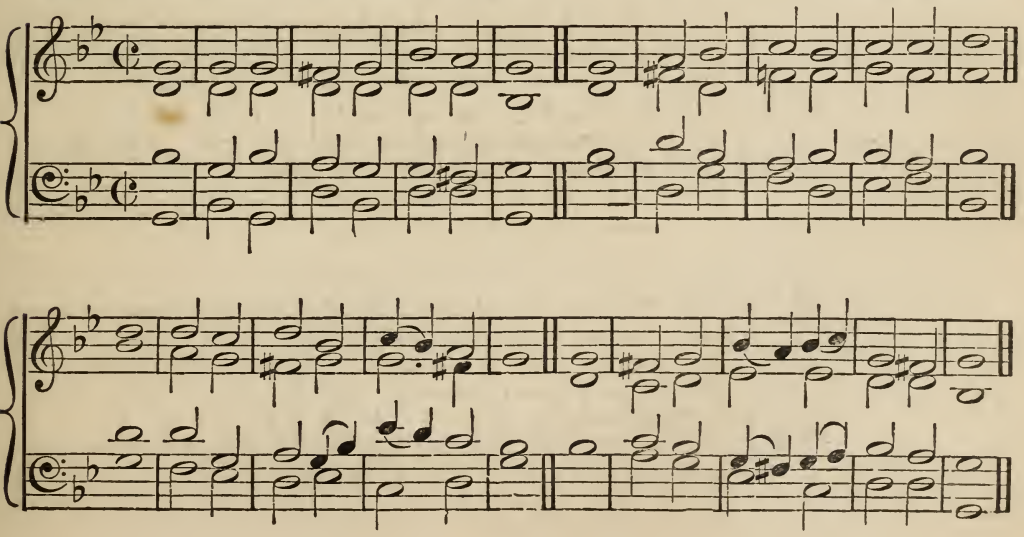
Last, Cana saw her glorious LORD,
When nature changes at His word;
New miracle of power Divine!
The water reddens into wine.

Now unto Him, the Incarnate SON,
Whose GODHEAD to the world was shown,
With GOD the FATHER, glory be,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

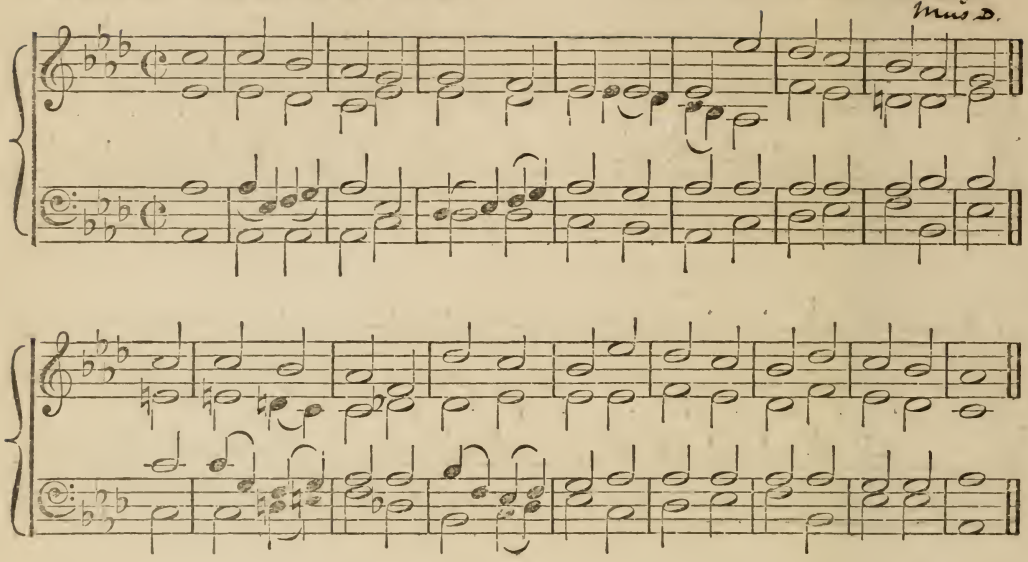
No. 33. COLOGNE. L. M. *From the "Köln Choral-Buch."*



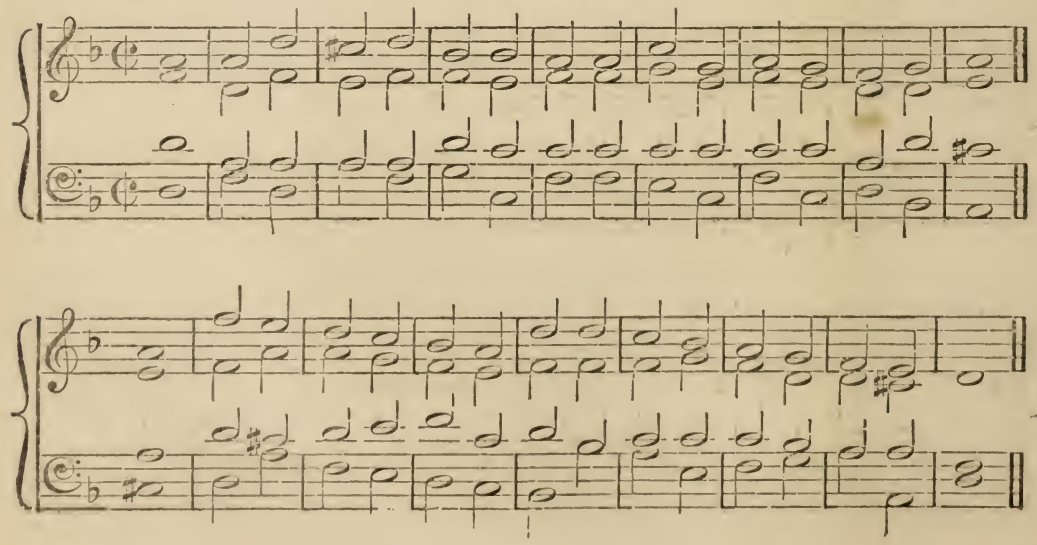
No. 34. HOSTIS HERODES. L. M. *Ancient Melody.*



No. 35. S. LAWRENCE. L. M. *Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.*



No. 36. EXETER. L. M. *W. Dorrell.*



118 Sun of my soul! Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Amen.

---

30 When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it LORD that I should boast,
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD!
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

119 All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from Whom all bessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

23 O ye who followed Christ in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above;
First children of Almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race;

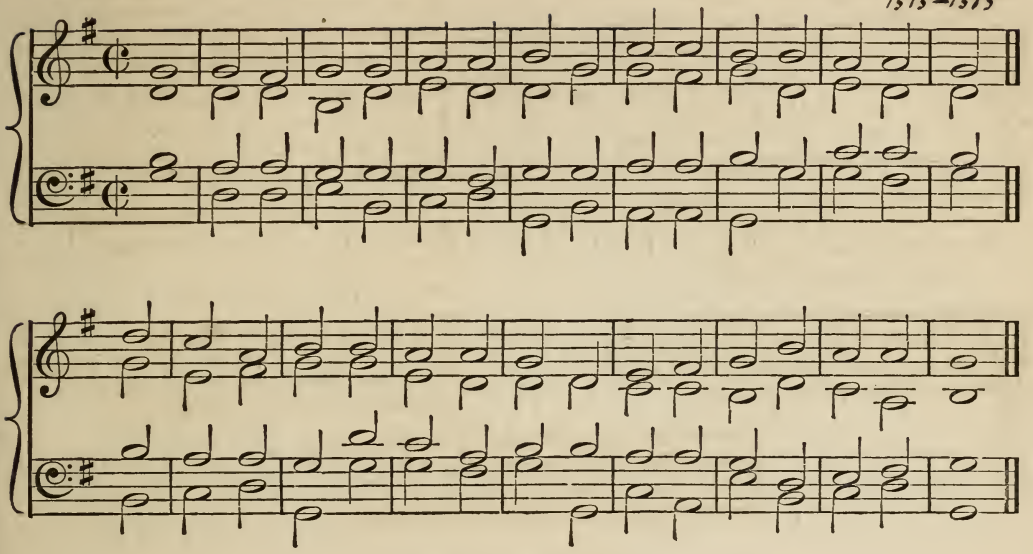
Who can, in words of equal worth,
The wonders of your faith set forth;
Or tell of all the longing sighs
Of hope, uplifted to the skies?

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Ye deemed the world an empty show:
To purer joys your hearts were given,
The resting-place ye sought was Heaven.

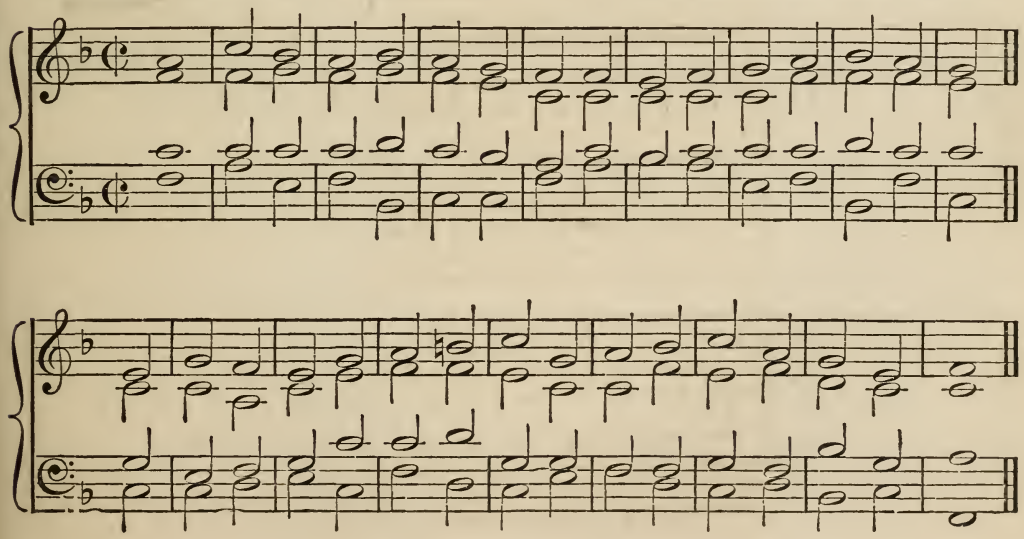
The soul that truly cleaves to God,
Still longs to gain that blest abode;
Saviour, forbid our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Eternal praise to each be given,
By all on earth and all in Heaven. Amen.

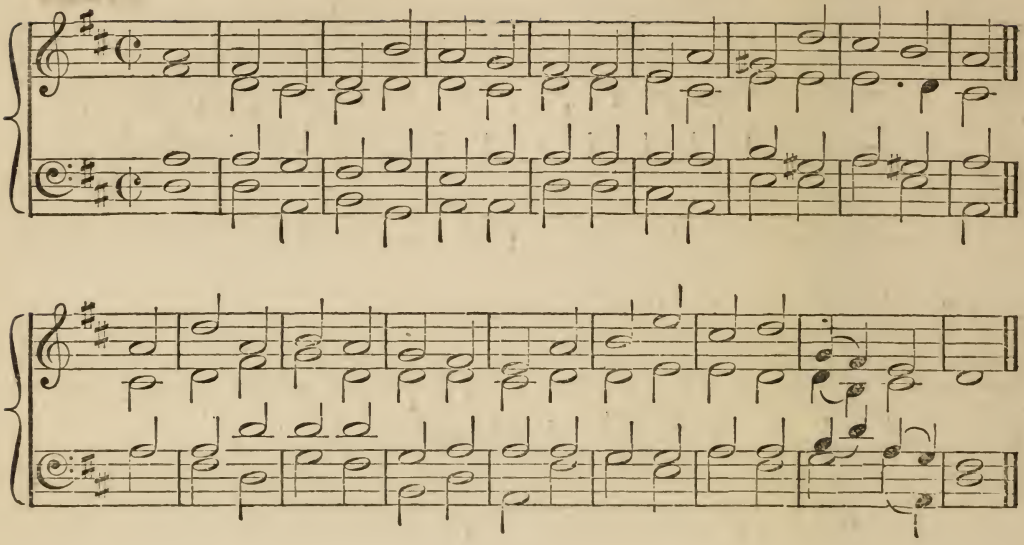
No. 37. CANON. L. M. *Thomas Tallis, A.D. 1565.* 1515–1585



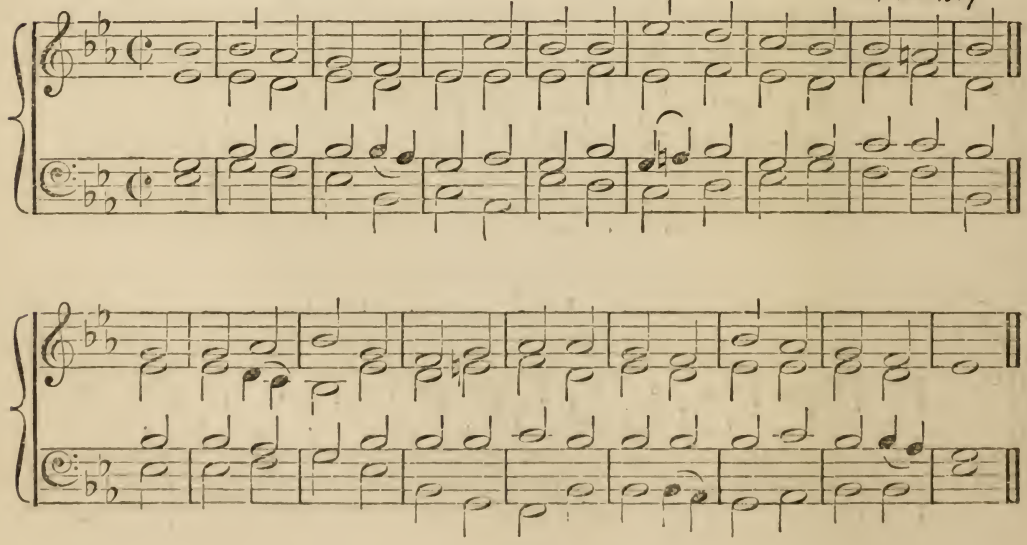
No. 38. GERMANY. L. M. *From the "Sächsen Choral-Buch."*



No. 39. DEVONSHIRE. L. M. *D♯ 9* *Greene, A.D.* 1700.



No. 40. MELCOMBE. L. M. *Samuel Webbe. 1740-1817*



47 Blest SAVIOUR, now Thy work is done,
O'er death and hell the victory;
And Thou ascendest to put on
The glories of eternity.

'Mid wondering angels, without end,
The eternal doors are open wide;
While, GOD and Man, Thou dost ascend
To set Thee at Thy FATHER'S side.

Our one High Priest, our Advocate,
Our Intercessor there on high;
Offering for us, without the gate,
The blood of endless charity.

Where Thou, our Head, art gone before,
Do Thou to Thee the body draw;
By ways where Thine own steps of yore
Have trod, Thine own life-giving law.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,
e glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

60 My GOD, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That healing stream, that heavenly food.

O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

May we draw near, with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our FATHER'S board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive our fainting souls, O LORD,
And bid our drooping graces live—
That strength and living power afford,
Which Thine own Blood alone can give.
Amen

---

29 JESU! the very thought is sweet,
In that dear name all heart-joys meet:
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

JESU! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

We follow JESUS now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the Heavenly Seat. Amen.

83 Lo round the throne of GOD'S right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue, redeemed to GOD,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In GOD'S eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor death, nor pain deplore;
All tears are wiped from every eye;
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their SAVIOUR face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud Hosannas raise. Amen.

53 Creator Spirit, Power divine,
Come, visit all the souls of Thine!
With Heaven-descending grace pervade
The breasts which Thou Thyself hast made.

Thou Who art named the Paraclete,
Rich gift from God's own mercy-seat,
Come, fount of life, and fire of love,
Soul-cleansing Unction from above.

O Finger of the Hand divine,
The seven-fold gifts of grace are Thine!
And touched by Thee the lips proclaim
Due praise to God's most holy Name.

Thy light to every sense impart,
Diffuse Thy love through every heart;
The weakness of our mortal flesh,
With Thy unfailing strength refresh.

Drive far away the assailing foe,
And all Thy holy peace bestow;
So Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song:

Praise God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, in glory One,
The Lord, Almighty we adore,
With heart and voice for evermore. Amen.

---

136 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, and only dress!
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me!

Bold shall I stand in Thy great Day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through Thee I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

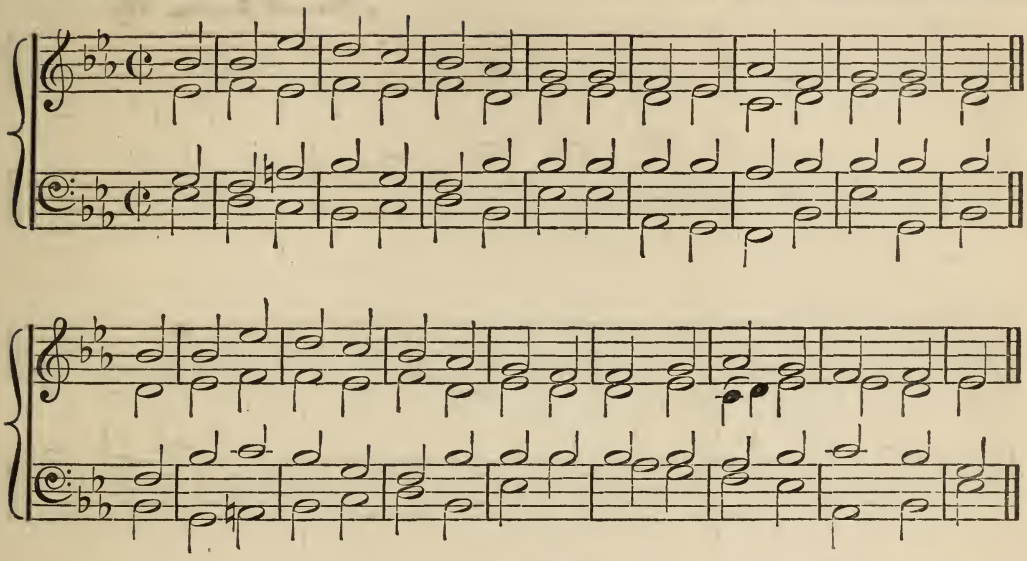
The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own!

Lord, I believe Thy precious Blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove!
That all who to Thy Wounds will flee,
May find Eternal Life in Thee. Amen.

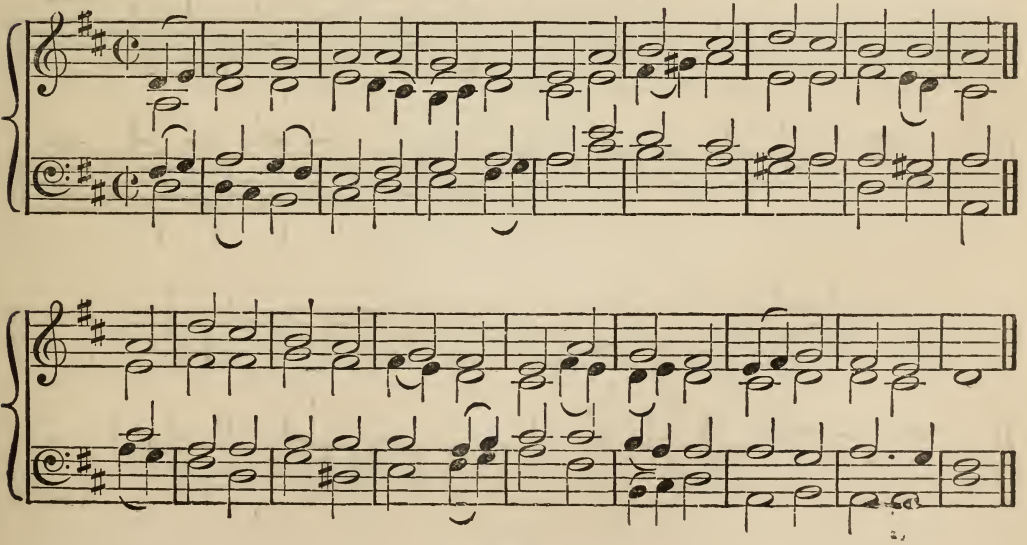
Melchior Vulpius? 1560-1616

No. 41. WEIMAR. L. M. *C P. Bach,* A.D. 1714.-1788



Johann Hermann Schein 1586-1631

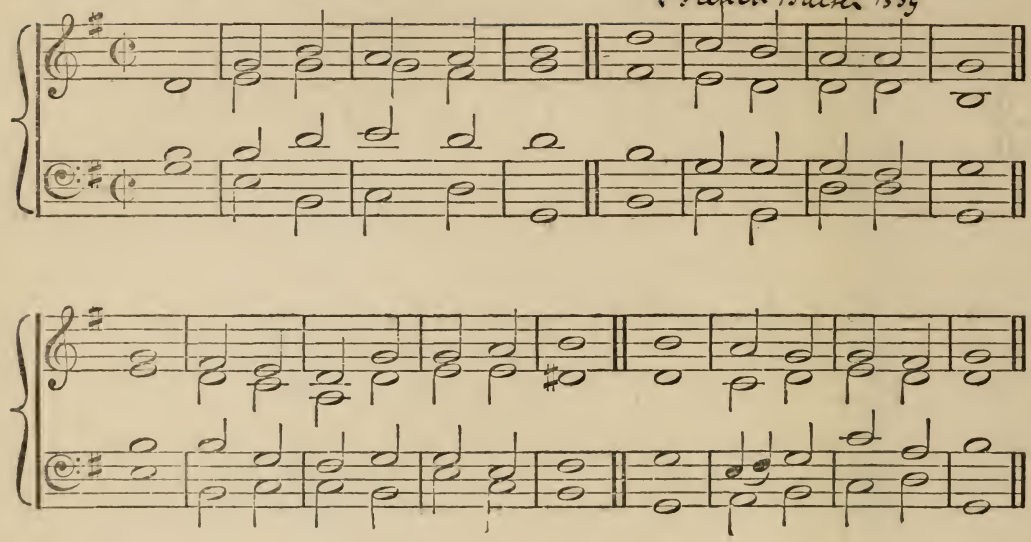
No. 42. LEIPSIC. L. M. *Arranged by* *Sebastian Bach,* A.D. 1685.-1750.



1562

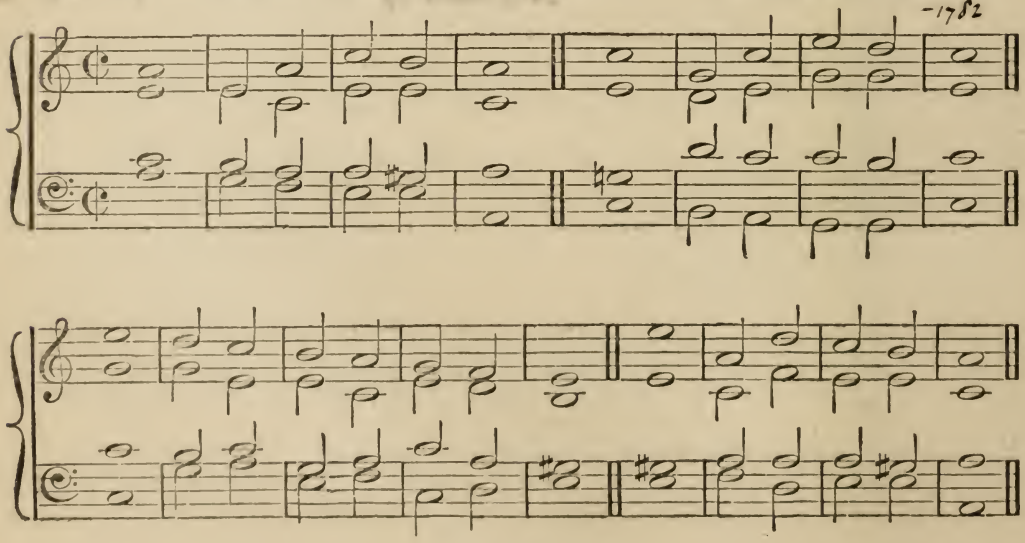
No. 43. S. MICHAEL. S. M. *From Day's Psalter, A.D.* 1588.

French Psalter 1559



No. 44. S. BRIDE. S. M. *Dr. Howard, A.D.* 1770.

-1782



13 The year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O LORD,
Thy tears upon the breast
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

By blood and water too
GOD's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants might see.

O, are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard, our tender years
Few joys of youth can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on the lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely called to part?

Those who would reap in love,
Must sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year. Amen.

---

29 Did CHRIST o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The SON of GOD in tears!
The angels, wondering see:
Hast Thou no wonder, O my soul?
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame;
He wept to show His Love for us,
And bid us show the same.

Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes with sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Be wiped away by Him.

To GOD the SON, Who came
Lost sinners to restore,
The FATHER and the HOLY GHOST,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

78 The voice of one that cries
Along the wilds untrod!
Prepare ye in the wilderness
A highway for our God.

Be every valley raised,
And every hill made low;
The crooked straight, the rugged plain,
For God hath willed it so.

The glory of the Lord
To all men shall appear;
His Word shall sound throughout the world,
And every nation hear.

Man's glory is a flower,
The flesh of man is grass:
Only the promise of our God
Is sure and ever was.

All praise, while ages run,
To Father ever blest,
To Spirit and eternal Son,
In flesh made manifest. Amen.

---

139 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's suffering shared below.

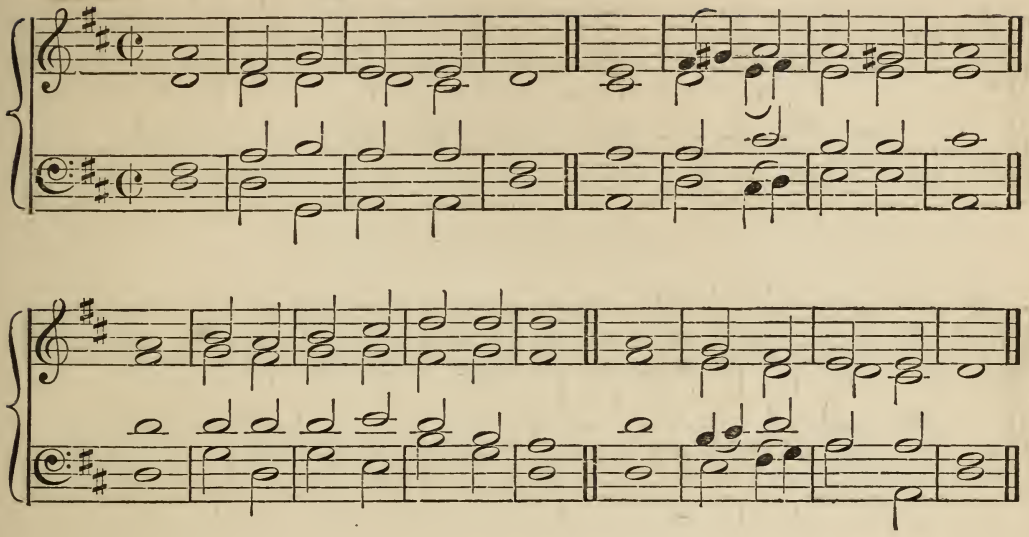
Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

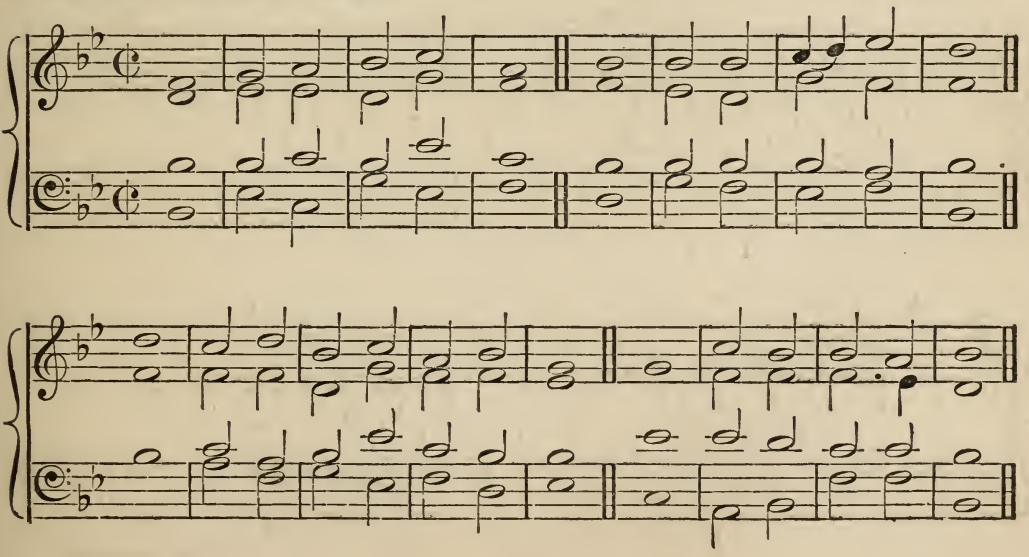
Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

No. 45. SUABIA. S. M. *Ancient German Melody.*

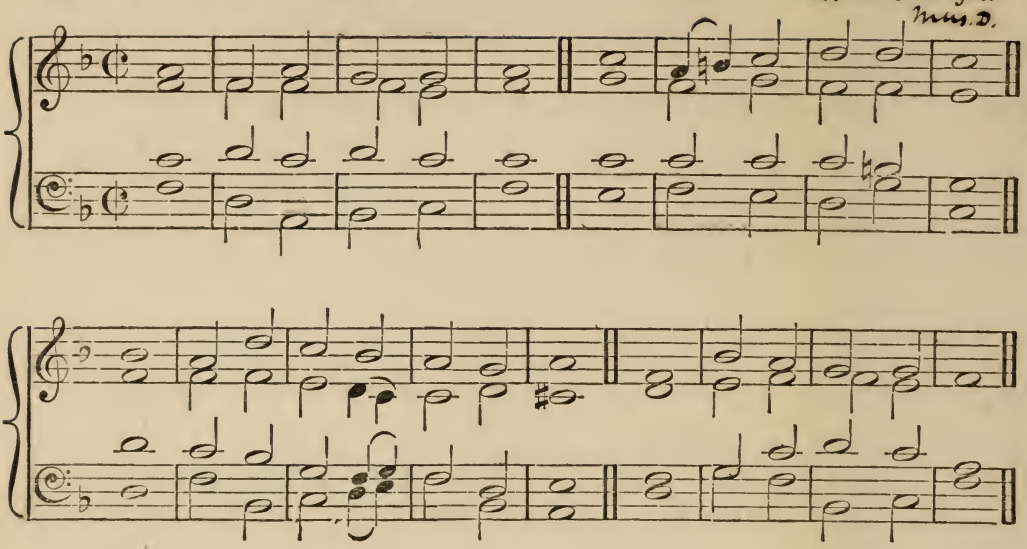


No. 46. OXFORD. S. M.



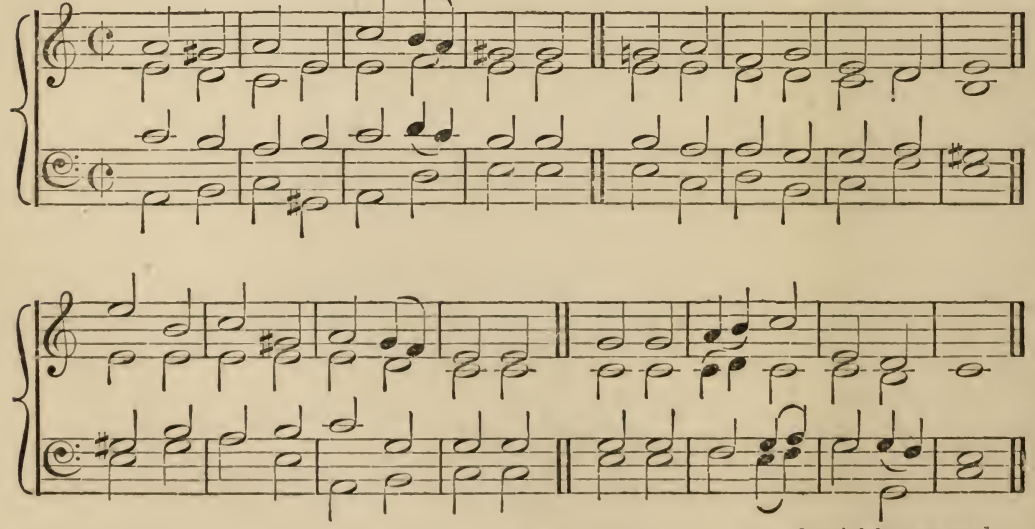
No. 47. S. AGNES. S. M. *Rev. L. G. Hayne.*

Mus. D.



8787 87

No. 48. PRESBURG. P. M. *Sebastian Bach, A.D.* 1685.-1750



[Concluded on next page.]

168 The day is past and gone,
Great God, we bow to Thee;
Again, as shades of night steal on,
Unto Thy side we flee.

O when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking to the west,
That country and that holy home,
Where none shall break our rest?

Where all things shall be peace,
And pleasure without end,
And golden harps that never cease
With joyous hymns shall blend?

Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of Thy wing,
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe
And of Thy Mercy sing?

To God the Father praise,
And to the Eternal Son,
And to the Holy Ghost always,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

---

127 Guide us, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Still uphold us with Thy hand.
Lord of mercy,
Grant us in Thy strength to stand!

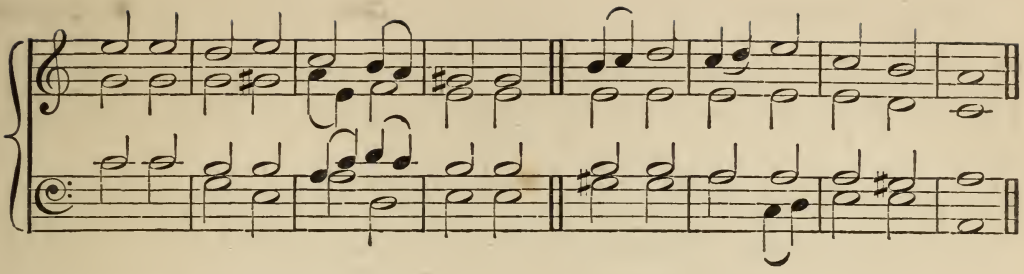
Open Thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Shine before us as we go.
Lord of Mercy,
Lead us on through joy and woe!

On the brink of death's dark river,
Bid our fearful hearts be still;
Bear us through the spreading waters
Safely to Thy holy hill.
Lord of Mercy,
Now Thy gracious word fulfil. Amen.

59 O Thou eternal Victim, slain
A Sacrifice for guilty man,
By the Eternal SPIRIT made
An offering in the sinner's stead :—
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.

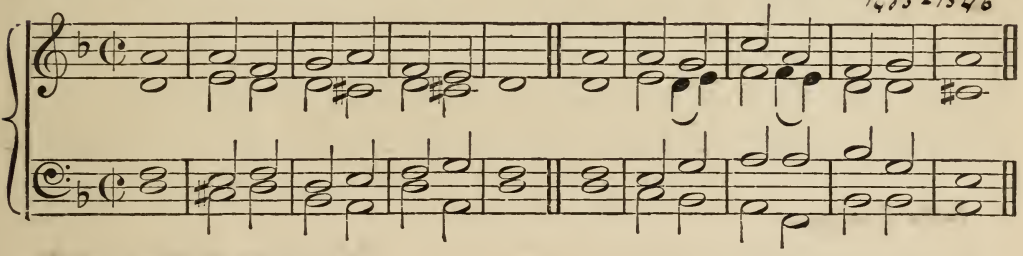
Thy offering still continues new ;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue ;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb ;
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
Thy years, O GOD, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

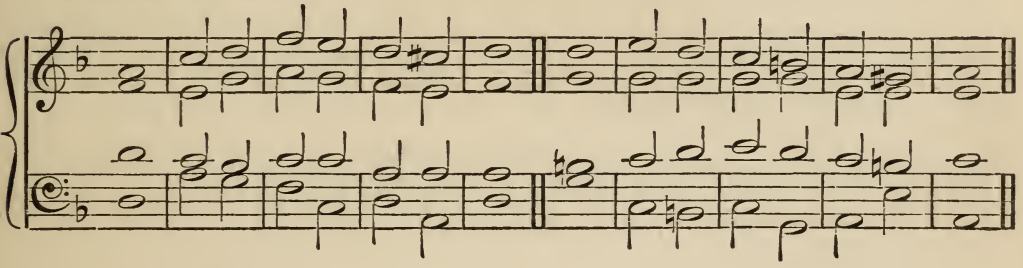
O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love :
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
My GOD, Who diest there for me !

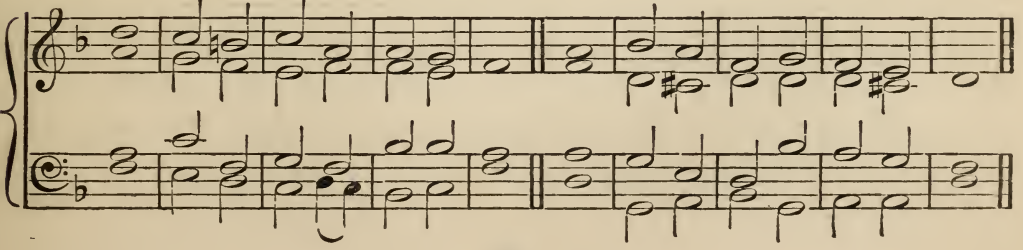


8 8 8 8 8 8 Iambic

No. 49. S. ANTHONY. P. M. Martin *Luther, A.D.* 1540.
1483 - 1546

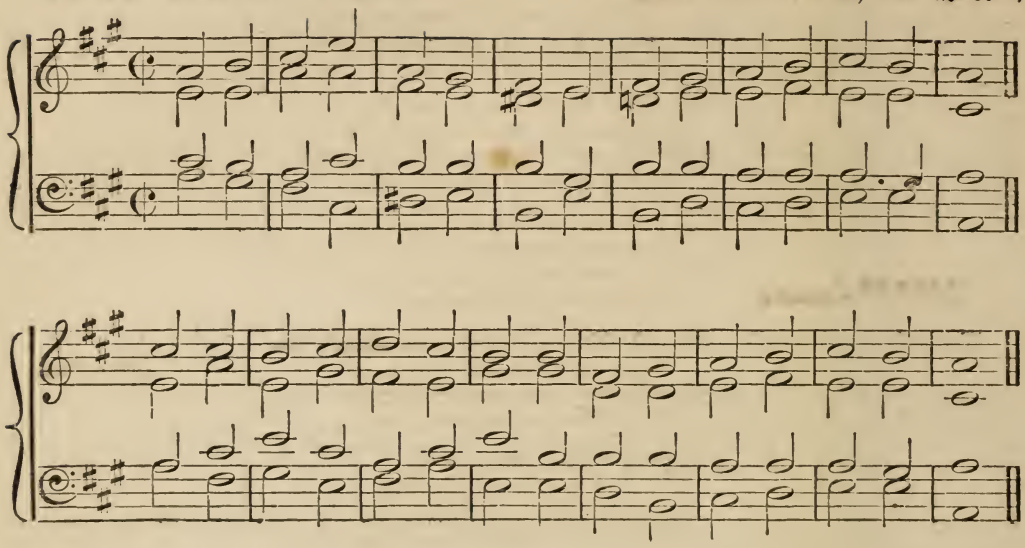






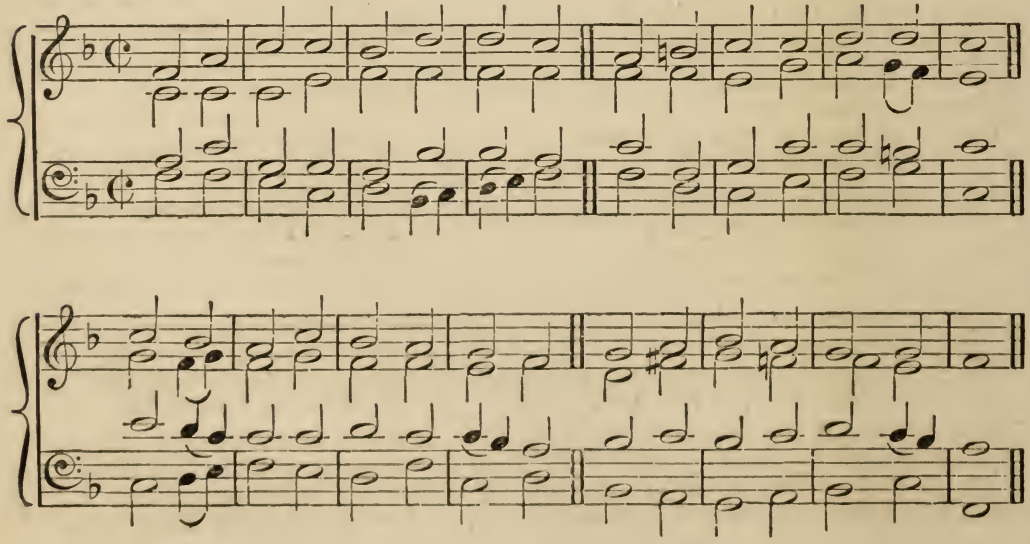
8787 Trochaic

No. 50. ERFURT. P. M. *John Sebastian Bach, A.D. 1685.-1750*



8787 Trochaic

No. 51. MERTON. P. M. *William Henry Monk*



1 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"CHRIST is nigh!" it seems to say,
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
CHRIST, our Sun, all gloom dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the LAMB so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.

So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us!
May He to forgive draw near!

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

---

187 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As of old St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

JESUS calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

JESUS calls us—By Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all! Amen.

9 Hark! what mean these holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly Alleluias rise!

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to GOD Most High!

"Love to men, and sin forgiven,
Peace with GOD henceforth on earth."
Tidings of great joy from heaven—
They proclaim the SAVIOUR's birth!

Born Thy people to deliver,
JESU! from the death of sin,
Born to make us Thine for ever,
Still abide our souls within.

Guide us by Thy HOLY SPIRIT,
Cheer us with Thy light and love,
That Thy joy we may inherit,
As Thou didst our sorrows prove. Amen.

5 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of all doth now appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet the archangel's warning;
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this most awful morning;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His Presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepared to meet Him.

His Cross, dread sign, in heaven appears;
While stoutest hearts are quailing;
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great Judge! to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us in that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous Love extending:
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead that they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him. Amen.

---

180 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
Jesus shall His people save.

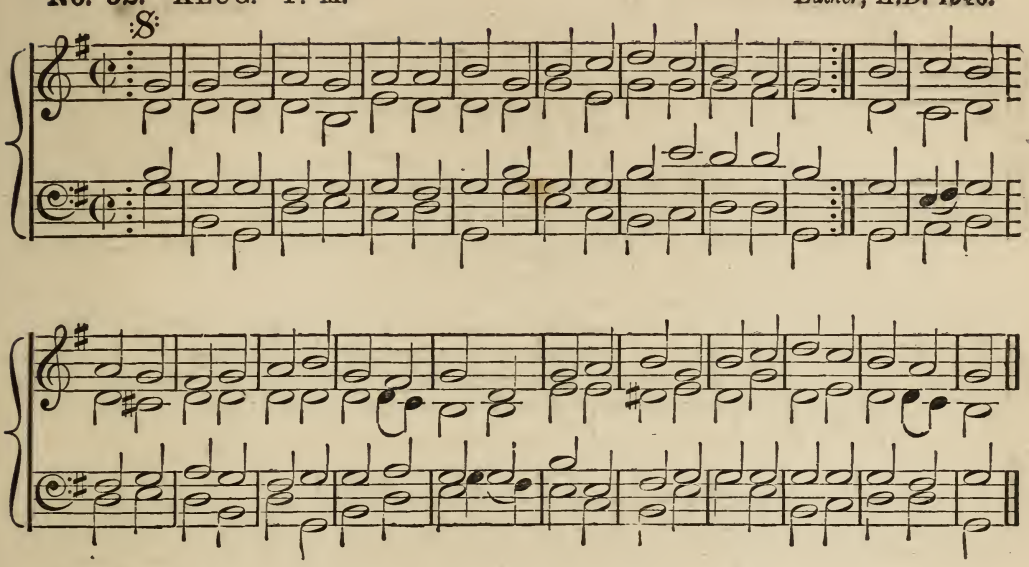
Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Son of God above,
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

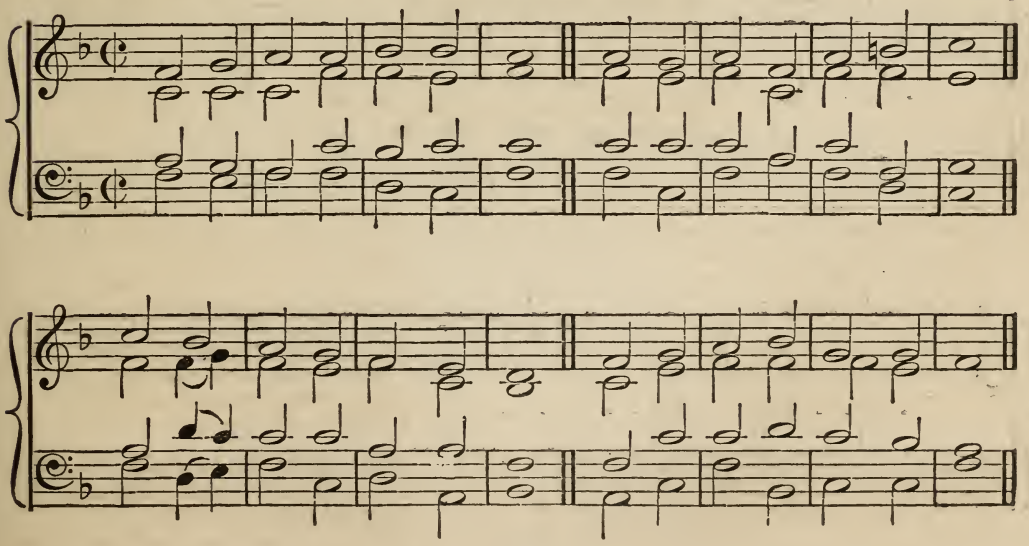
8787; 887 Joseph Klug "Lieder" Wittenberg 1535

No. 52. KLÜG. P. M. *Luther, A.D. 1540.*



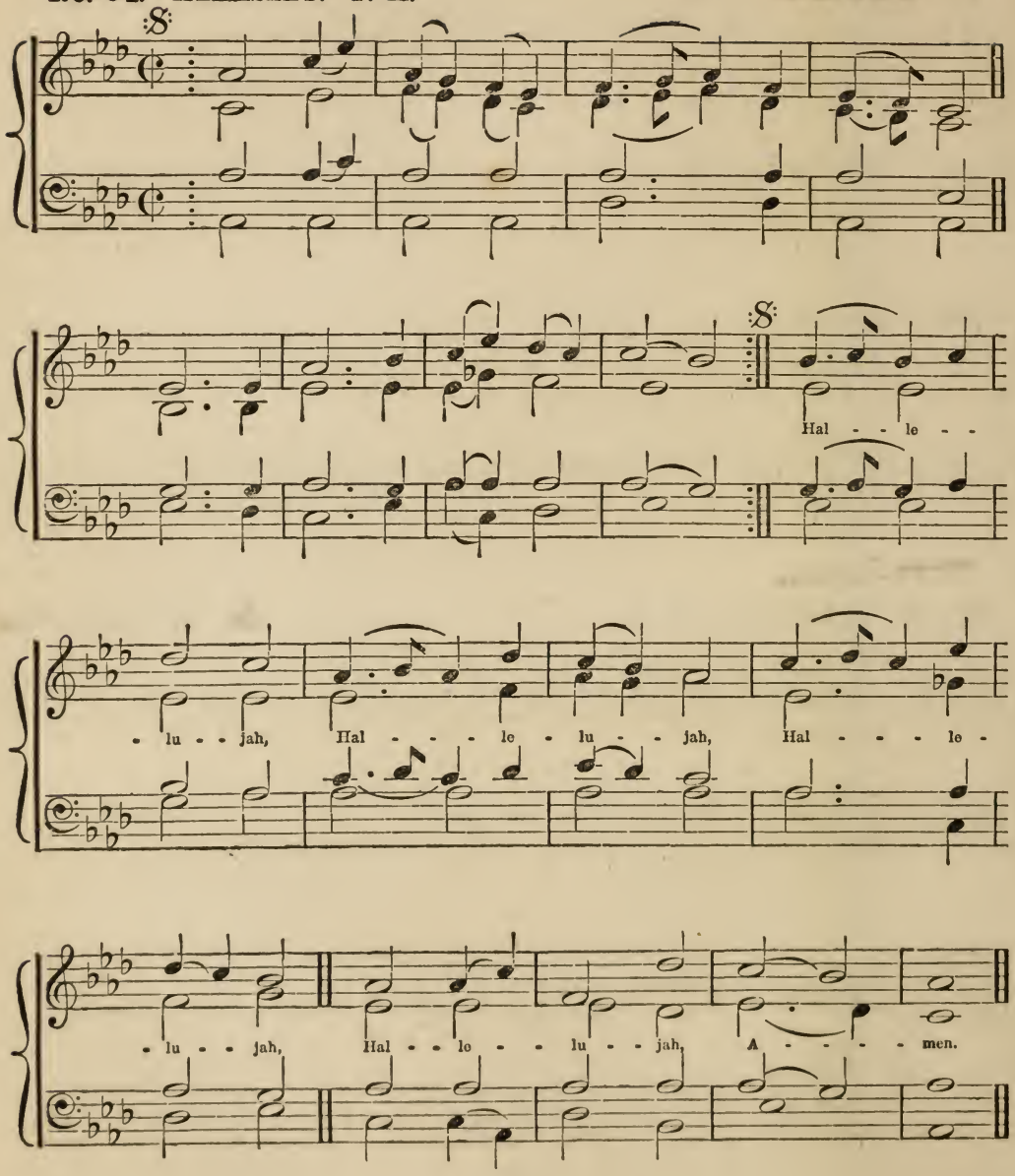
7777 Trochaic

No. 53. S. THOMAS. P. M. *Rev. L. G. Hayne. Mus.D.*



87 87 87 Trochaic

No. 54. HELMSLEY. P. M. *Madan*



6 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Alleluia! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by men rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the Son of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take Thy power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own,
O come quickly
Alleluia! Amen.

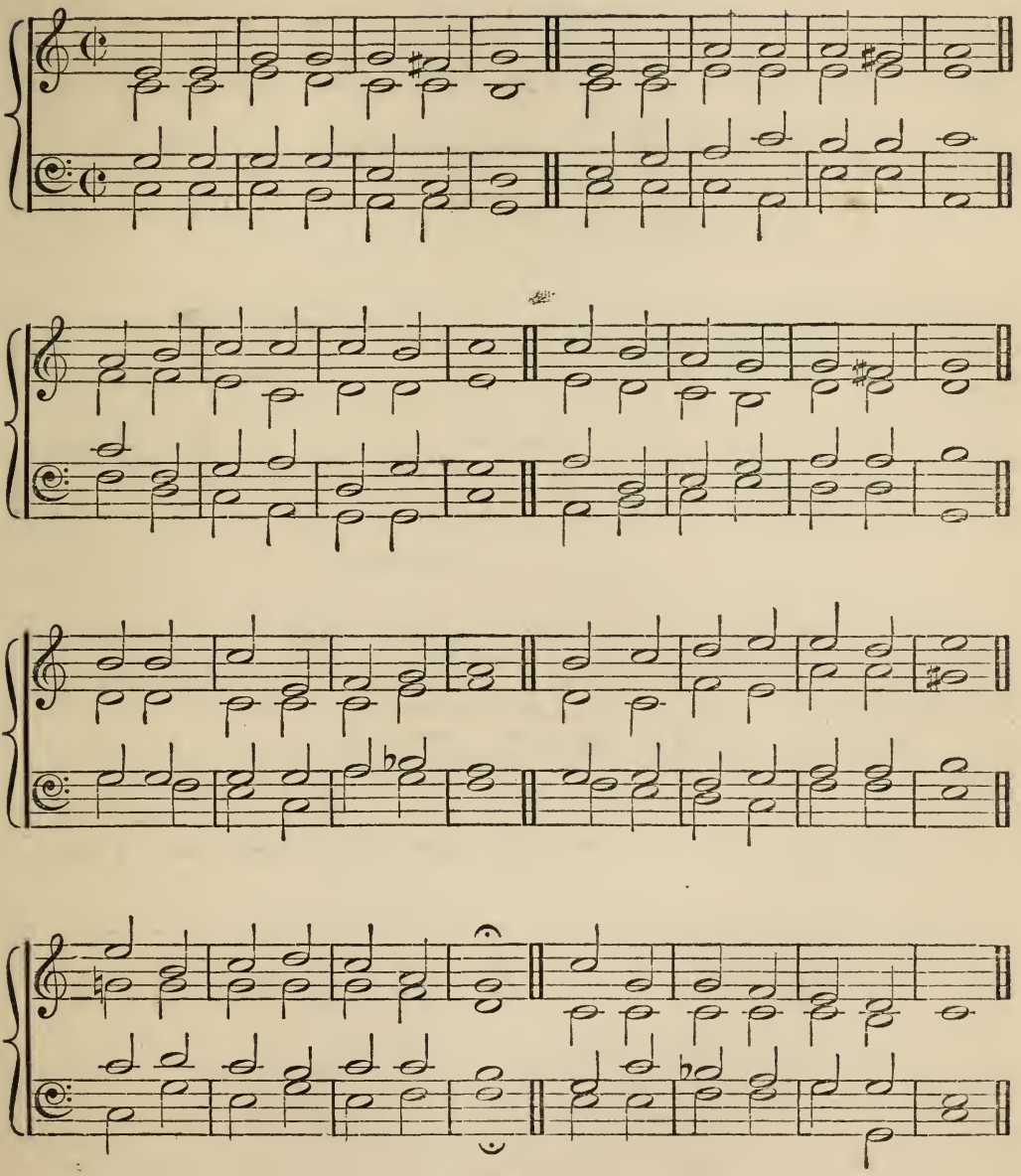
25 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy griefs, and sighs, and tears;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
JESU, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy woes intensely great,
Agony and bloody Sweat;
By Thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offered, meekly worn;
By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon Thy honoured Name,
JESU, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy Passion, Cross, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
By Thy power from death to save,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
Mighty GOD, ascended
To Thy throne in heaven restored;
PRINCE and SAVIOUR hear the cry
Of our solemn litany! Amen.

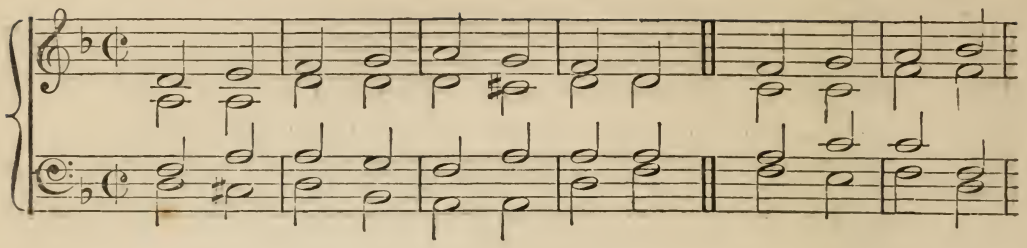
7777; 7777 Trochaic

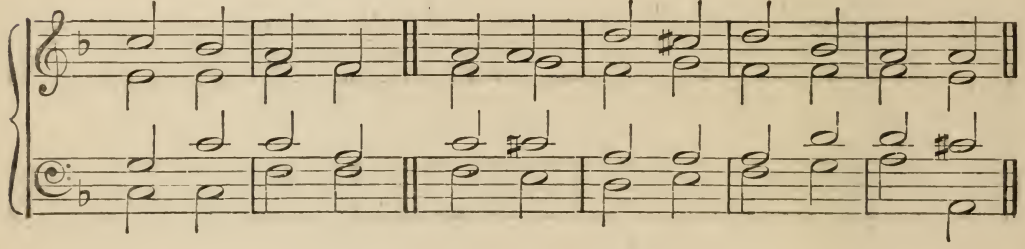
No. 55. S. JOHN BAPTIST. P. M. *Rev L. G. Hayne. Mus D.*

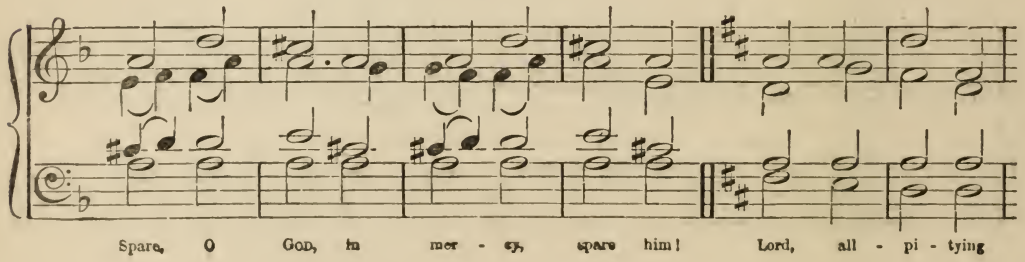


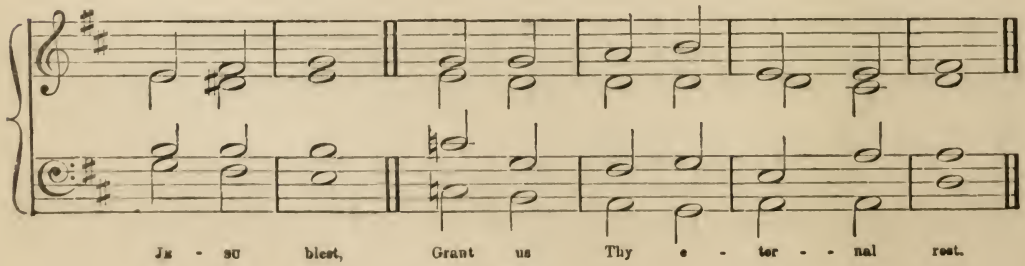
888 Trochaic

No. 56. DIES IRÆ. P. M. *H. E. Havergal.*









7 Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heaven the JUDGE descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Thro' earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth!

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its JUDGE an answer making!

Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Then shall judgment be awarded.

When the JUDGE His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

KING of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

Think, kind JESU, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou has sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous JUDGE of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion.

Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O GOD, Thy suppliant, groaning!

Low I kneel, with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition,
Help me, in my last condition!

Ah! that Day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;

Spare! O GOD in mercy spare him!
LORD, all pitying JESU blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

8 Ye faithful approach ye,
Joyfully triumphing,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the KING of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him
O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

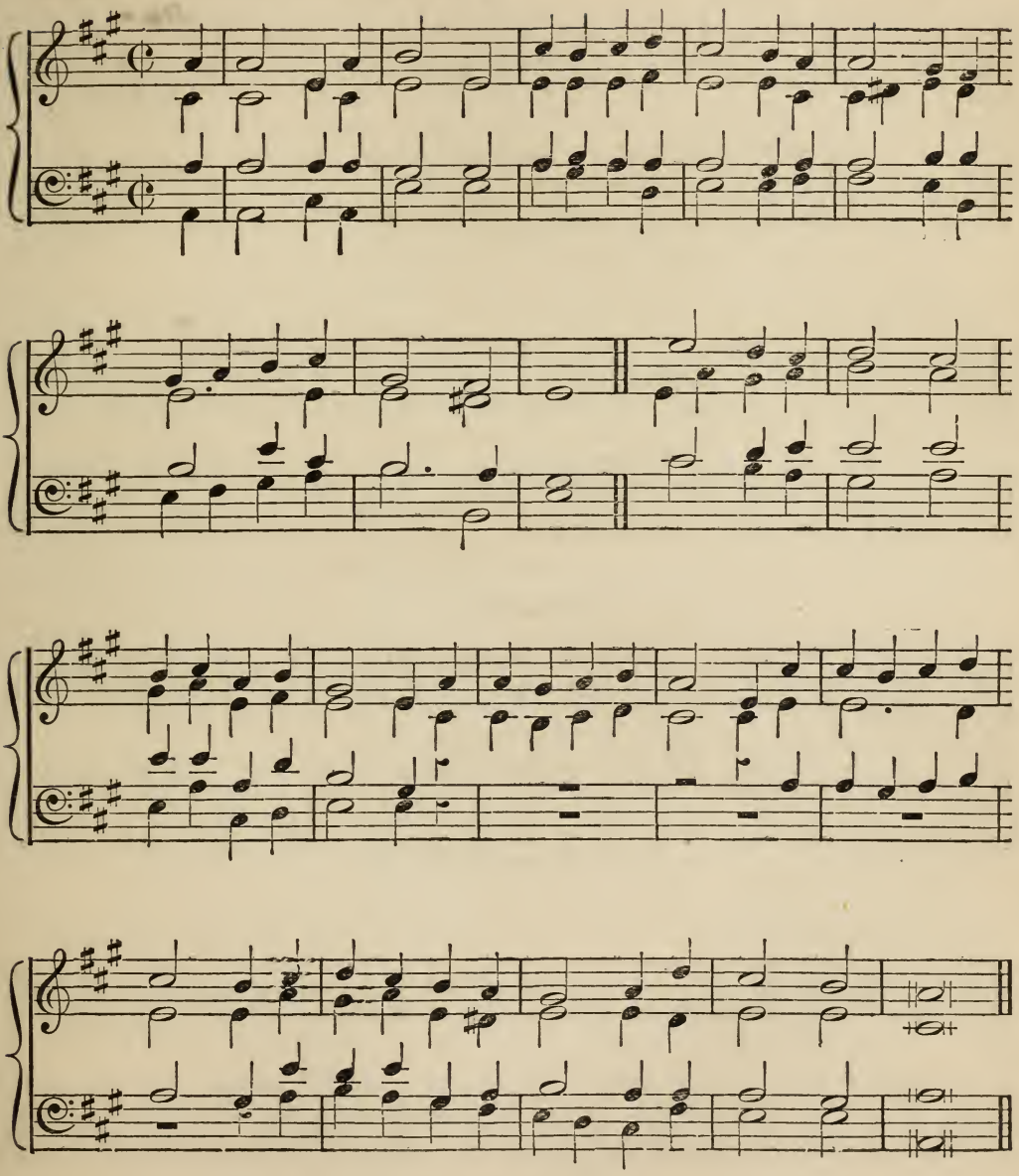
GOD of GOD,
LIGHT of LIGHT,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very GOD,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Glory to GOD
In the highest:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning:
JESU, to Thee be glory given,
WORD of the FATHER
Late in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, [Amen.
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

No. 57. ADESTE FIDELES. P. M.

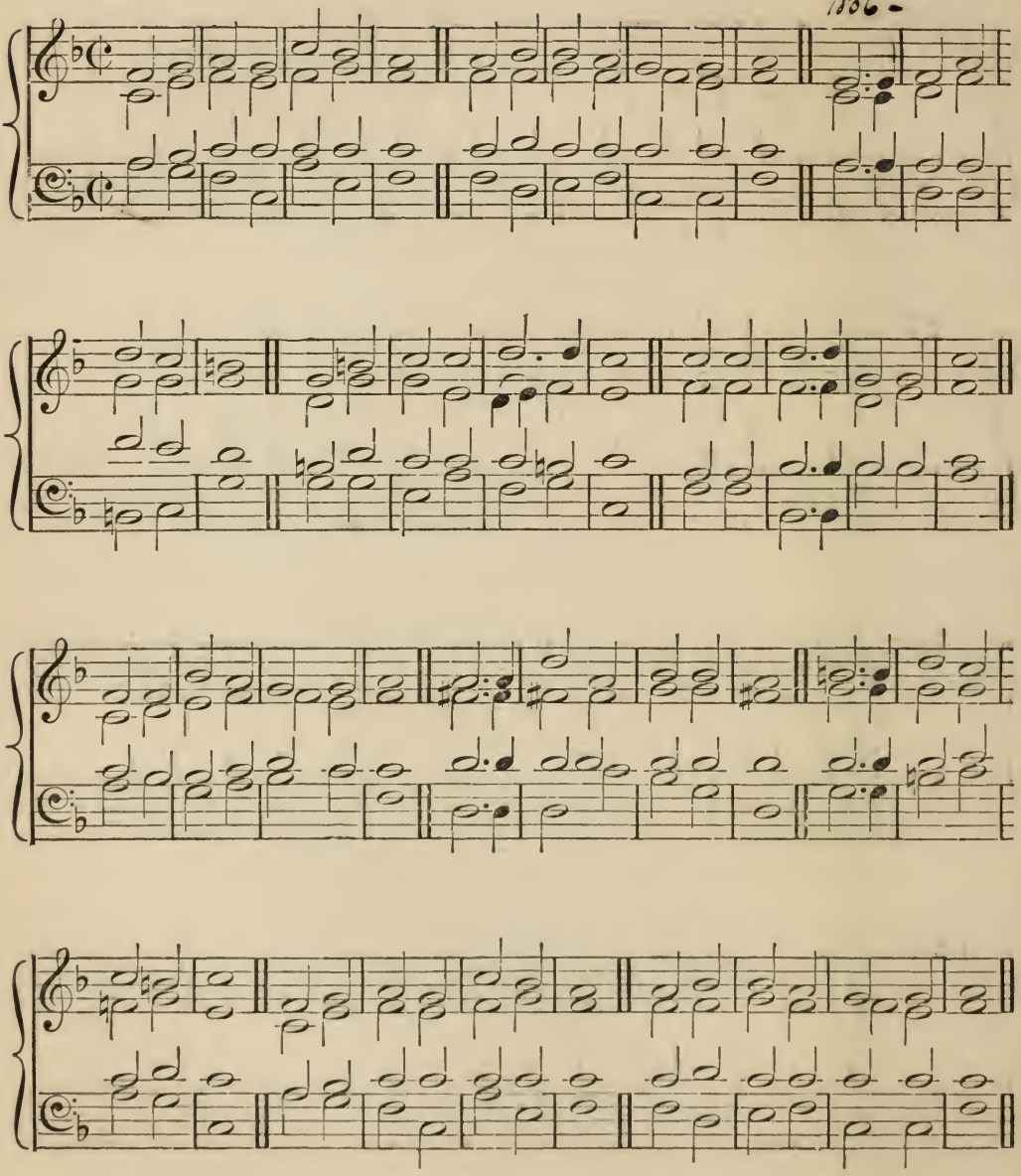
John Reading -1692



7777, 7777 77 Trochaic

No. 58. S. OLAVE. P. M.

Dr. Gauntlett.
1806 –



12 Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconciled!

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem!

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see,
Hail, Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell
JESUS, our IMMANUEL.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that men no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth! Amen.

18 Alleluia! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn!
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see.
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be. Amen.

162 Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

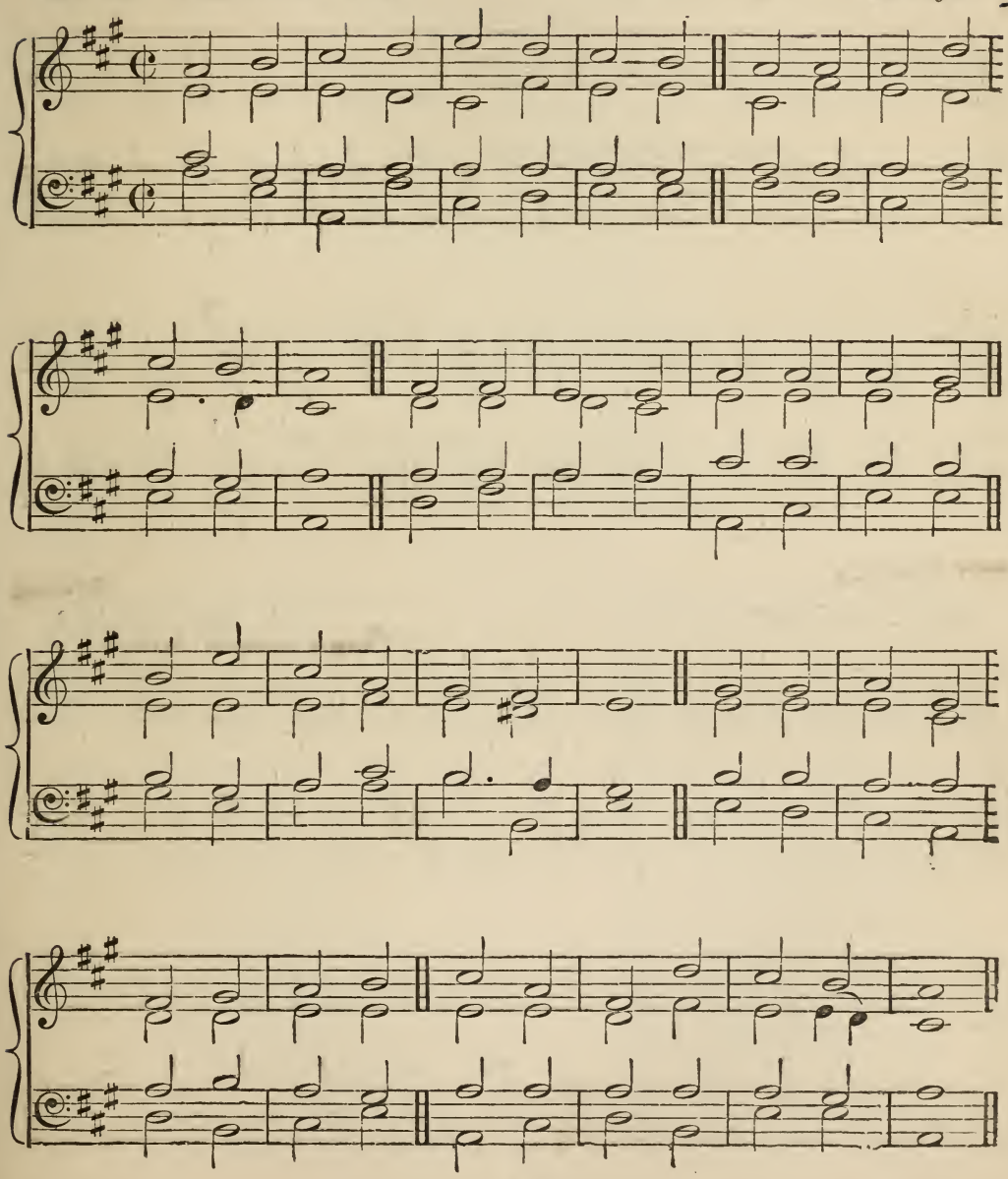
These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

8787 87 Trochaic

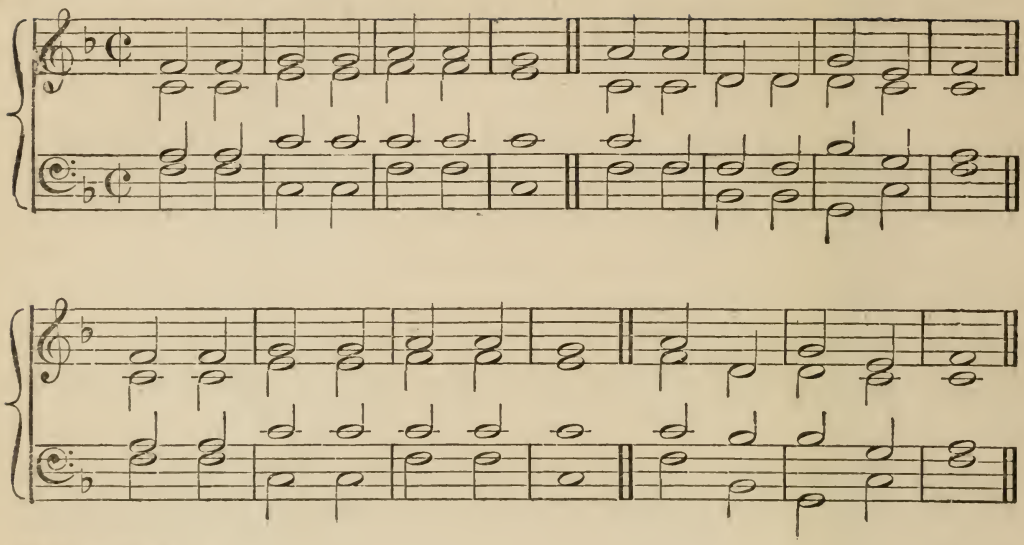
Samuel Webbe 1740-1817

No. 59. SALZBURG. P. M. M. Haydn -1806



7775

No. 60. S. SALVADOR. P. M.



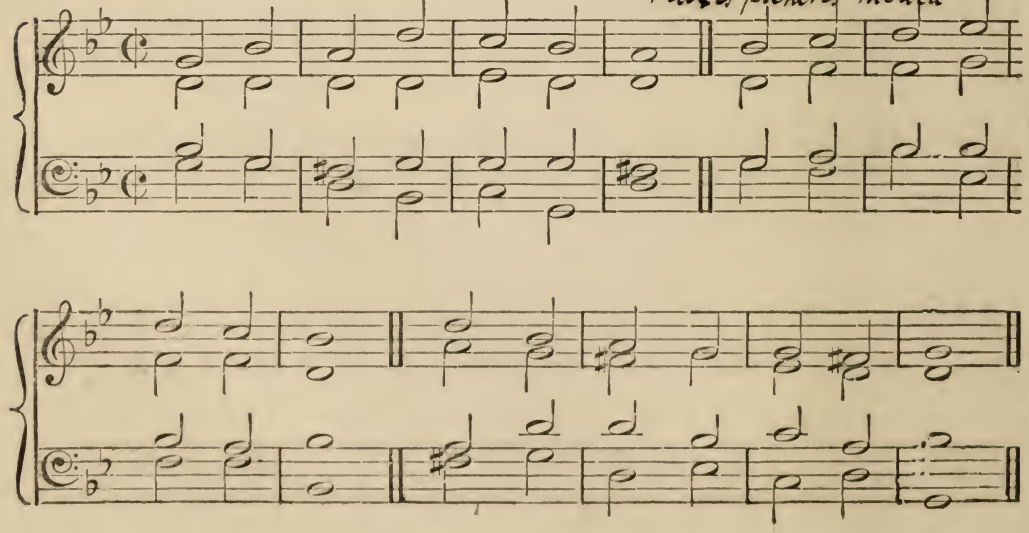
777 Zuchaic

1598-1662

No. 61. CRÜGER. P. M.

John Crüger, A.D. 1653.

"Praxis pietatis melica"



22 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
JESUS, hear and save!

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
JESUS, hear and save!

Strong CREATOR, SAVIOUR mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESUS, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings,
JESUS, hear and save!

Soon to come on earth again,
JUDGE of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
JESUS, hear and save! Amen.

---

52 Come, O SPIRIT, LORD of grace,
From Thy heavenly dwelling place,
Bring pure light our gloom to chase.

Thine to wipe the bitter tear,
Thine the lonely heart to cheer,
Fainting spirits find Thee near.

Come, O Light most pure and blest,
Come and fill each longing breast,
Be Thy people's constant guest.

Come to cleanse the guilty stain,
On the hardened heart to rain,
Wounds of sin to heal again.

To Thy will the stubborn mould,
Warm and melt the bosom cold,
Bring the erring to the fold.

Unto us who seek Thy face,
And in Thee reliance place,
Give Thy sevenfold gifts of grace.

Pardon grant if we offend,
Grant us space till we amend,
Joy above that knows no end. Amen.

27 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Supplication on us pour,
Let us now kneel at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy bitter tears of woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

'Neath Thy wings let us have place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

Love of GOD shall stand alone;
And that love shall then be known
By the deeds that we have done. Amen.

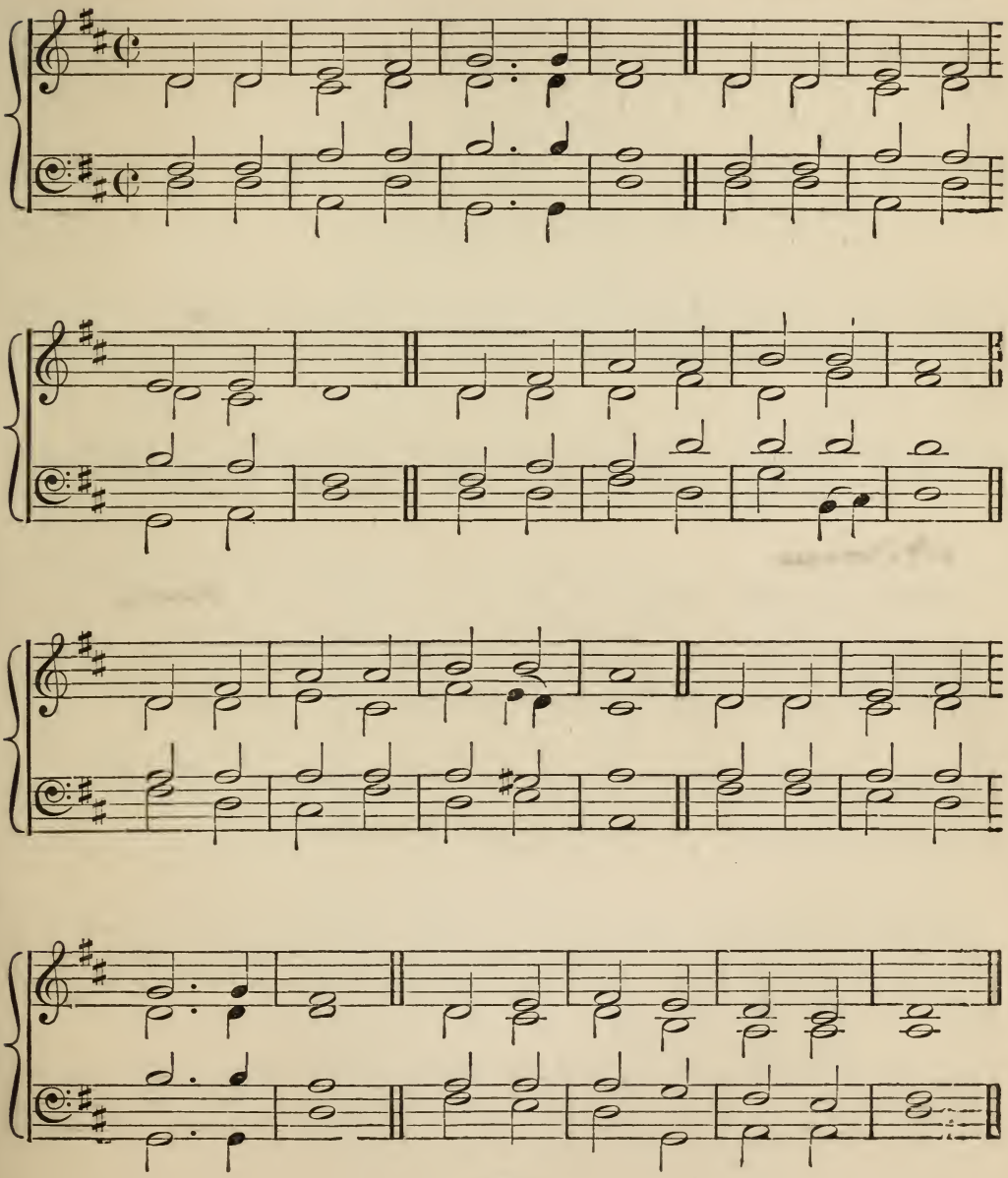
31 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling:
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

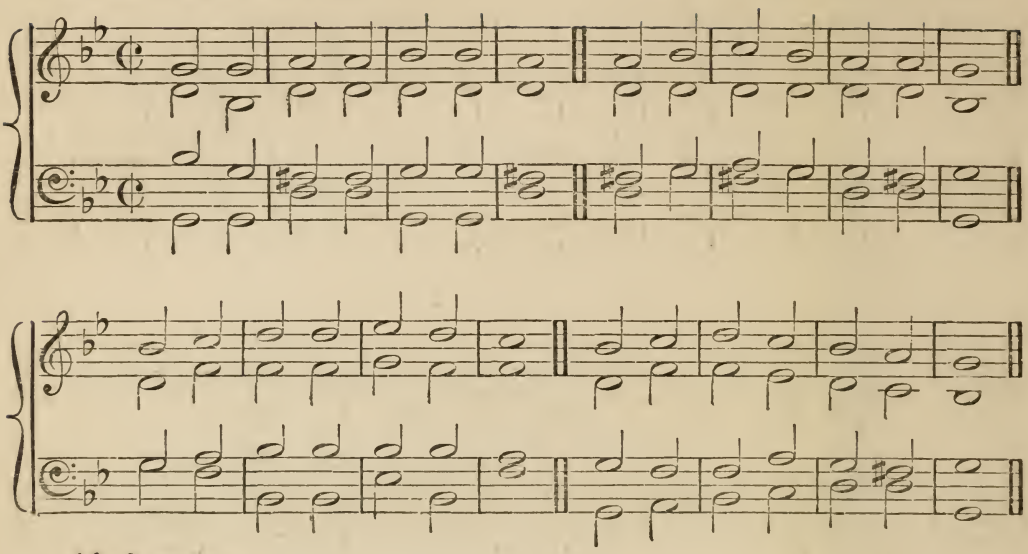
777777 Irothaic

No. 62. REDHEAD. P. M. *From Redhead's Collection.*



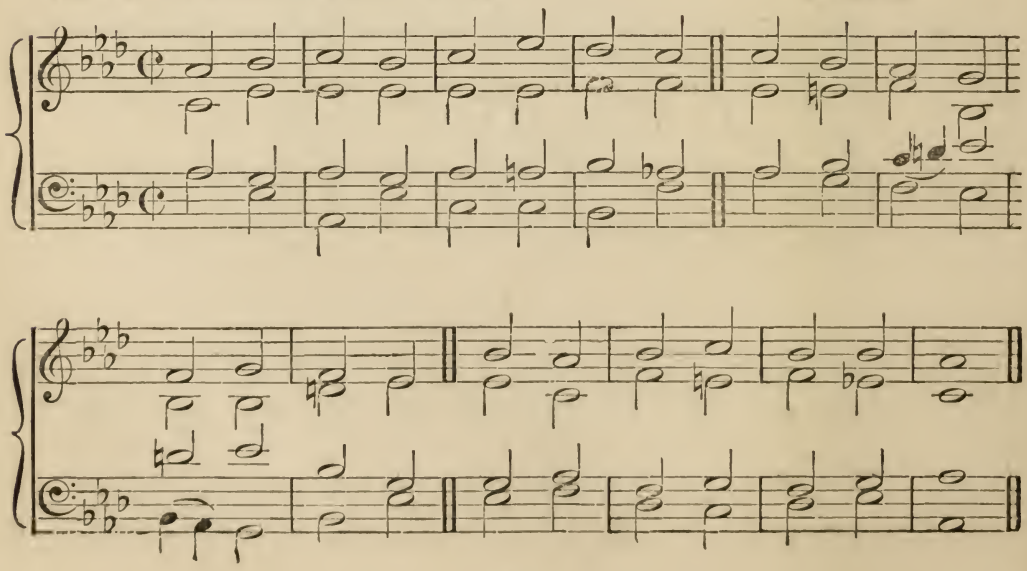
7777 Trochaic

No. 63. SARUM. P. M.



687 Trochaic

No. 64. STABAT MATER. P. M. French



36 See the destined day arise,
See a willing sacrifice,
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross.

JESUS! who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Thence the cleansing Water flowed
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy JESUS! grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good. Amen.

---

37 By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the mourning Mother, weeping,
Where her SON extended hung;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Lo! the piercing sword had wrung.

O how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that Mother Blessed
Of the High, Eternal One!
Pierced by woe, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter Passion
Saw she of her glorious SON.

For His people's sins rejected,
She her JESUS unprotected,
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent:
Saw her SON from judgment taken,
Her Belov'd in death forsaken,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

With Thy Mother's deep devotion,
Make me feel her strong emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!
That my heart fresh ardour proving,
Thee my GOD and SAVIOUR loving,
May with Thee acceptance find! Amen.

73 In His Temple now behold Him,
  See the long-expected LORD;
Ancient prophets had foretold Him,
  GOD has now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him, His redeemed
  Shall break forth with one accord.

In the arms of her who bore Him,
  Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
  Ere in perfect faith they die.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
  Lo! the Incarnate GOD most High.

JESU, by Thy Presentation,
  Thou Who cam'st in lowly mien,
Make us see our great salvation,
  Make our hearts all pure within;
O present us, in Thy glory,
  To Thy FATHER pure and clean! Amen.

---

159 JESUS my REDEEMER lives,
  CHRIST my trust is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
  Shall not all my fears be o'er,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

JESUS my REDEEMER lives,
  And His life I once shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
  Where He is, I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

Close to Him my soul is bound
  In the bonds of Hope enclasped;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
  And the Rock hath firmly grasped:
And no ban of death can part
From our LORD the trusting heart.

I shall see Him with these eyes,
  Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
  With His love this heart shall glow;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
  Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
  Heavenly it shall rise again;
Natural here the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

Only see ye that your heart
  Rise betimes from earthly lust;
Would ye there with Him have part,
  Here obey your LORD and trust;
Fix your heart beyond the skies
Whither ye yourself would rise. Amen.

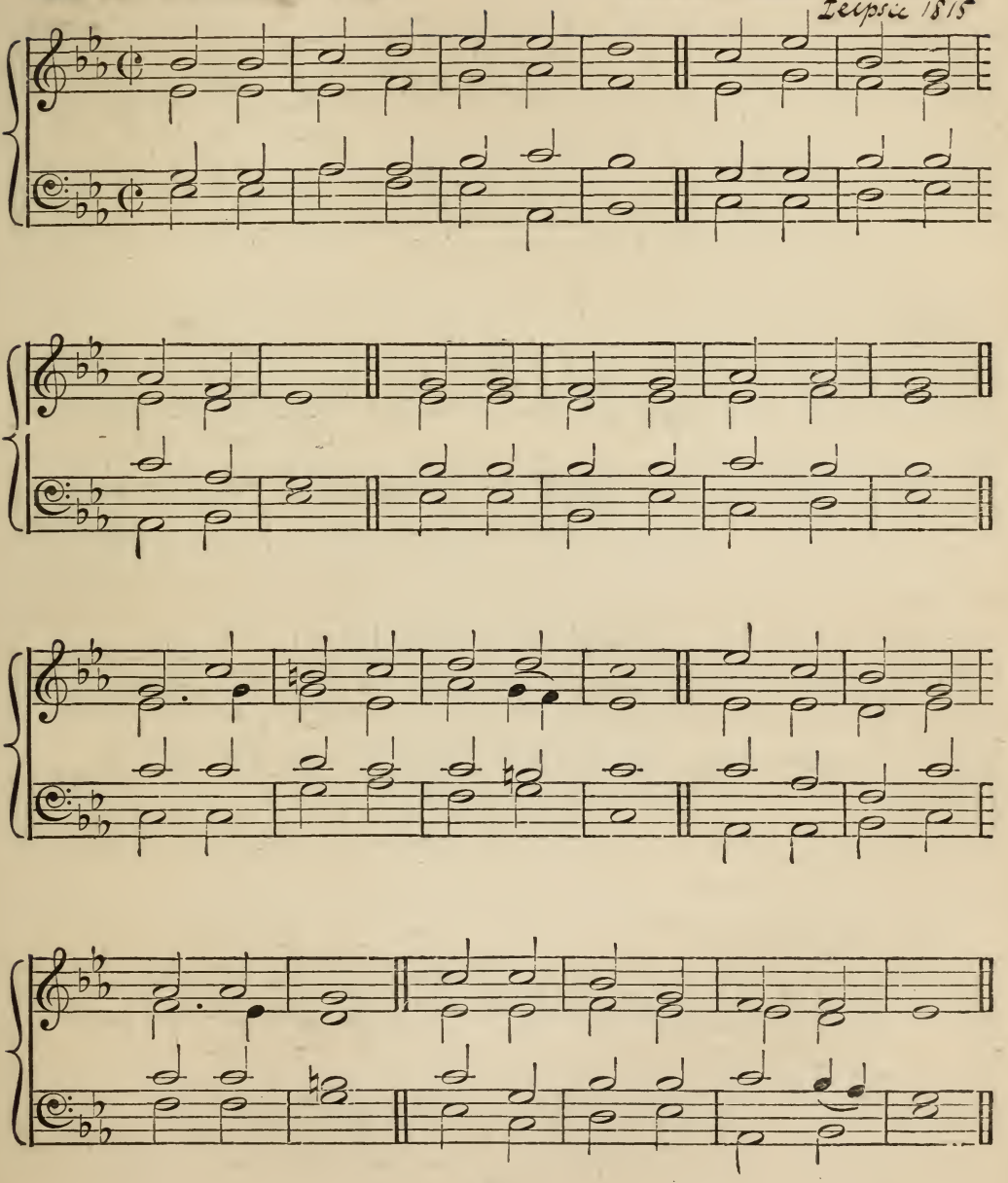
777777 Trochaic

werner

No. 65. RATISBON. P. M.

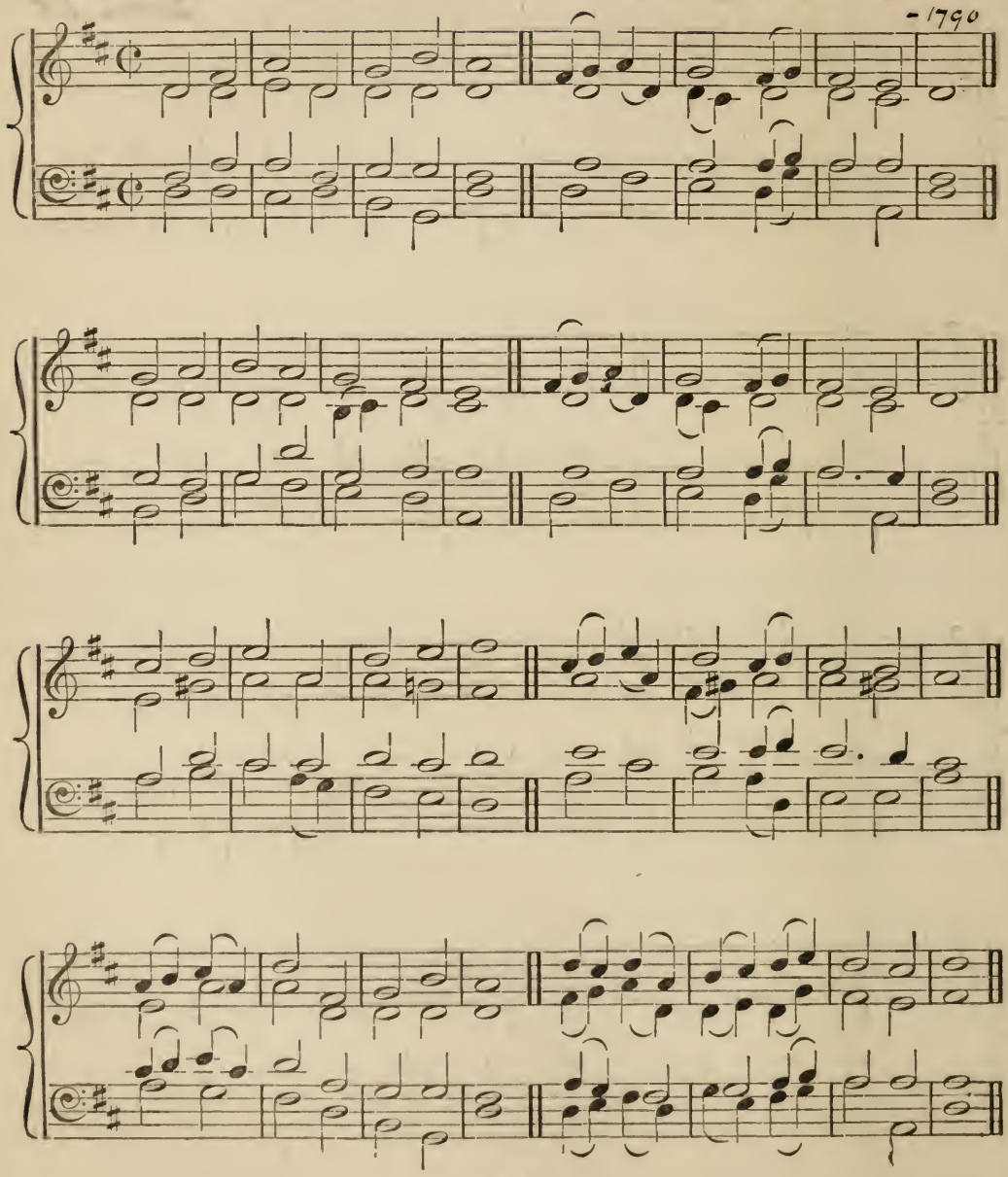
From the "Sächsen Choral-Buch."

Leipsic 1815



7474; 7474 Henry Carey -1743

No. 66. WORGAN. P. M. ~ Dr. Worgan, A.D. 1750. -1790



40 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy-Day ;
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.—Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our Heavenly King ;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.—Alleluia !

But the pain, which He endured,
Man's salvation hath procured ;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.—Alleluia !

44 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
JESUS lives! and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever:
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia!

Praise the FATHER! praise the SON,
Who to us new life hath given;
Praise the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
All on earth, and all in Heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

---

66 Rightful prince of Martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow;
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone;
Nor could stars more brightly shine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an angel's glance.

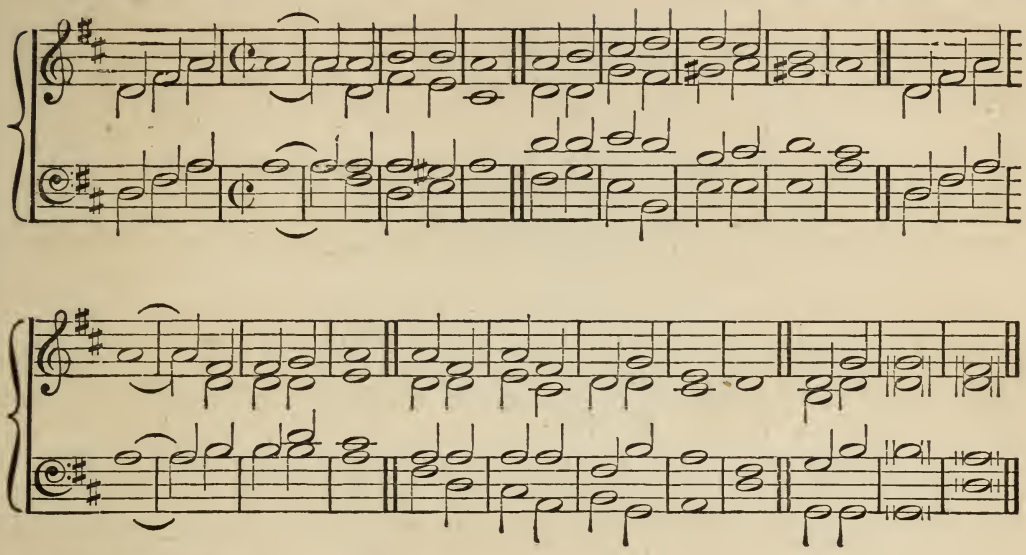
Thou the first-slain victim free
To Him the Victim slain for thee;
Thou the first thy LORD to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red sea of blood:—
Prince of Martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind!

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Glory to the HOLY GHOST
Here, and from the Angel Host. Amen.

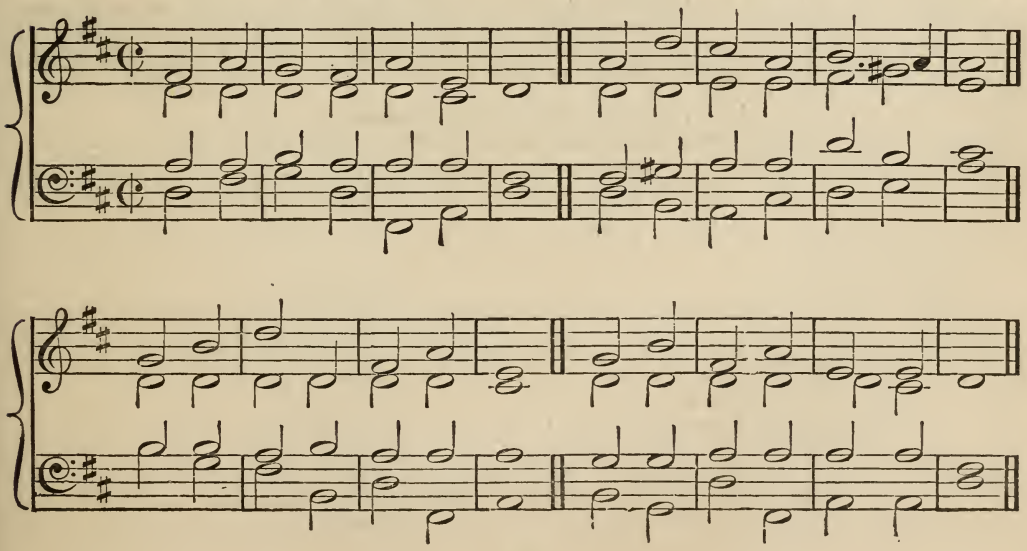
78784

No. 67. GLASTONBURY. P. M. *From Redhead's Collection.*



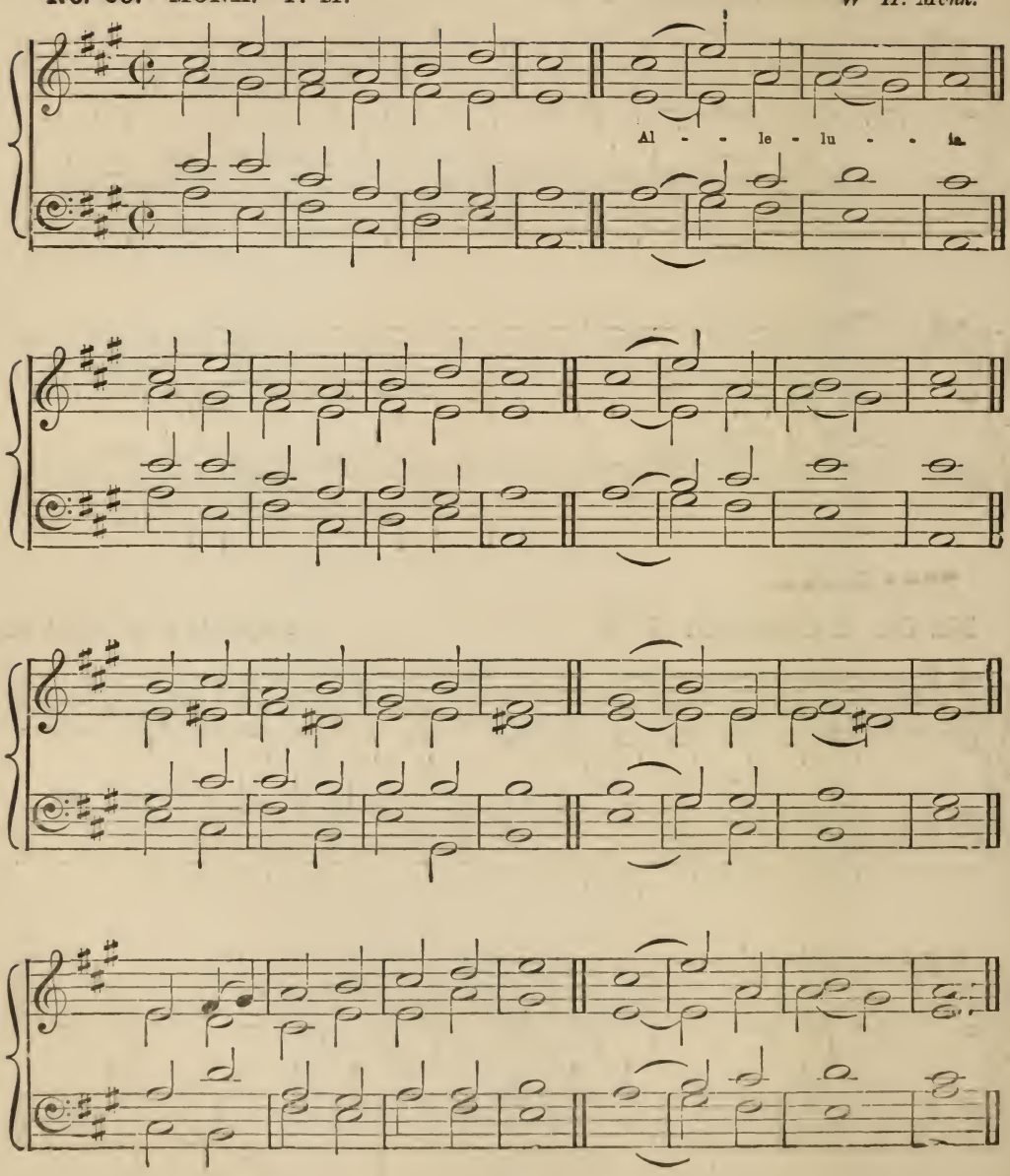
7777 Trochaic

No. 68. S. CYPRIAN. P. M. *Adapted by L. G. Hayne.* Mus D.



7474:7474

No. 69. MONK. P. M. *W H. Monk.*



46 Hail! the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious to His native skies,
CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest Heaven.
Alleluia!

Thee the glorious triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
CHRIST has vanquished death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

Lo! the Heaven its LORD receives
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His Throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Alleluia!

O though parted from our sight,
Far above the azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies,
Alleluia! Amen.

71 'Gainst what foeman art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on,
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the Sinless One?
Whom thou hatest,
His just power thou shalt own!

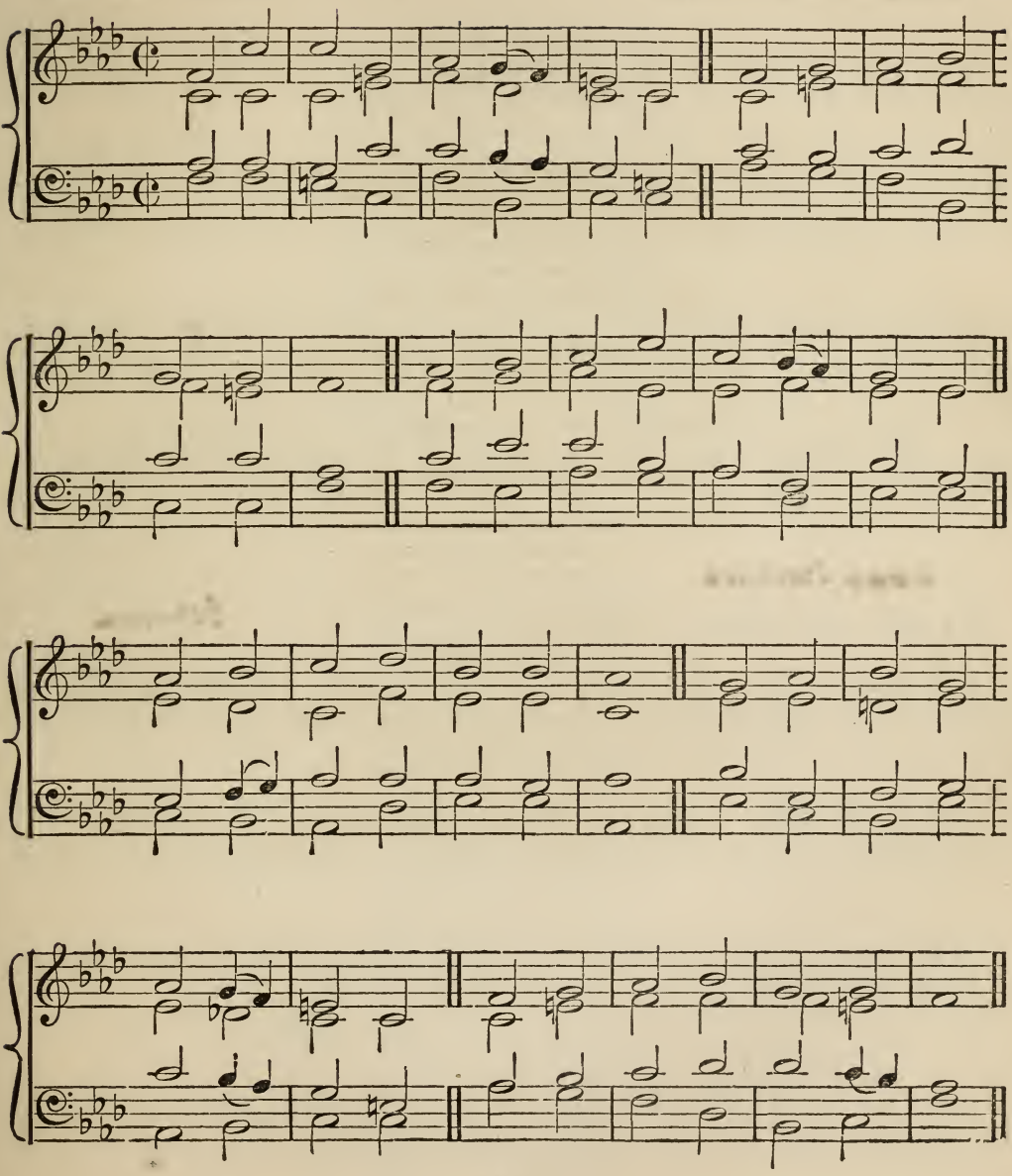
See! the Lord, from heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow;
See him rising
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.

Breathing slaughter, bonds preparing,
Then so fierce his anger burned:
Trembling now, and lost his daring,
Meek obedience he has learned;
The destroyer
Now into a lamb is turned.

Christ, Thy power is man's salvation,
Hardest hearts Thou mak'st Thine Own;
He, who wrought such desolation,
That Thy Name might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Through the world that Name makes known.
Amen.

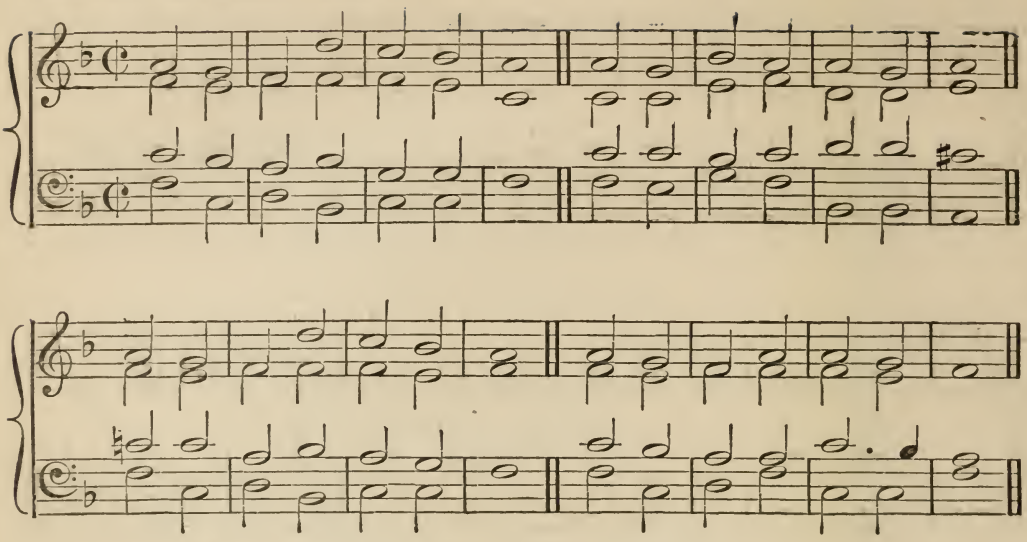
87 87 87 Trochaic

No. 70. DAMASCUS. P. M. *From the "Köln Choral-Buch."*



7777 Trochaic

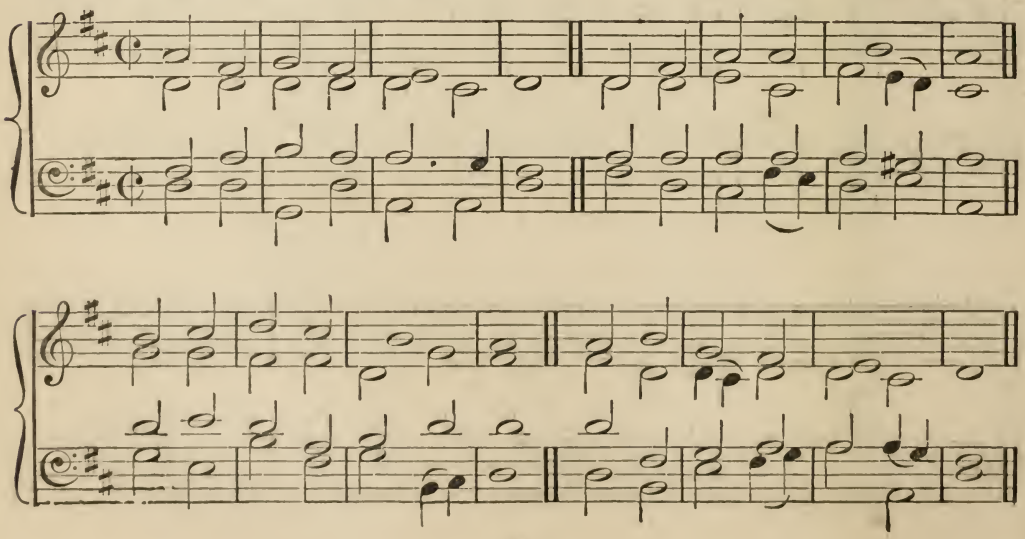
No. 71. S. BASIL. P. M.



6666 Trochaic

No. 72. AVE MARIS. P. M.

German



72 Sion, ope thy hallowed dome :
To His Temple Christ is come :—
Lifeless shadows, haste away,
Grace and Truth beam forth to-day.

Lo, the Virgin's downcast eye
Owns His hidden Godhead nigh :
Heavenly musings, all unheard,
Meetly hail the silent WORD ;

Whilst to Heaven her pious love
Duly vows the sacred dove,
And upon her bosom lies
More than dove-like Sacrifice.

Aged Simeon sees at last
Hopes foretold from ages past;
Anna doth the Presence own
Yearning Faith so long hath known.

Glory be to FATHER, SON,
And Blest SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
LORD on high to Thee we raise
Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise. Amen

---

135 JESU ! meek and lowly
SAVIOUR, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Come I to Thee flying.

Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee,
Calling sinners to Thee.

There behold me gazing,
At the sight amazing,
Prostrate down before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

See the red wounds streaming,
With bright crimson gleaming;
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.

Fountain rich in blessing !
CHRIST'S fond love expressing !
Thou my aching sadness
Turnest into gladness.

Sweetness never cloying !
Sin and death destroying ;
Come, and without buying,
Drink life never dying.

LORD, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me ;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

76 Lo, from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

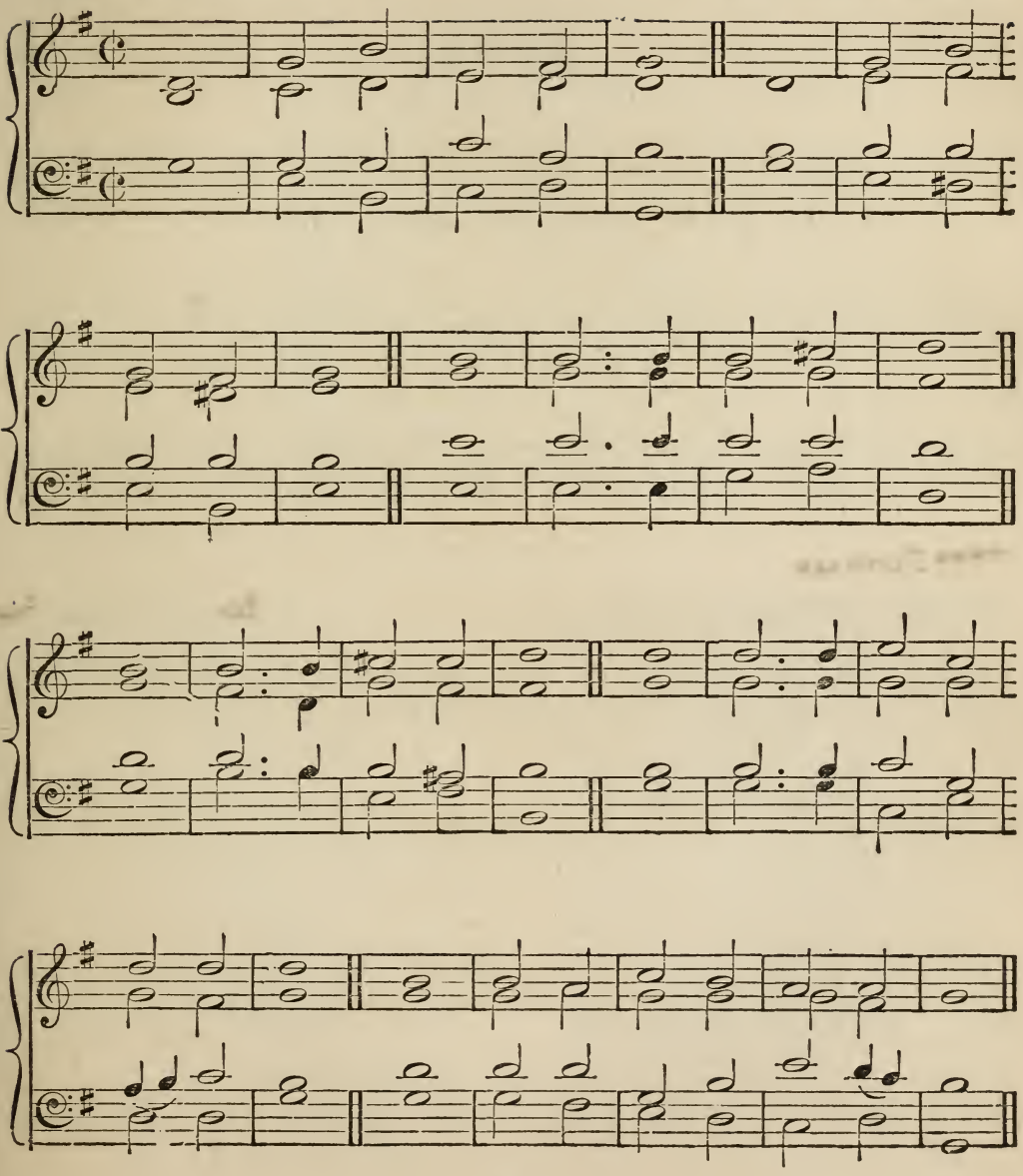
"Your GOD e'en now doth stand
Within Heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hands,
And He will purge His floor:
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows,
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

"Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads,
Make His way plain
Your King before:
For evermore
He comes to reign."

May thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
n our dull ears still sound
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom. Amen.

666688

No. 73. S. PHILIP. P. M. *From Redhead's Collection.*

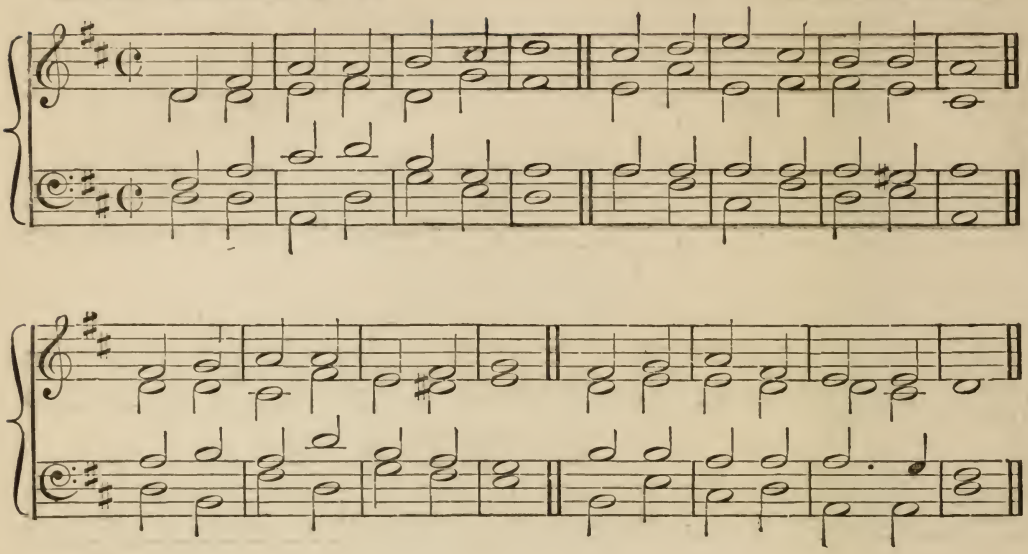


7777 Trochaic

T. A. Freylinghausen. Geistreiches Gesangbuch 1704

No. 74. LUBECK. P. M.

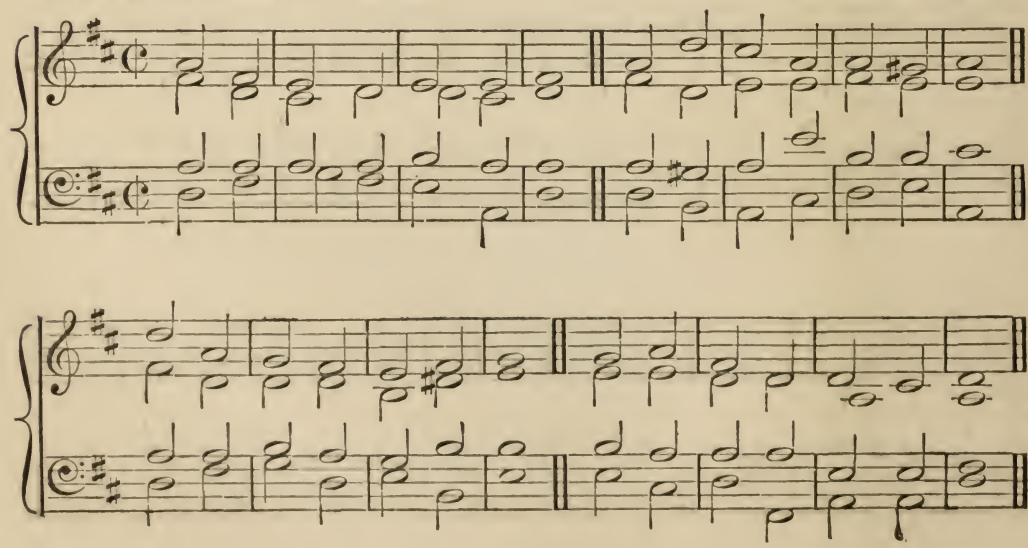
Old German Chorale



7777 Trochaic

No. 75. BUCKLAND. P. M.

Rev: L. G. Hayne. Mus D.



121 To Thy temple we repair:
LORD, we love to worship there,
And within the veil to meet
CHRIST upon the mercy-seat.

While Thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,
That our joyful souls may bless
Thee, the LORD our Righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
GOD of love, to ours attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for JESUS intercedes.

While Thy messengers proclaim
Peace and pardon through Thy Name;
In their voices may we own
JESUS speaking from His throne. Amen.

Sweetest flowers of early spring,
Holy babes, of you we sing,
Rosebuds by the whirlwind shorn,
On the threshold of the morn.

First who gained the Martyrs' wreath;
Now your LORD's blest feet beneath,
Infants still ye seem to play
With your palms and chaplets gay.

Tyrant, what avails thy deed,
Canst thou quench the promised Seed?
Cease, ye great ones, to defy
Him Who sits enthroned on high.

Virgin-born, to Thee be praise
Now, and through eternal days;
FATHER, equal praise to Thee,
With the SPIRIT ever be. Amen.

94 JESU! seek Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep,
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bare:

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice,
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live:

Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect, through my LORD, below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above:

O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to Heaven! Amen.

85 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation's work begun;
When God spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born.
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day.
God will make new heavens and earth
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Glory be to Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One:
Lord on high, to Thee we raise
Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise. Amen.

88 Son of God, to Thee we bow;
Thou art God, and only Thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Of Thy Church the crown and head.

Thee the angels ever sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King,
Worthy is Thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast gladsome tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

May we follow and adore
Thee our Saviour, more and more;
Do, Thou guide us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy Saints above. Amen.

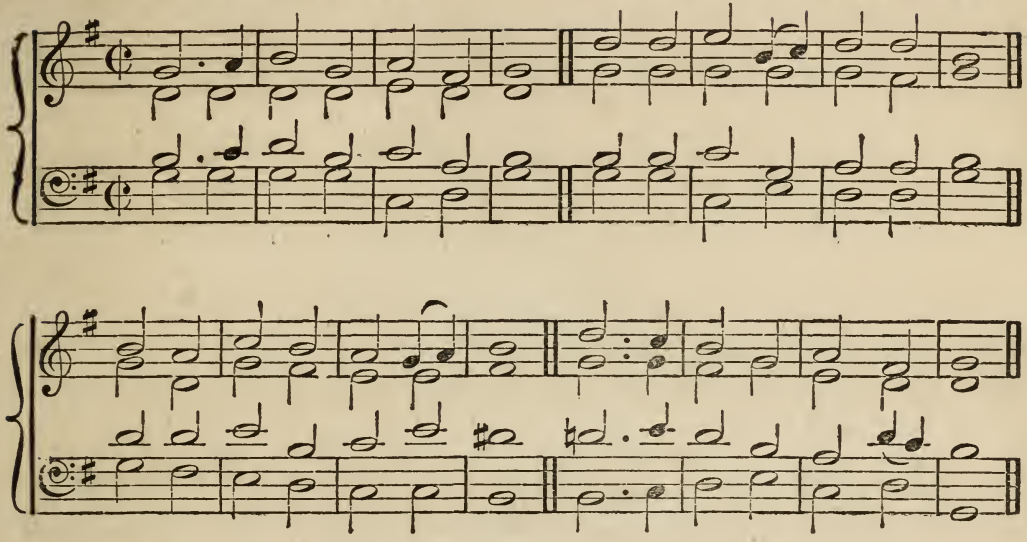
---

131 Praise the Lord! ye Heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels, in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty Voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath He made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail;
Praise the God of our Salvation,
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name! Amen.

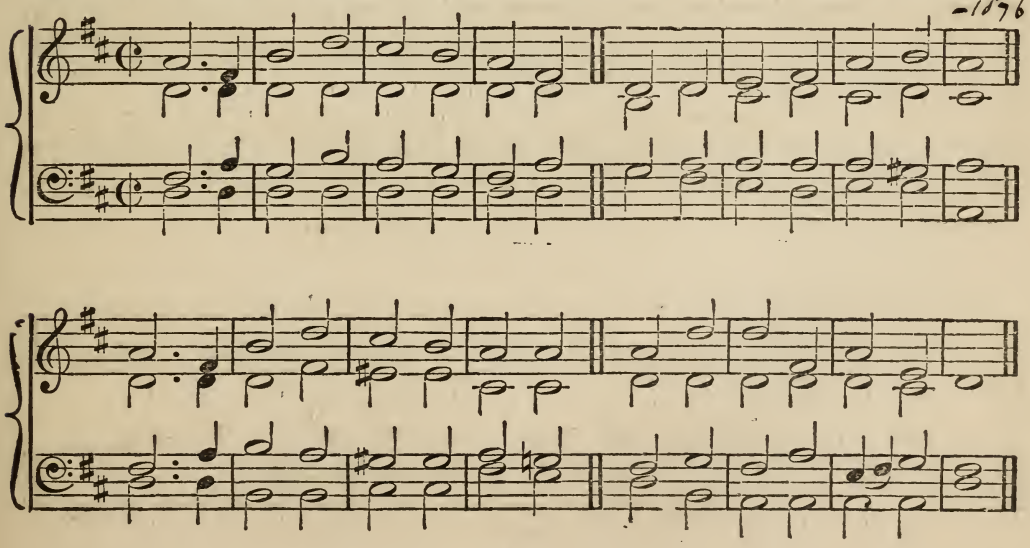
7777 Trochaic

No. 76. S. MARTIN. P. M. *French Melody of Thirteenth Century.*



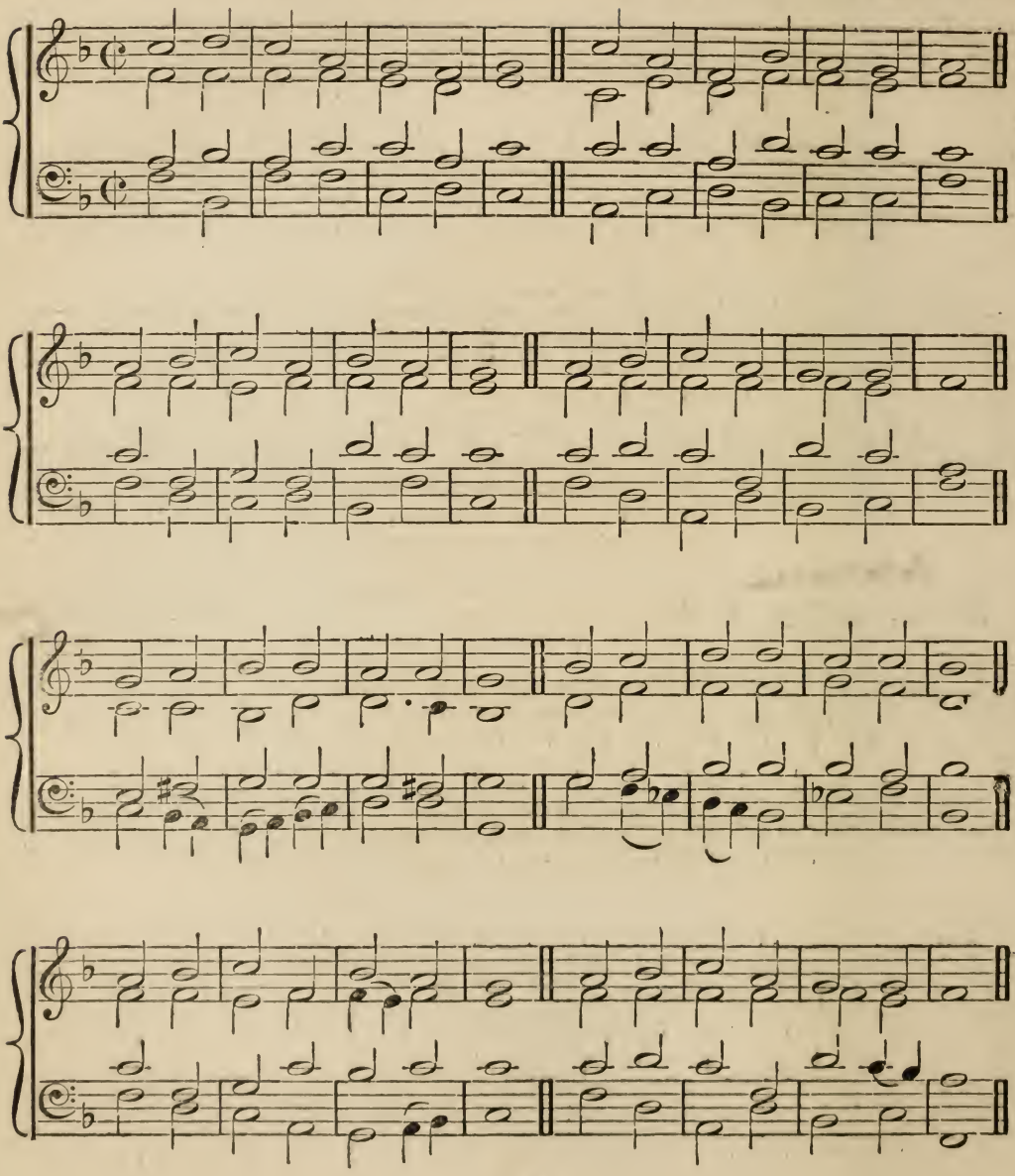
8787 Trochaic

No. 77. DYKES. P. M. *Rev. J. B. Dykes. Mus. D. -1876*



7777:7777 Trochaic

No. 78. S. AUGUSTINE. P. M. *John Sebastian Bach, A.D.* 1685.–1750



92 JESU, Refuge of my soul!
Let me to Thy shelter fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

93 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Rest we here, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While we see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,
And unveiled Thy glories see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace—
Gracious Saviour! we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase. Amen.

---

75 Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

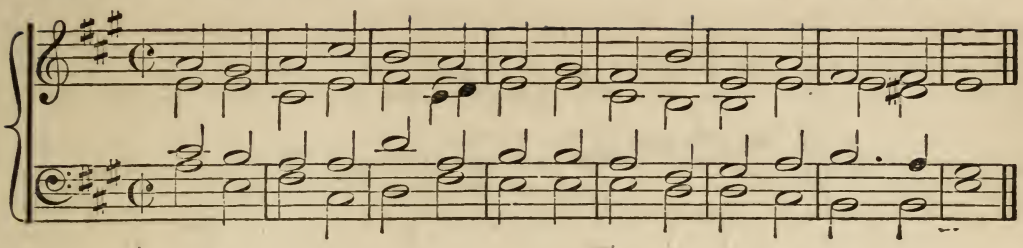
Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation!
Blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best.

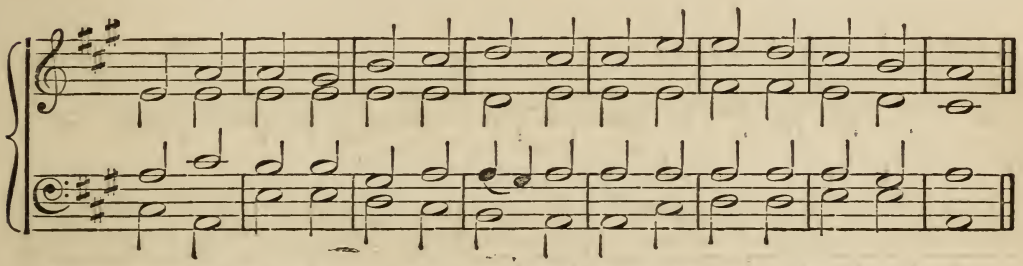
Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Blest of women she that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Virgin-born! to Thee be praise,
Now, and through eternal days;
Father, equal praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

8787 Trochaic

No. 79. DRESDEN. P. M. *German Choral.*

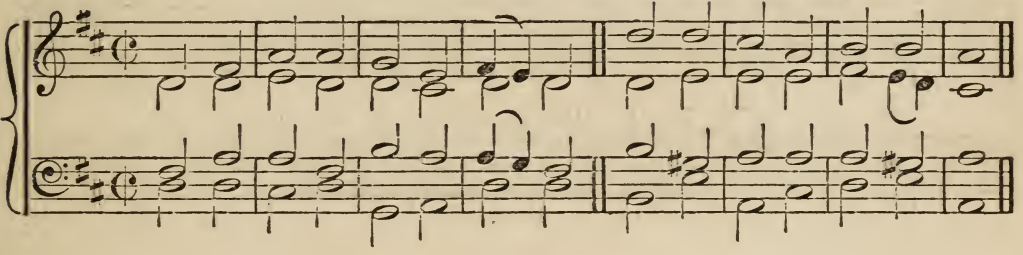


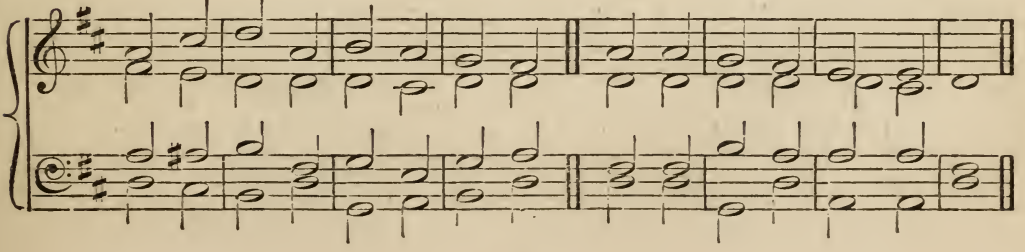


8787 or 7777 Trochaic

Teopler "Alte choral melodien"

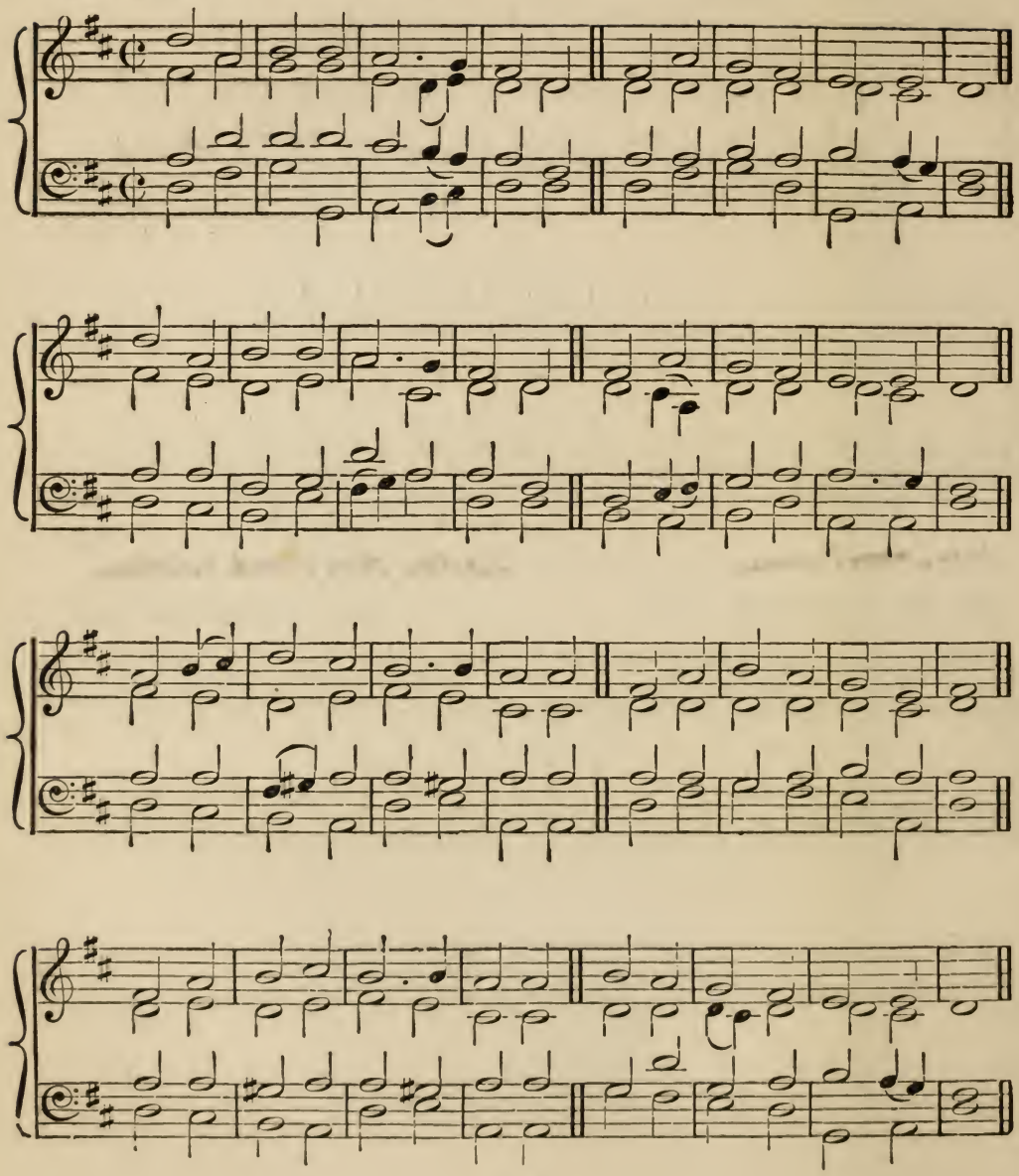
No. 80. CULBACH. P. M. *From the "Köln Gesang-Buch."*





8787; 8787 Trochaic

No. 81. LAUDA ZION. P. M.



98 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He, Whose Word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.

On that Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Blessings, like the Lord their Giver,
Never fail from age to age. Amen.

107 The LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

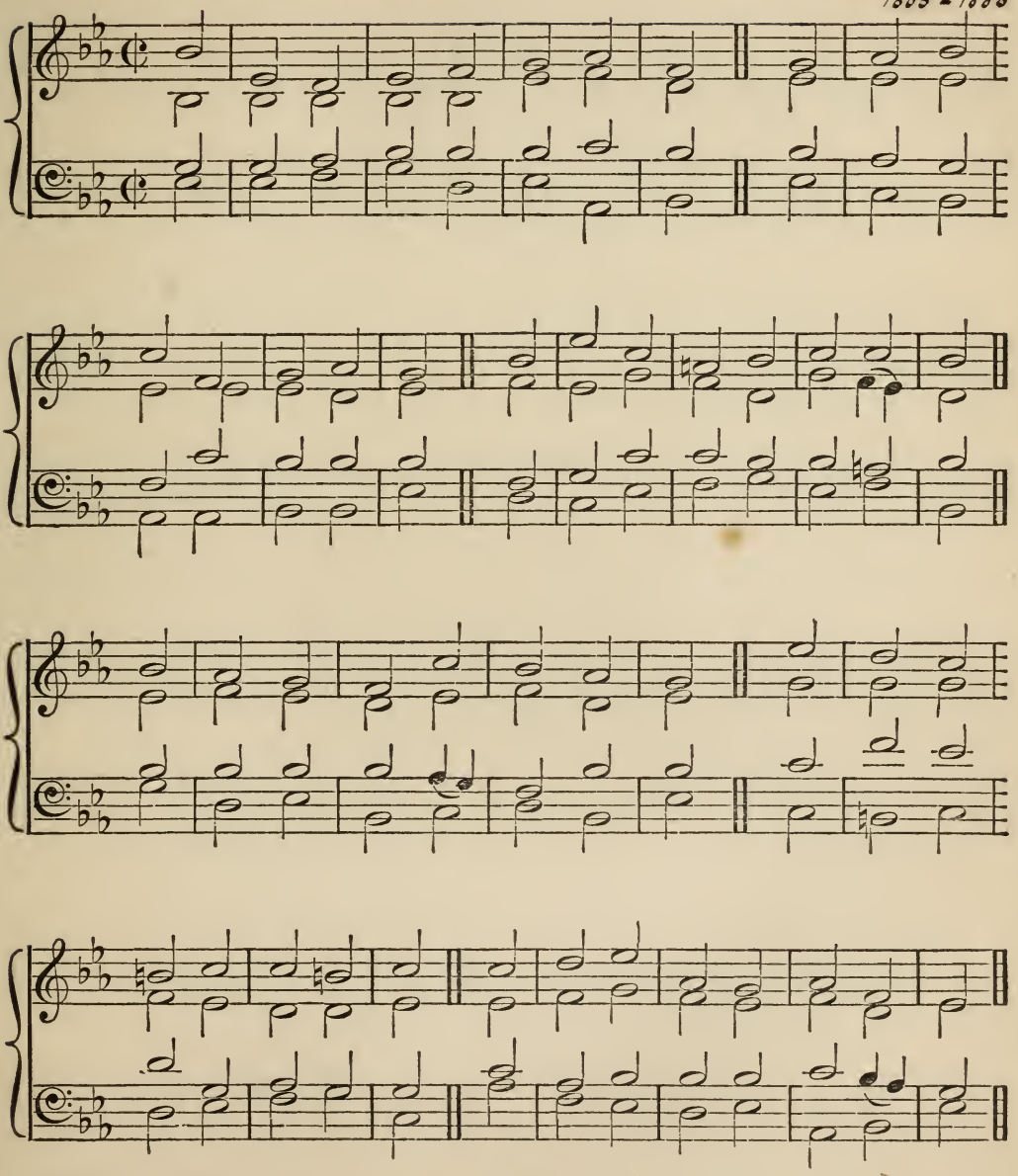
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Amen.

8 8 8 8 8 8 Iambic

No. 82. S. PAUL'S. P. M.

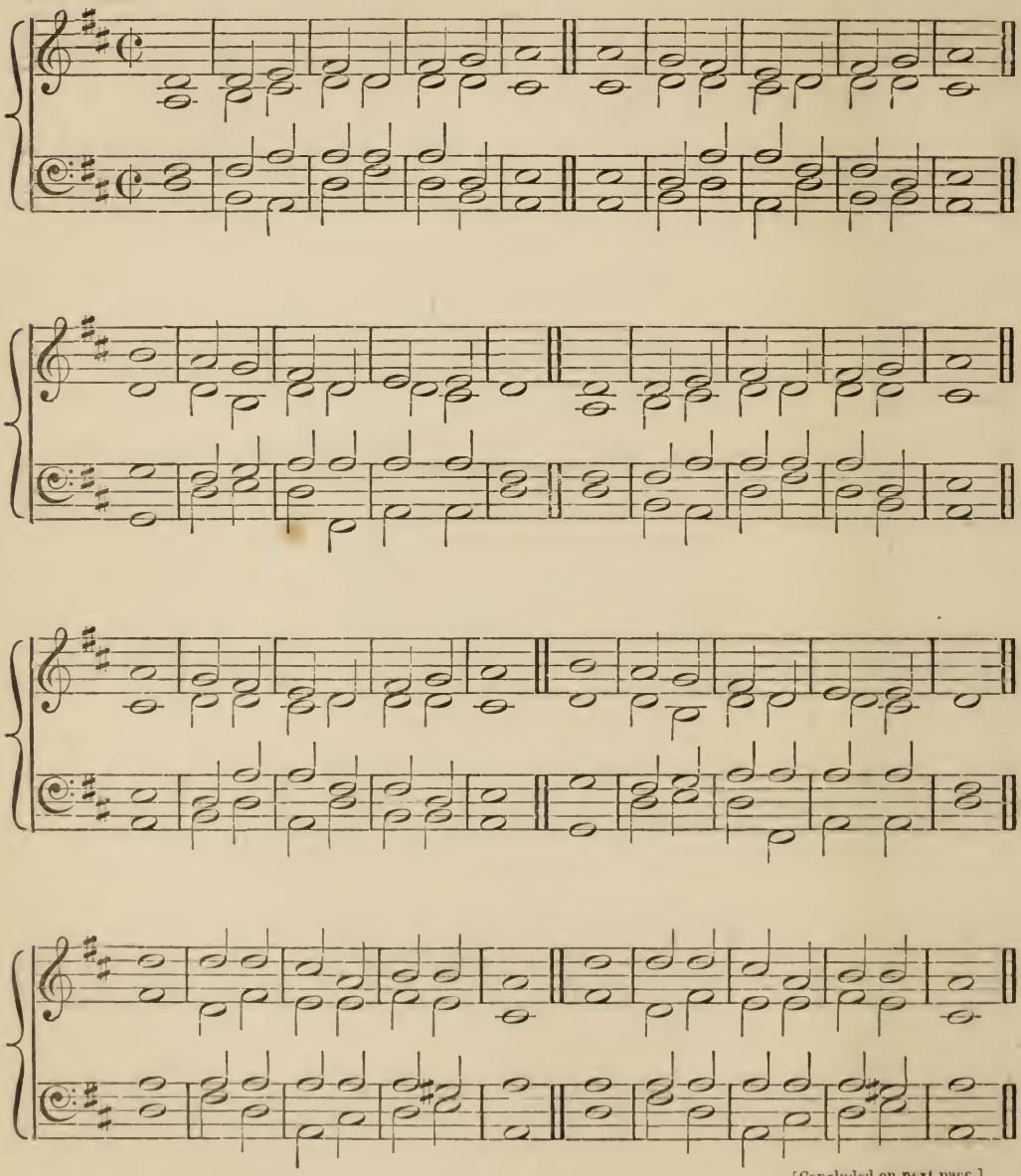
Sir John Goss. mus. D.
1800 - 1880



SSSSSS; SSSSSS

Claude Goudimel 1510-1572 "Psalter" 1565
& Köpfl "Psalter" 1565

No. 83. OLD 113TH. P. M. *Genevan Psalter, A.D* 1562.



[Concluded on next page.]

112 Ye children which do serve the LORD,
Praise ye His Name with one accord;
  Yea blessed be always His Name,
Who from the rising of the sun,
Till it return where it begun,
  Is to be praised with great fame.

The LORD all people doth surmount
Whom for His glory we may count
  Above the heavens high to be.
With GOD the LORD who can compare,
Whose dwellings in the heavens are?
  Of such great power and force is He. AMEN

112 Ye children which do serve the LORD,
Praise ye His Name with one accord;
Yea blessed be always His Name,
Who from the rising of the sun,
Till it return where it begun,
Is to be praised with great fame.

The LORD all people doth surmount
Whom for His glory we may count
Above the heavens high to be.
With GOD the LORD who can compare,
Whose dwellings in the heavens are?
Of such great power and force is He. Amen.

---

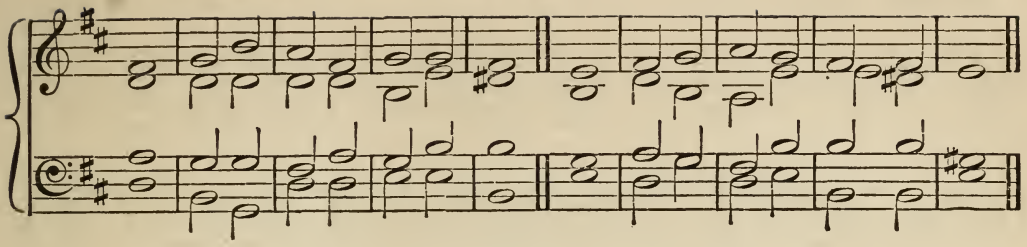
122 Gracious SPIRIT, Love divine,
Let Thy light around us shine,
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

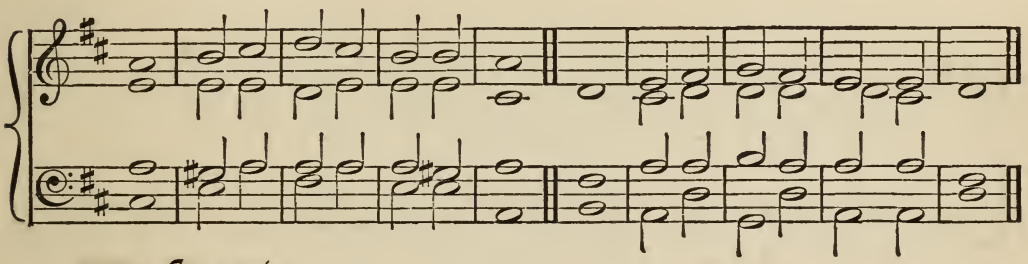
Pardon to the contrite give,
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the LAMB of GOD,
Wash us in His precious Blood.

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian SPIRIT, lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way:
Bring us to the courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

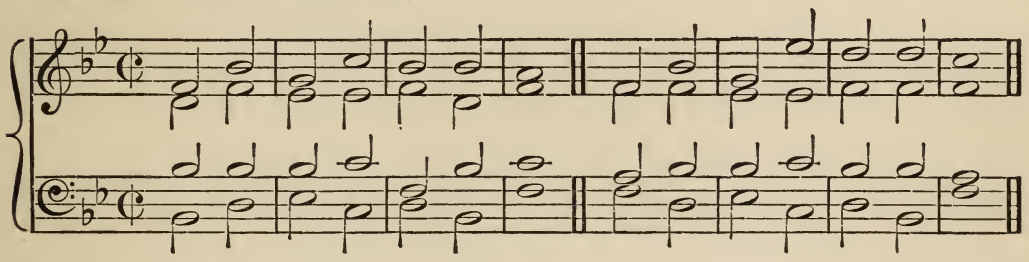
Honour, glory, love and praise,
Be through never ending days,
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the SPIRIT Three in One. Amen.

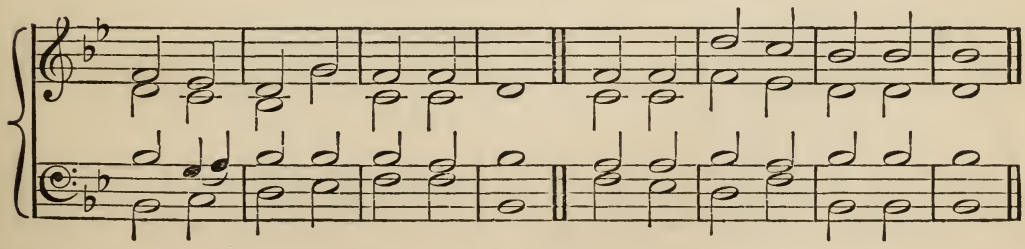




7777 Trochaic

No. 84. HOLYROOD. P. M.





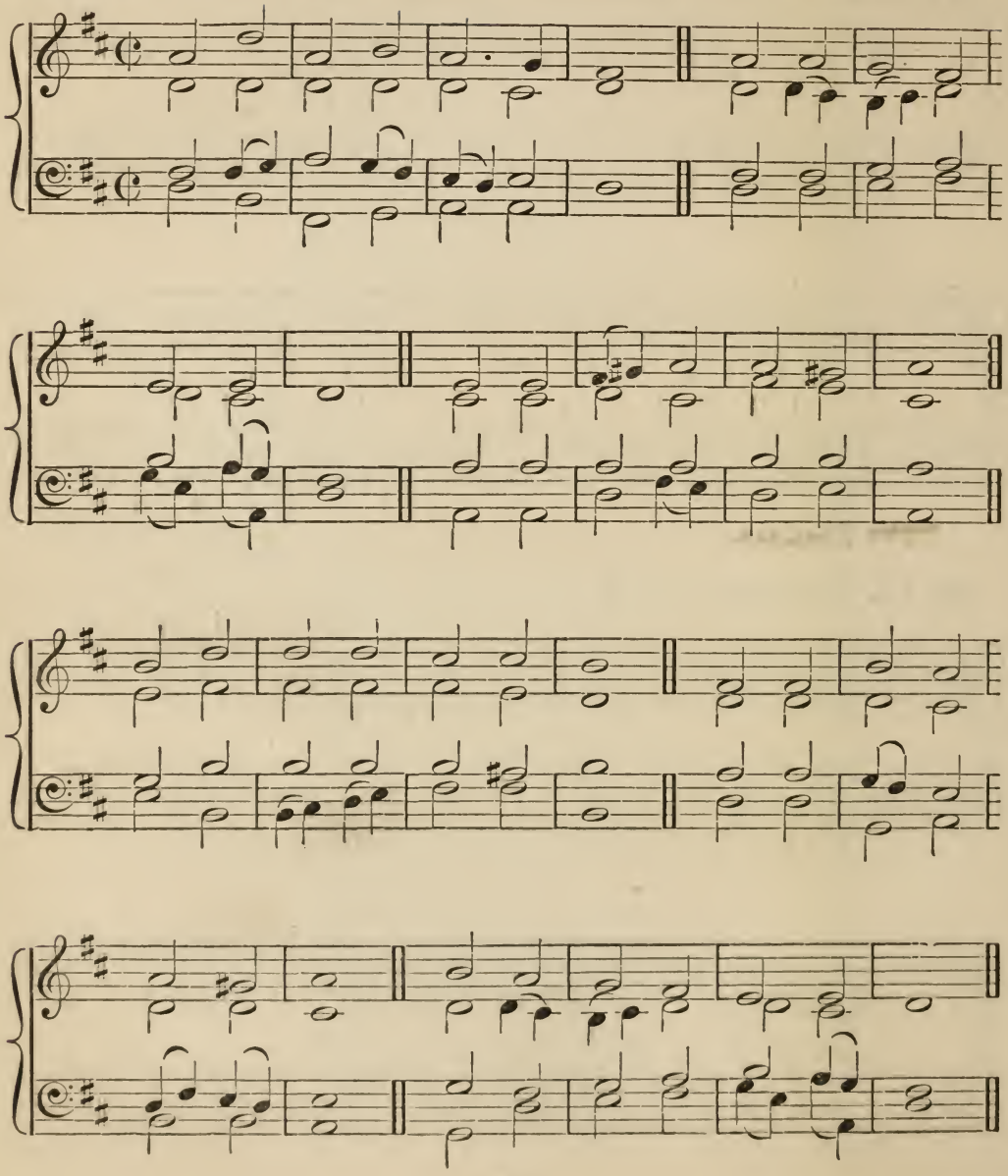
777777 Mohair

~ 7777: 7777

Jacob Hintze 1622-1695 ~
J. Rosenmüller 1610-1680

No. 85. BACH. P. M.

S. Bach, A.D. 1685.



117 FATHER! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine!

SAVIOUR! to Thy FATHER bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray;
Blessed SAVIOUR! yet through Thee,
Pray our sins may pardoned be.

HOLY SPIRIT! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee, will vigils keep:
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still!

Blessed TRINITY! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Guard us with the Angel host,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

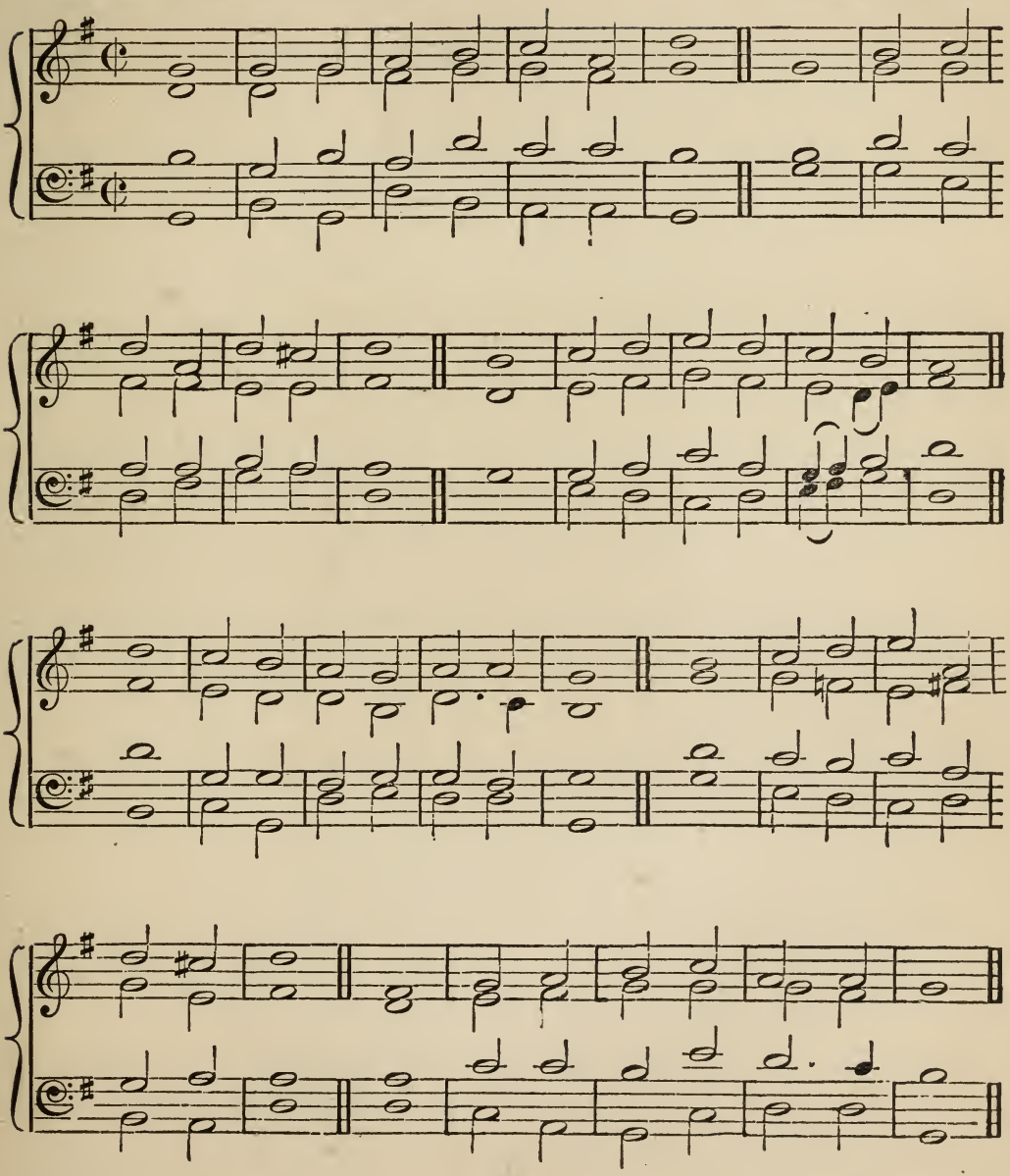
124 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
  Thou all sufficient Love Divine,
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
  Secure I am, if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, JESUS, in Thy Name.

JESUS, my All in All Thou art,
  My Rest in toil, my Ease in pain,
The Balm to heal my broken heart,
  In storms my Peace, in loss my Gain;
My Joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my Glory and my Crown:

In want, my plentiful Supply,
  In weakness my almighty Power,
In bonds my perfect Liberty,
  My Refuge in temptation's hour;
My Comfort midst all grief and thrall,
My Life in death, my All in All. Amen.

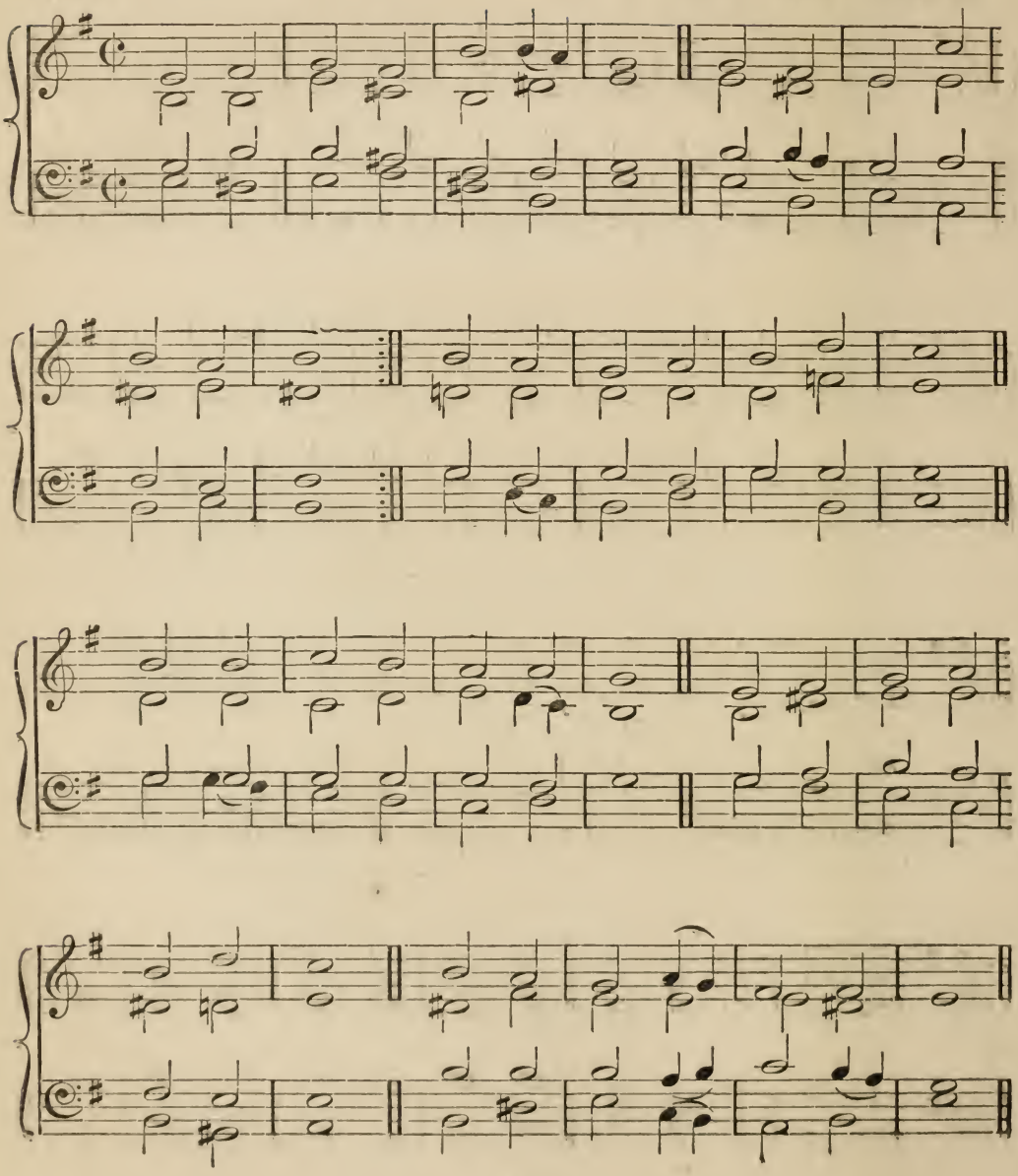
8888 88 Iambic

No. 86. ANGEL'S SONG. P. M. *O. Gibbons, A.D.* 1583.-1625



7777:7777 Trochaic

No. 87. BAMBERG. P. M. *From "Mainz Choral-Buch."*



125 Lord! Thy Death and Passion give
  Strength and comfort at my need,
Every hour while here I live
  On Thy love my soul shall feed.
Cometh strong temptation's hour,
When my foe puts forth his power?
Sheltered by Thy holy shield
Soon I drive him from the field.

Lord, Thy Cross hath power to heal
  All the wounds of sin and strife,
Lost in Thee my heart doth feel
  New-born warmth and nobler life.
In my saddest, darkest grief,
Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
Thou who camest but to save,
Thou who fearedst not the grave!

Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
  Thou art my defence and tower;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
  O'er my soul he hath no power,
That I may have part in Thee,
Help and save and comfort me,
Give me of Thy grace and might
Resurrection, life and light. Amen.

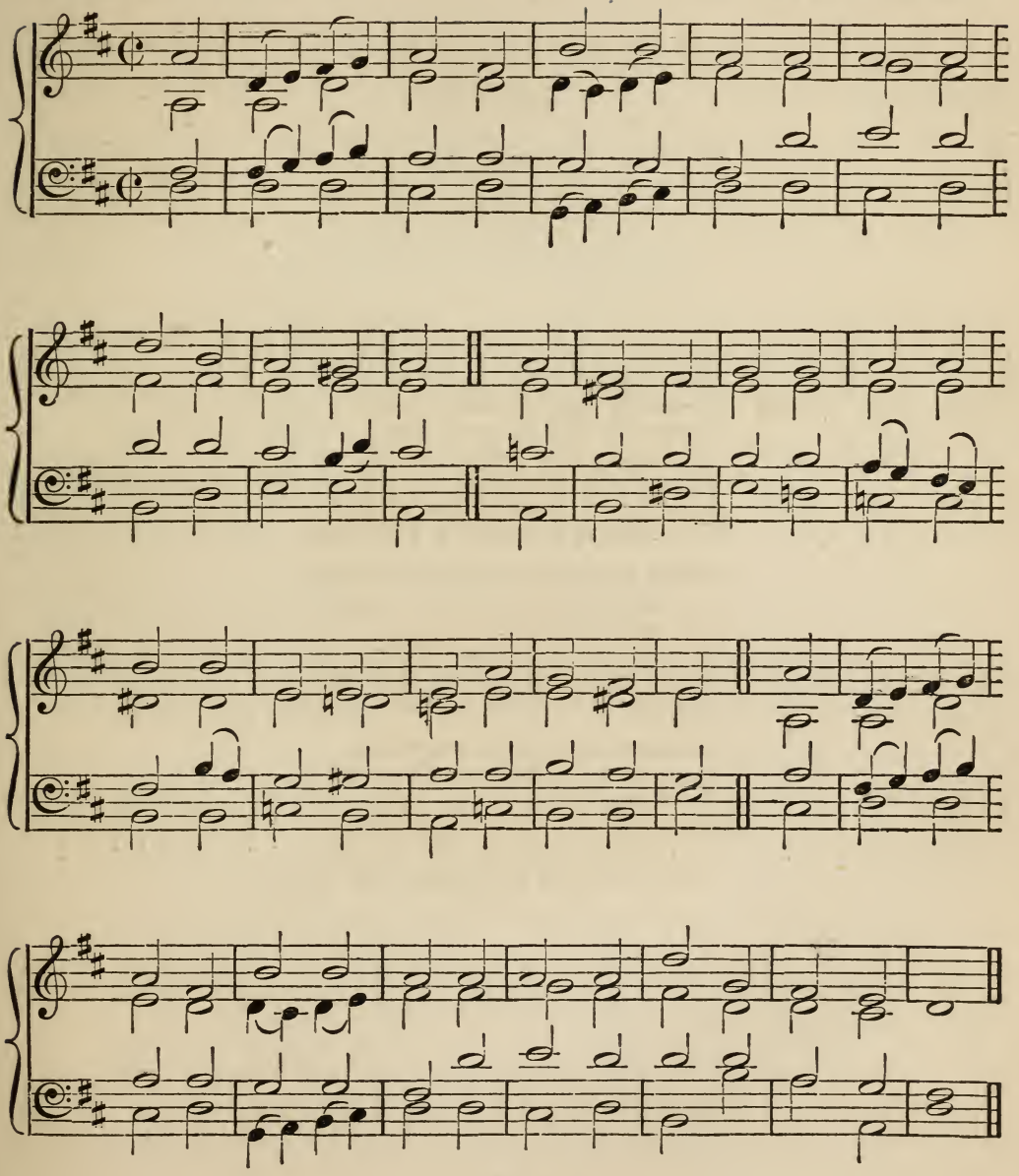
84 No more to sigh, no more to weep,
The faithful dead in JESUS sleep:
Unfading let their memory bloom,
While rest their bodies in the tomb;
Nor will their LORD the love distrust
That strews its garlands o'er their dust.

Though in the grave their clay is cold,
They have not left the Christian fold,
Still we are sharers of their joy,
Companions of their blest employ;
And Thee in them, O LORD MOST HIGH,
And them in Thee, we magnify.

An Angel sings that they are blest,
Yea, saith the SPIRIT, sweet their rest;
In bowers of paradise they meet,
Secure beneath their SAVIOUR'S feet;
Nor fear the trump that soon shall all
Before the throne of judgment call. Amen.

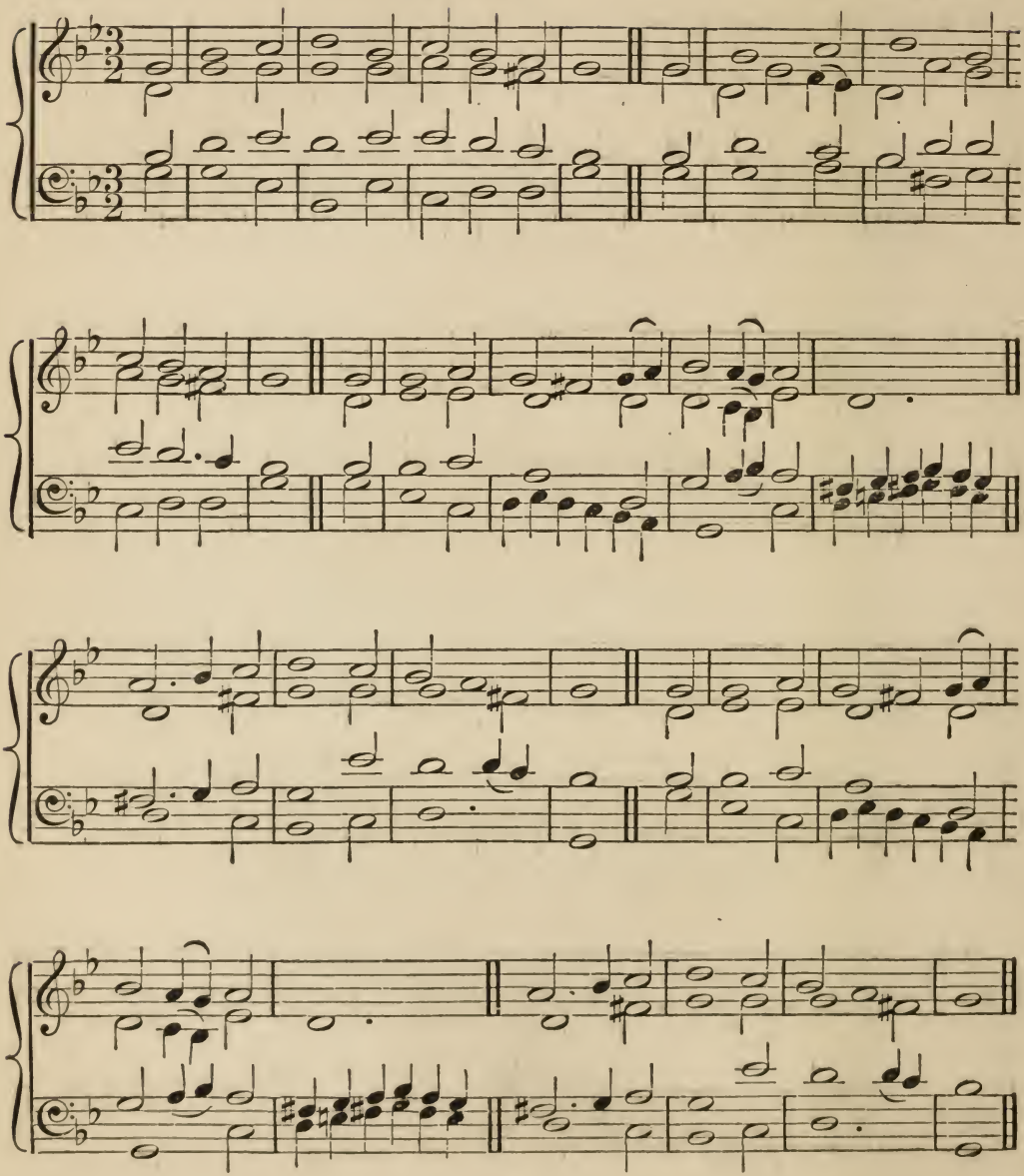
8888888 Iambic

No. 88. MAINZ. P. M. *From "Mainz Choral-Buch."*



8884

No. 89. O FILII ET FILIÆ. P. M. *From "La Feillée."*



42 Ye sons and daughters of the King
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting!
Alleluia.

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried LORD to seek.
Alleluia.

The holy women, faithful three,
Soon as the Sabbath set them free,
To embalm their LORD came lovingly.
Alleluia.

An Angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
"Your LORD is gone to Galilee!"
Alleluia.

When John the Apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came:
But in the way outran the same.
Alleluia.

That night the Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said: "Peace be unto all here!"
Alleluia.

But Thomas, who had later heard
That JESUS had fulfilled His word,
Still doubted if it were the LORD.
Alleluia.

"Thomas, behold My side," said He;
"My hands, My feet, My body see:
And doubt not, but believe in Me."
Alleluia.

No longer Thomas then denied:
He saw the hands, the feet, the side:
"Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.
Alleluia.

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
In Life Eternal they shall reign.
Alleluia.

On this most holy Day of days,
To GOD both hearts and voices raise,
In honour, blessing, and in praise.
Alleluia. Amen.

126 "Follow Me, in Me ye live,
What ye ask I freely give,
Only heed ye lest ye stray,
Follow Me, the living Way;
Follow Me, with all your hearts,
I will ward off sorrow's darts;
Learn from CHRIST your LORD to be
Rich in deep humility."

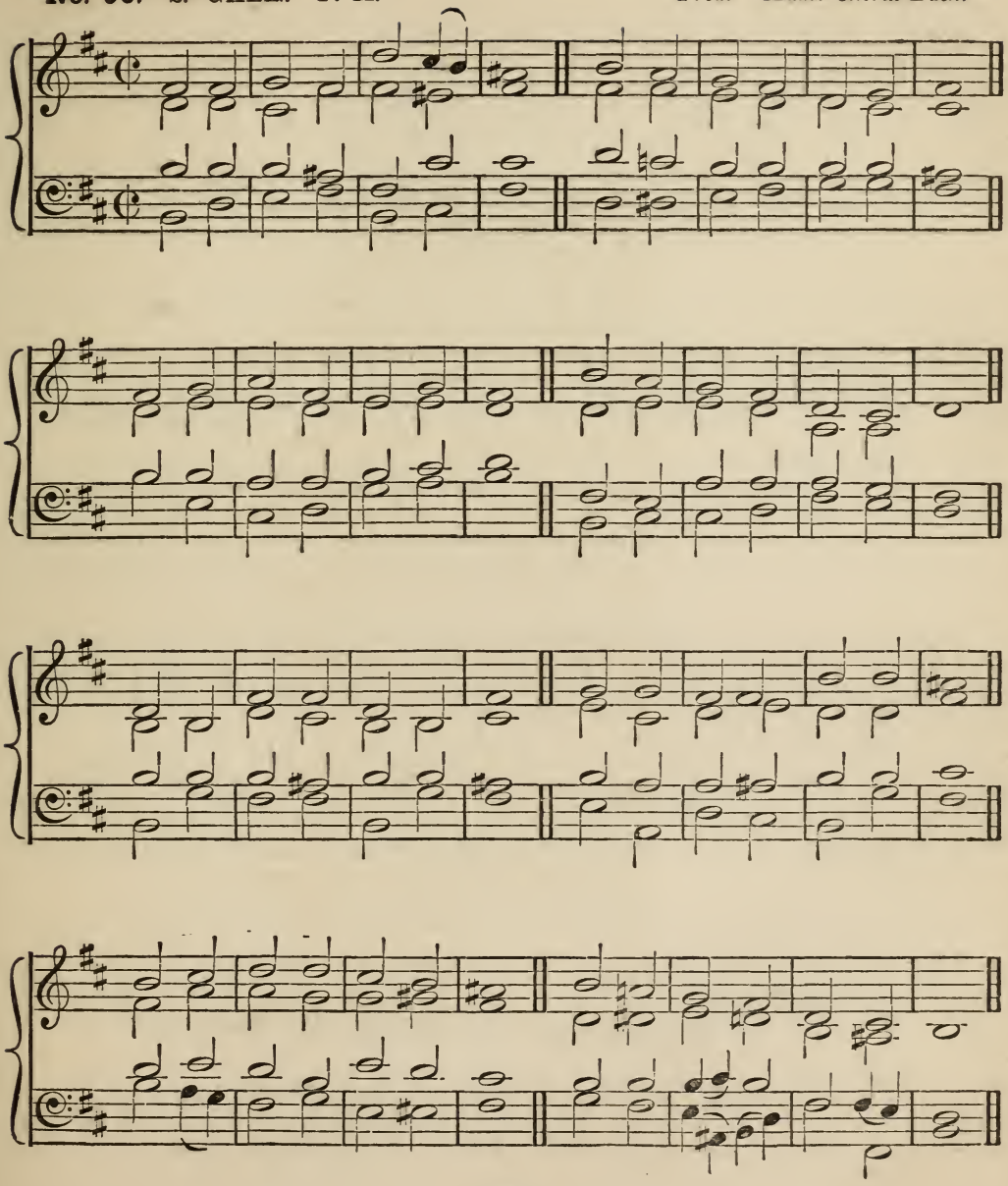
Yea, LORD, meet it is indeed
We should all Thy bidding heed;
Who in fear of this world's blame,
Counts Thy lowly yoke a shame,
To Thy Name, LORD, hath no right,
Is no Christian in Thy sight.
Ah! too well I know that we,
Here on earth, should follow Thee.

Thou hast gone before us, LORD,
Not with anger, strife, or sword,
Not with kingly pomp and pride,
But with mercy at Thy side.
Moved by wondrous Love Divine,
For our life Thou gavest Thine,
And Thy precious outpoured Blood,
Won for us the highest good.

Draw me up, my GOD, from hence,
Draw me high o'er earth and sense,
That I lose not Thee from sight,
Nor in life, nor death, my Light.
None may look behind him now,
Who to CHRIST hath pledged his vow;
CHRIST doth lead, no longer stand,
"Follow Me," is His command. Amen.

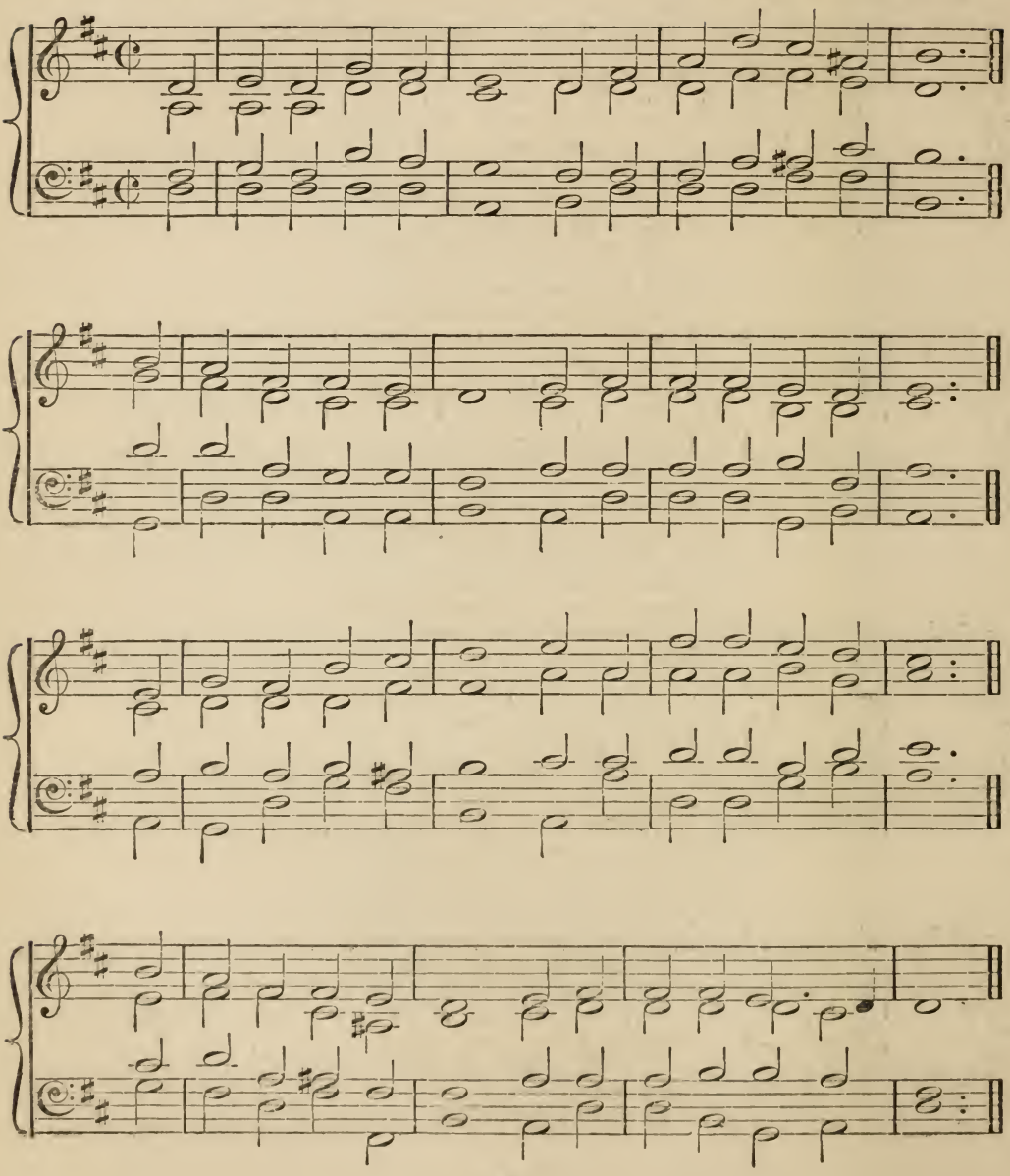
7777; 7777 Mochaic

No. 90. S. GALL. P. M. *From "Mainz Choral-Buch."*



7676; 7676 Iambic

No. 91. EWING. P. M. *Right Rev A. Ewing.*



132 Jerusalem the golden,
  The glory of the Elect,
O dear and blessed vision,
  That eager hearts expect;
Home thou of peace eternal;
  Saints' resting place of love;
Abode of those in glory;
  The great King's Court above.

Brief life is here our portion,
  Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The Life that knows no ending,
  The tearless life is there.
There grief is turned to pleasure;
  Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
  No human heart can know:

For now we fight the battle,
  And then we wear the Crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown.
There God, my King and Portion,
  In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
  And worship face to face.

O everlasting mansions,
  O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
  And smiles have no alloy.
Thy ageless walls are bonded
  With jewels all unpriced;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
  The Corner-Stone is Christ.

And nought this seat approacheth
  To break the Saints' sweet rest,
But this their only labour
  To praise God, and be blest.
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
  From all in earth and heaven,
A ceaseless Alleluia
  Be now and ever given. Amen

133 O LORD, when condemnation
And guilt oppress my soul,
Then let Thy bitter Passion
The rising storm control :
Remind me that Thy Blood was spilt
For me, oh, most unworthy !
To take away my guilt.

Oh, wonder beyond measure
To faith's enlightened eye !
For slaves it was the pleasure
Of their own LORD to die !
The Mighty GOD stoops from on high
For me, lost, ruined creature,
And deigns as Man to die.

LORD, let Thy bitter Passion
My soul with strength inspire
To flee with indignation
Each sinful, low desire :
Ah ! never would I, LORD. forget
The greatness of that ransom
Which paid my endless debt.

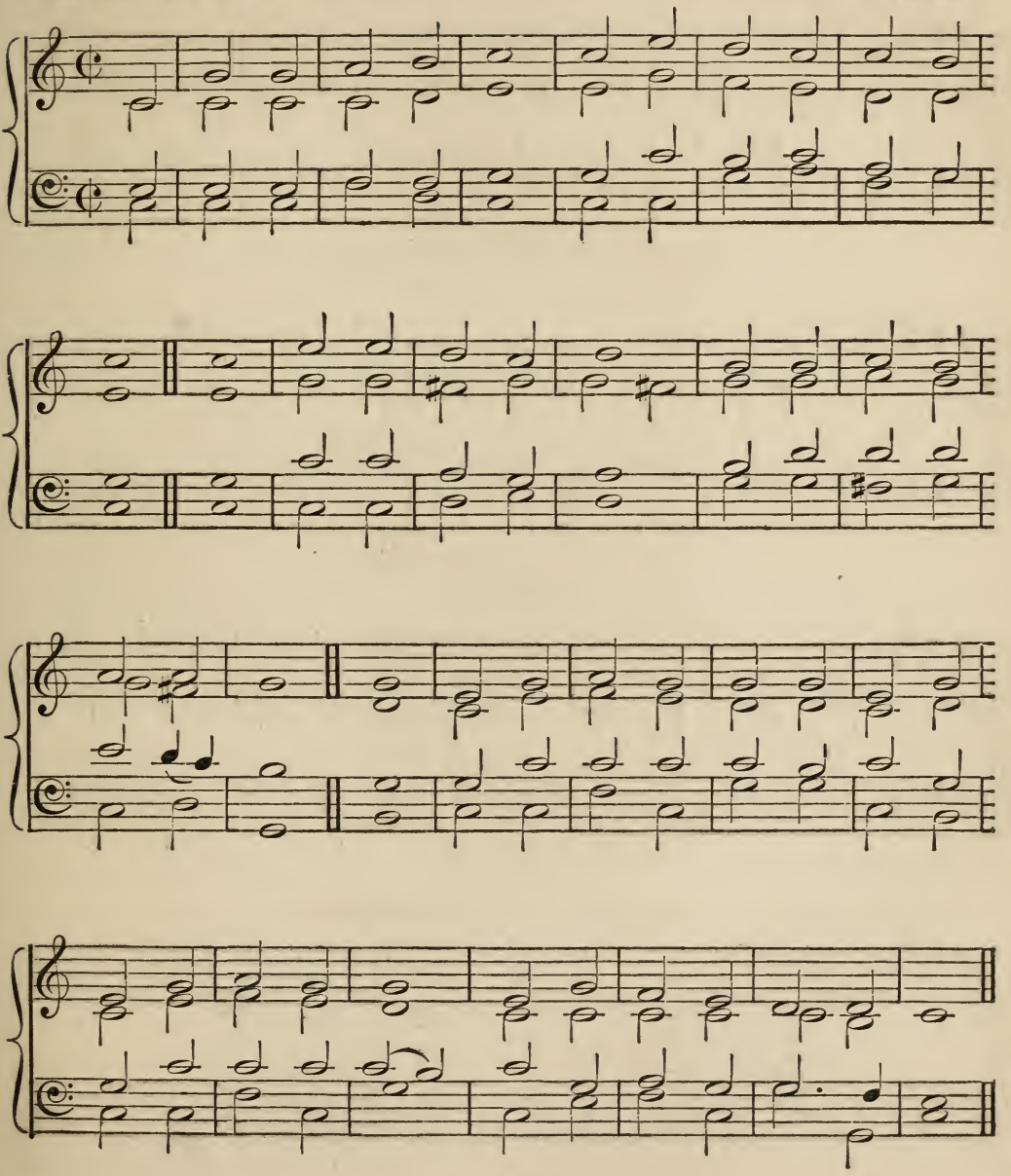
Should earthly griefs assail me,
If need be, shame and scorn,
Let patience never fail me
To bear as Thou hast borne ;
Grant that the world I may forsake,
And Thee for my example,
Oh ! may I daily take.

Henceforth my heart shall bless Thee,
Whilst here its pulses move ;
Its songs of praise address Thee
For all Thy dying love :
Thy wrongs and last deep agony
Shall be my meditation
Till I am called to Thee. Amen.

7676; 7676 Iambic

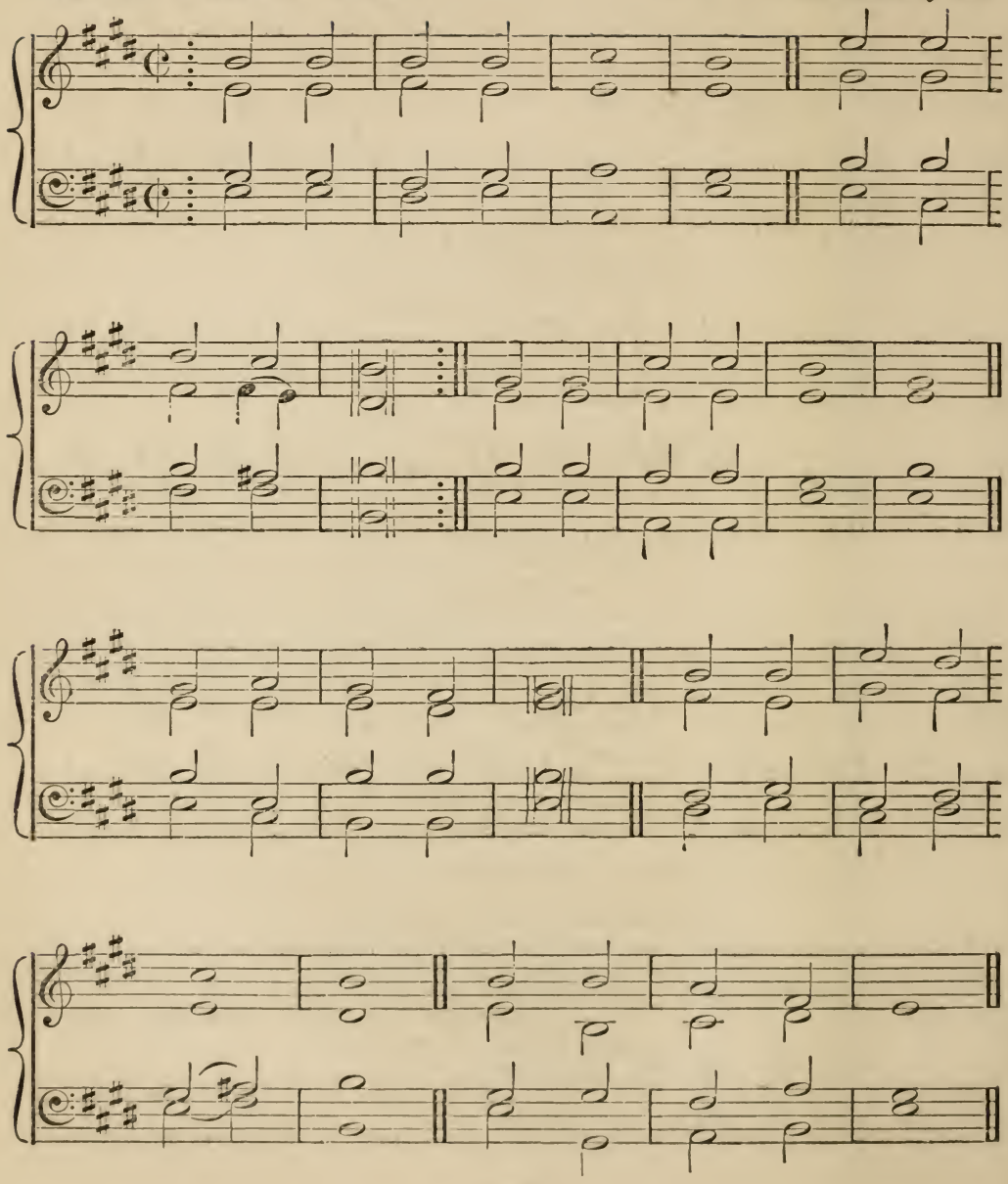
Melchior Teschner 1600-1650

No. 92. S. MARK. P. M. *German.*



6565; 6565 German

No. 93. BOHEMIA. P. M. *Harmonized by Goss.*



134 In the hour of trial,
  JESUS, pray for me!
Lest by base denial,
  I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
  With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
  Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
  Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
  Spread, to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
  Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
  Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
  Thou in love chastise;
Pour Thy benediction
  On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar,
  Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
  Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes,
  To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
  O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying,
  Through the mortal strife,
LORD, receive me dying,
  To Eternal Life! Amen.

140 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver,
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh! salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's Name?

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

---

79 Where the angelic hosts adore Thee,
Thou o'er earth and Heaven dost reign,
At Thy word they rose before Thee,
And Thy breath doth them sustain.

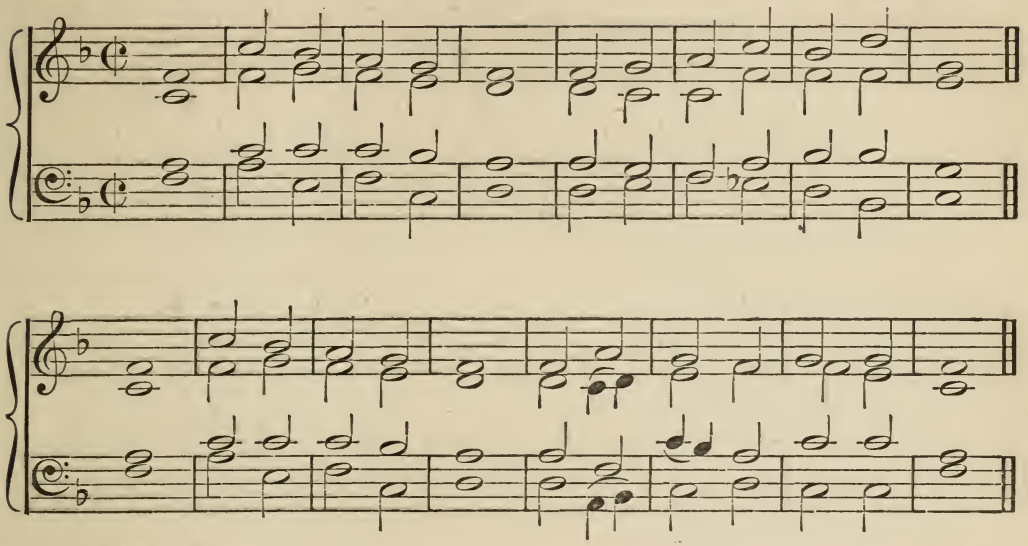
From high angels Thee attending,
Thou dost faithful guardians send,
In mysterious ways descending,
May they keep us to the end:

Keep us, else with wiles deceiving
The persuader of all ill,
Round his deadly meshes weaving,
The lost soul will rend and kill.

All creation bows before Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Highest angels that adore Thee,
Succour and sustain the lost. Amen.

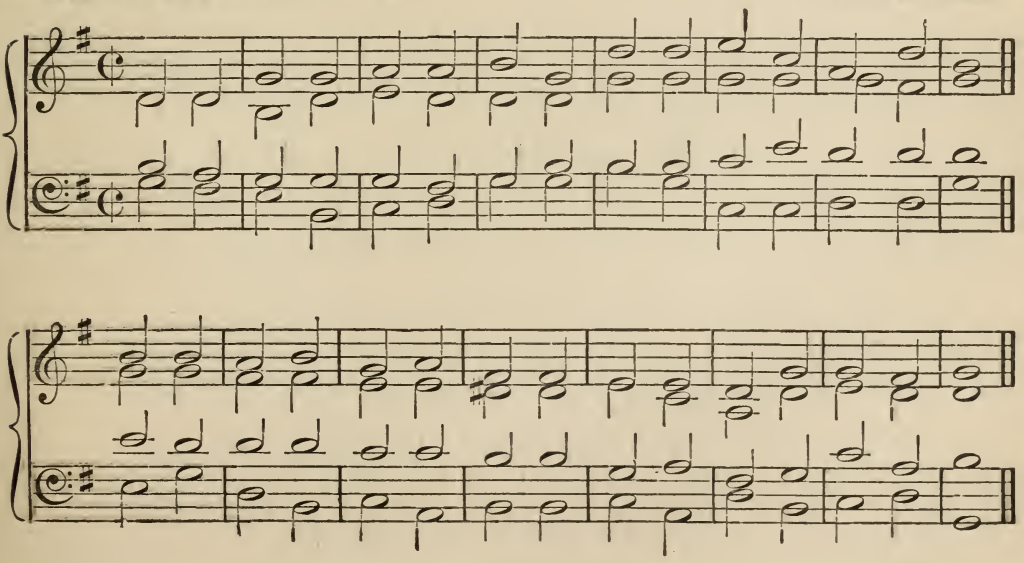
7676 Iambic

No. 94. S. PATRICK. P. M. *From Redhead's Collection.*



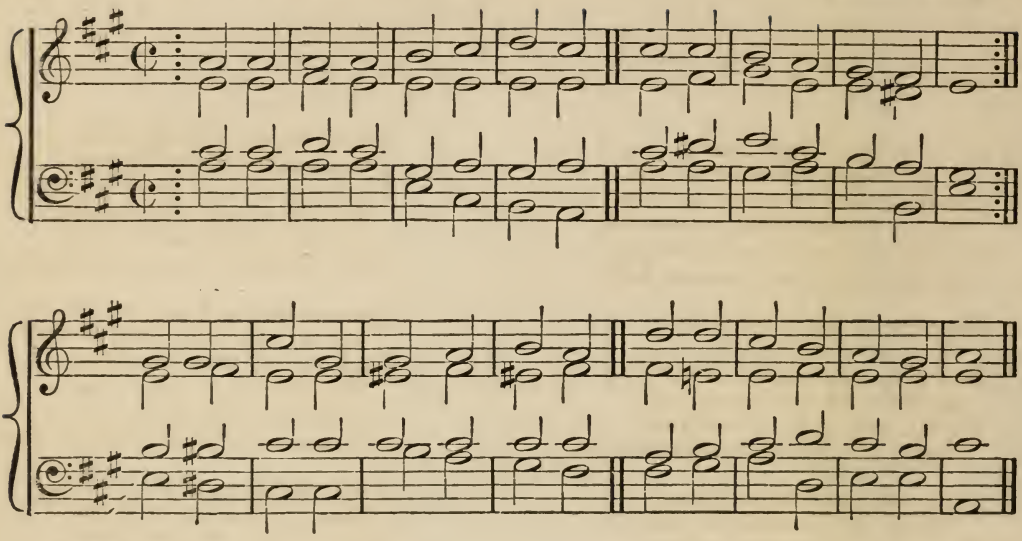
8787 Trochaic

No. 95. STUTGARD. P. M. *German Choral.*



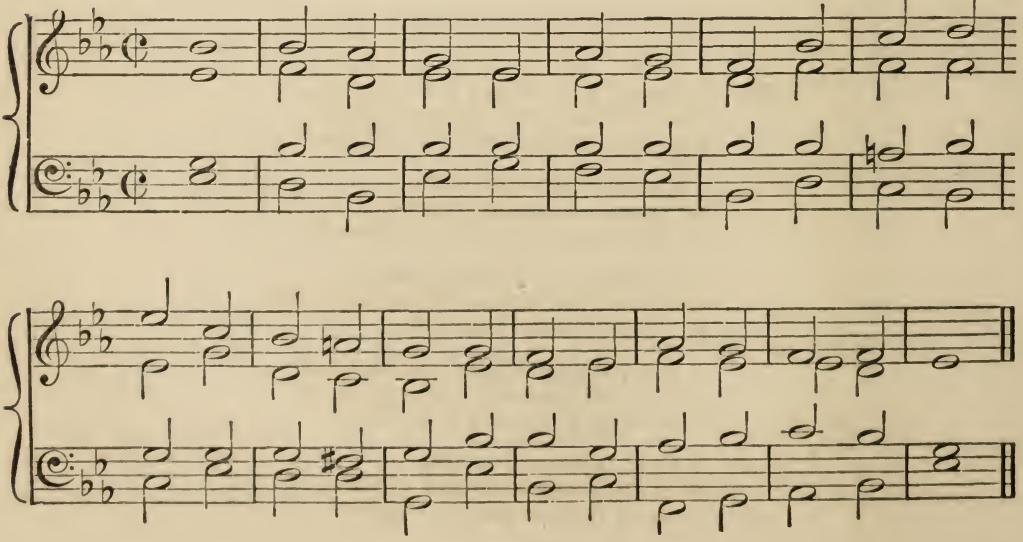
8 7 8 7 8 7 Trochaic

No. 96. TANTUM ERGO. P. M. *Ancient Melody.*



8 8 8 Iambic

No. 97. TRINITY. P. M. *Rev: L. G. Hayne. Mus. D*



34 Of the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, its mystery sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming,
In a favoured womb once dwelling,
He shed forth, the Gentiles' King.

Given for us, for us descending
Of a virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending
Scattered He the Gospel seed :
Till His sojourn drew to ending,
Which He closed in wondrous deed.

At the last great Supper seated
Circled by His brethren's band,
He, the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the Law's command ;
Then, as food, to His disciples
Gives Himself with His own hand.

Earthly things to things of heaven
Changed by God's Incarnate Word,
Flesh and Blood in mystery given,
We believe with faith assured ;
As the Word hath said it even
Be that Word believed, adored.

Then before His Presence bending,
Let our hearts the Lord revere ;
Faith her aid to vision lending,
Tells that He unseen is near ;
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our Paschal Lamb is here.

Praise and glory in the highest,
Thine, O Father, ever be ;
Thine, Who unto us suppliest
Food of immortality ;
Thine, O Thou Who sanctifiest :
Ever Blessed One and Three. Amen

---

89 O God of Life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored ;
Be Thou by all with faith implored !

O Son of God, for sinners slain !
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share !

O Holy, Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God, exalted be ! Amen.

141 Love Divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
JESU! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy Salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver;
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Hasten to return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, LORD, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see Thy great Salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise! Amen.

---

142 My GOD, my FATHER! while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy Will be done."

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;—
"Thy Will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy Will be done."

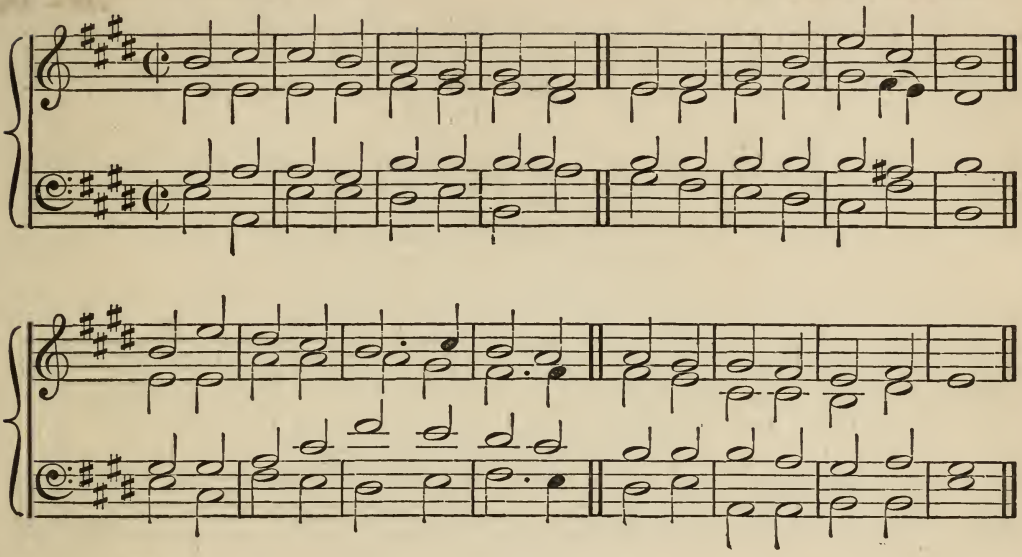
If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy free Spirit for its guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy Will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft breathed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy Will be done!" Amen.

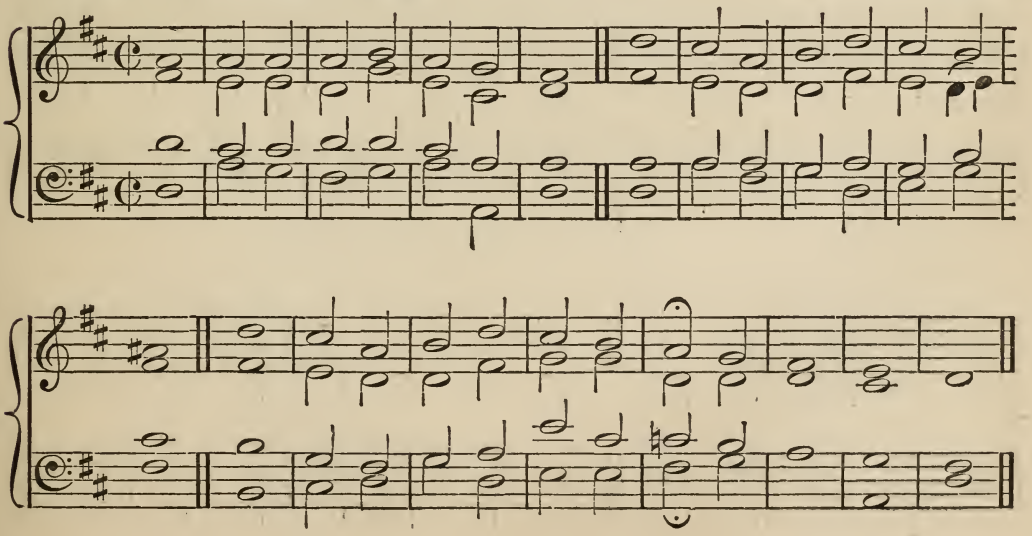
8787 Trochaic

No. 98. S. BEDE. P. M. *From Redhead's Collection.*



8884

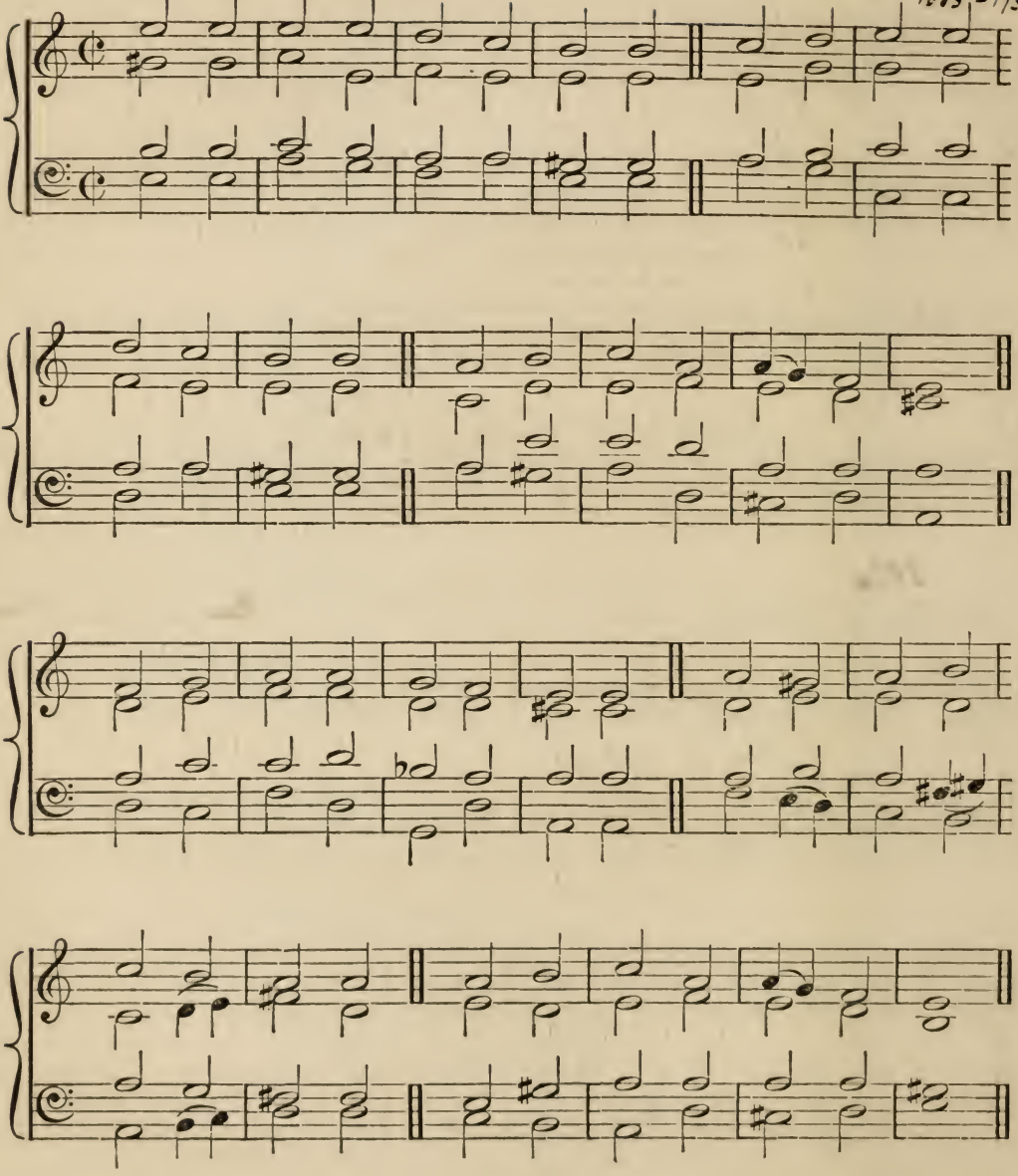
No. 99. S. ANDREW. P. M. *Rev L. G. Hayne. Mus D.*



887, 887 Trochaic

No. 100. BONN. P. M.

John Sebastian Bach.
1685 - 1750



35 Darkly rose the guilty morning
When, the King of glory scorning,
  Raged the fierce Jerusalem;
See the CHRIST, His Cross up-bearing,
See Him stricken, mocked, and wearing
  The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
  Slew Him on the cursed tree;
Ours the sin, from Heaven that called Him,
Ours the sin, whose burden galled Him,
  In the dark Gethsemane!

For our sins, of glory emptied
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
  He was slain on Calvary;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded,
LORD! by us that prayer is needed,
  We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious Cross and Passion,
  By Thy Blood and Agony;
By Thy glorious Resurrection,
By Thy HOLY GHOST'S protection,
  Make us Thine eternally! Amen.

143 Sweet SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS! be our Light!

The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won
The broken vow, the frequent fall!
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS! be our Light!

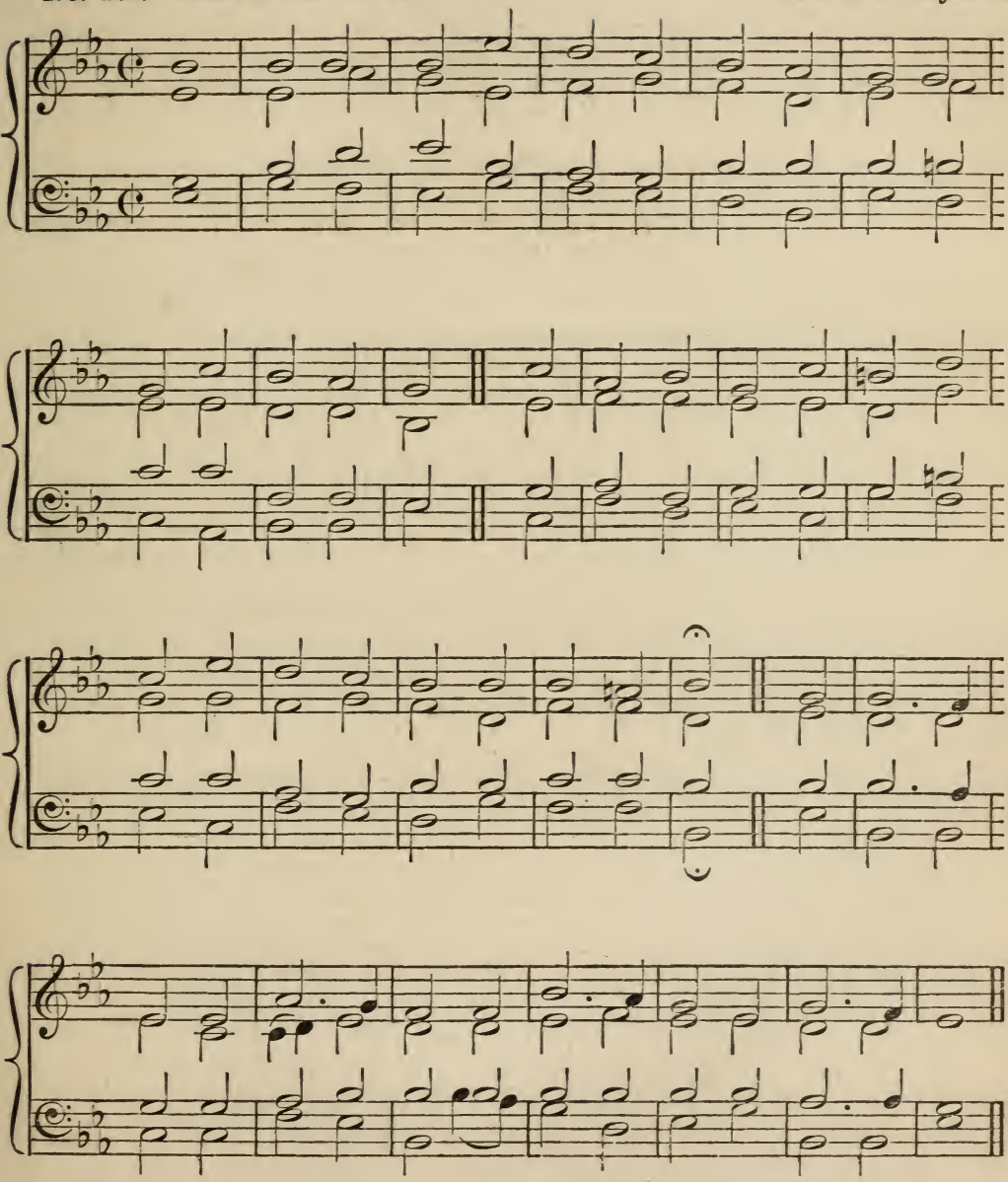
Grant us, dear LORD, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS! be our Light!

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad,
Thou art our JESUS, and our All!
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS! be our Light!

Sweet SAVIOUR! bless us, night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS! be our Light! Amen.

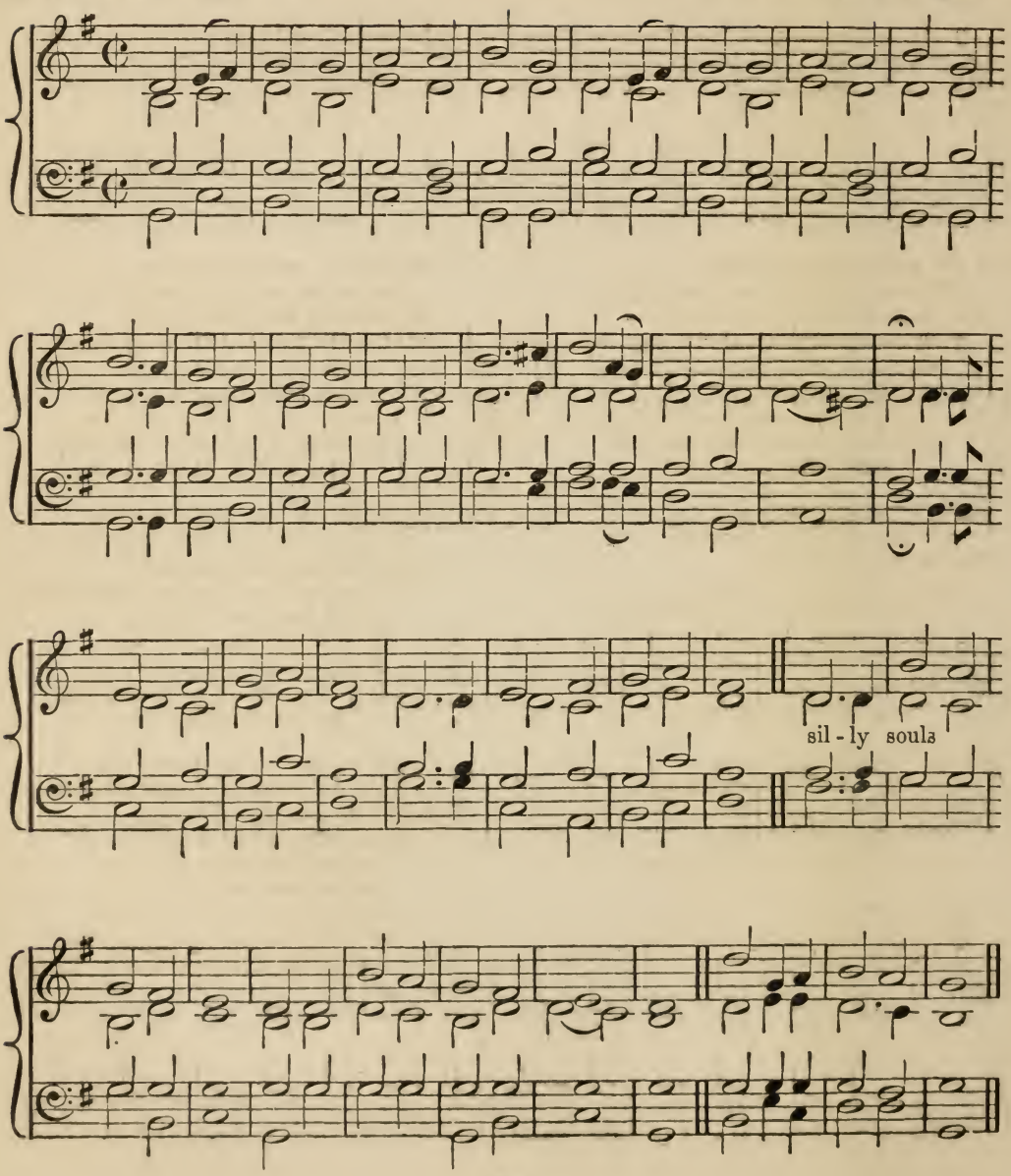
8 8 8 8 8 8 Iambic

No. 101. COMPLINE. P. M. *Rev. L. G. Hayne. Mus. D.*



8888; 77786

No. 102. S. HELIER'S. P. M. Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.



193 I was wandering and weary,
When my SAVIOUR came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,
And on my way He brought me;
He bade my love grow bolder,
And said how He had sought me;
And I am sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to JESUS;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true! Amen.

176 JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide,
Hidden in Thy wounded side.

If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

Death will come one day to me;
JESU, cast me not from Thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

---

123 Well for him who all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as nought,
Still the one thing needful choosing
That with all true bliss is fraught!

Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his GOD, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth,
Calm and pure as saints above!

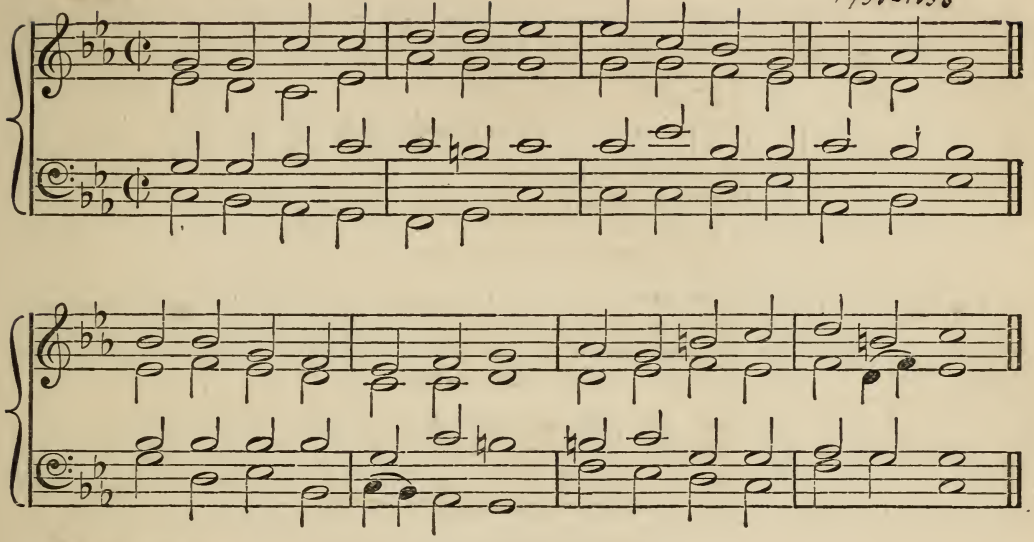
Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!

O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him for ever,
In Whom all our fulness lies!

Thou abyss of love and goodness,
Draw us by Thy Cross to Thee,
That our senses, soul and spirit,
Ever one with CHRIST may be! Amen.

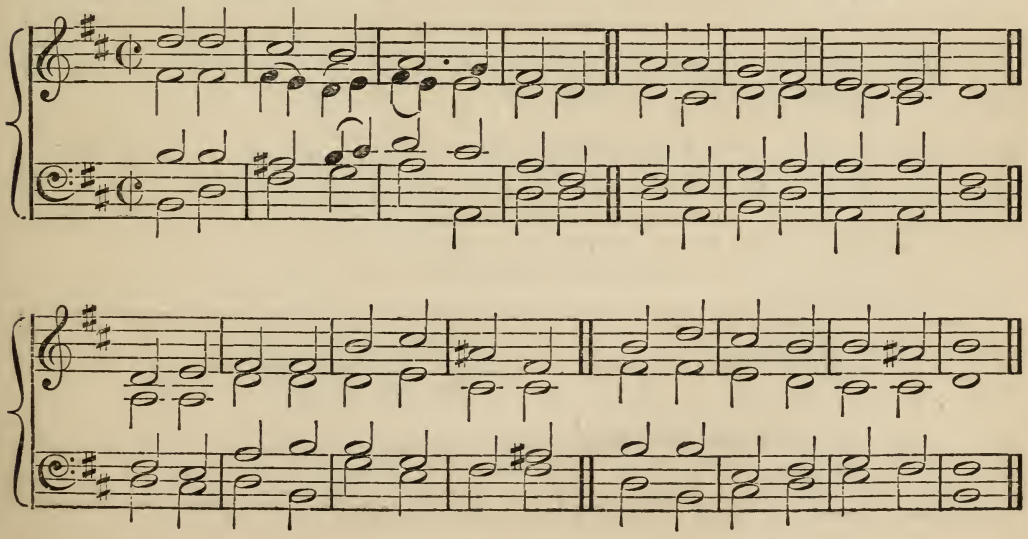
7777 Trochaic

No. 103. S. FRANCIS. P. M. *Rev C. La Trobe, A.D. 1795.*
1751-1836



8787 Trochaic

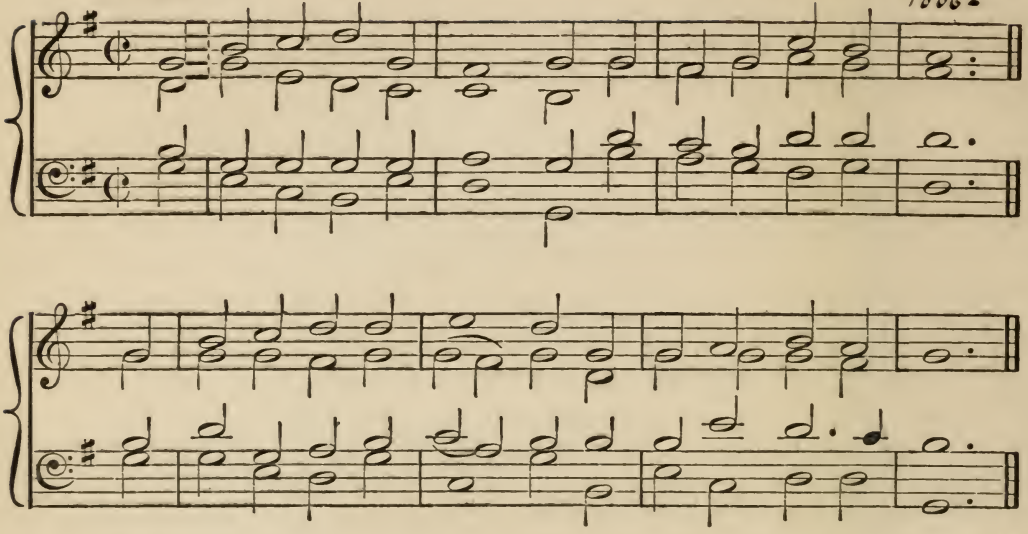
No. 104. BREMEN. P. M. *German Choral.*



7676 Iambic

No. 105. S. ALPHEGE. P. M.

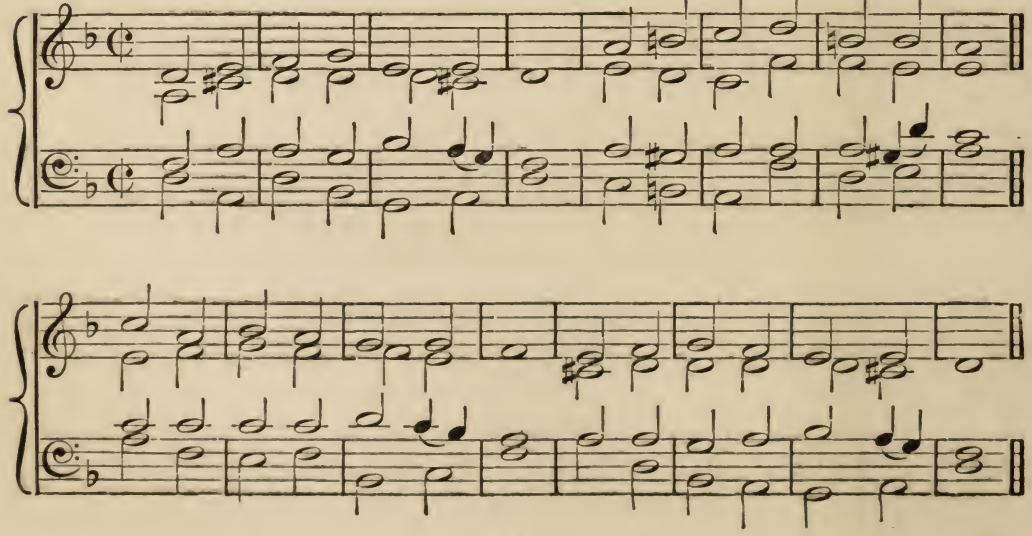
Henry John Gauntlett. Mus D 1806.



7777 Trochaic

No. 106. S. IGNATIUS. P. M.

From "Mainz Choral-Buch."



183 O Heavenly Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are thy people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Calm Hope from thence is leaning;
To her our longings bend!
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To Christ the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below:
To Father and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

---

125 Lord! Thy Death and Passion give
Strength and comfort at my need,
Every hour while here I live
On Thy love my soul shall feed.
Cometh strong temptation's hour,
When my foe puts forth his power?
Sheltered by Thy holy shield
Soon I drive him from the field.

Lord, Thy Cross hath power to heal
All the wounds of sin and strife,
Lost in Thee my heart doth feel
New-born warmth and nobler life.
In my saddest, darkest grief,
Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
Thou who camest but to save,
Thou who fearedst not the grave!

Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
Thou art my defence and tower;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul he hath no power,
That I may have part in Thee,
Help and save and comfort me,
Give me of Thy grace and might
Resurrection, life and light. Amen.

18 Alleluia! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

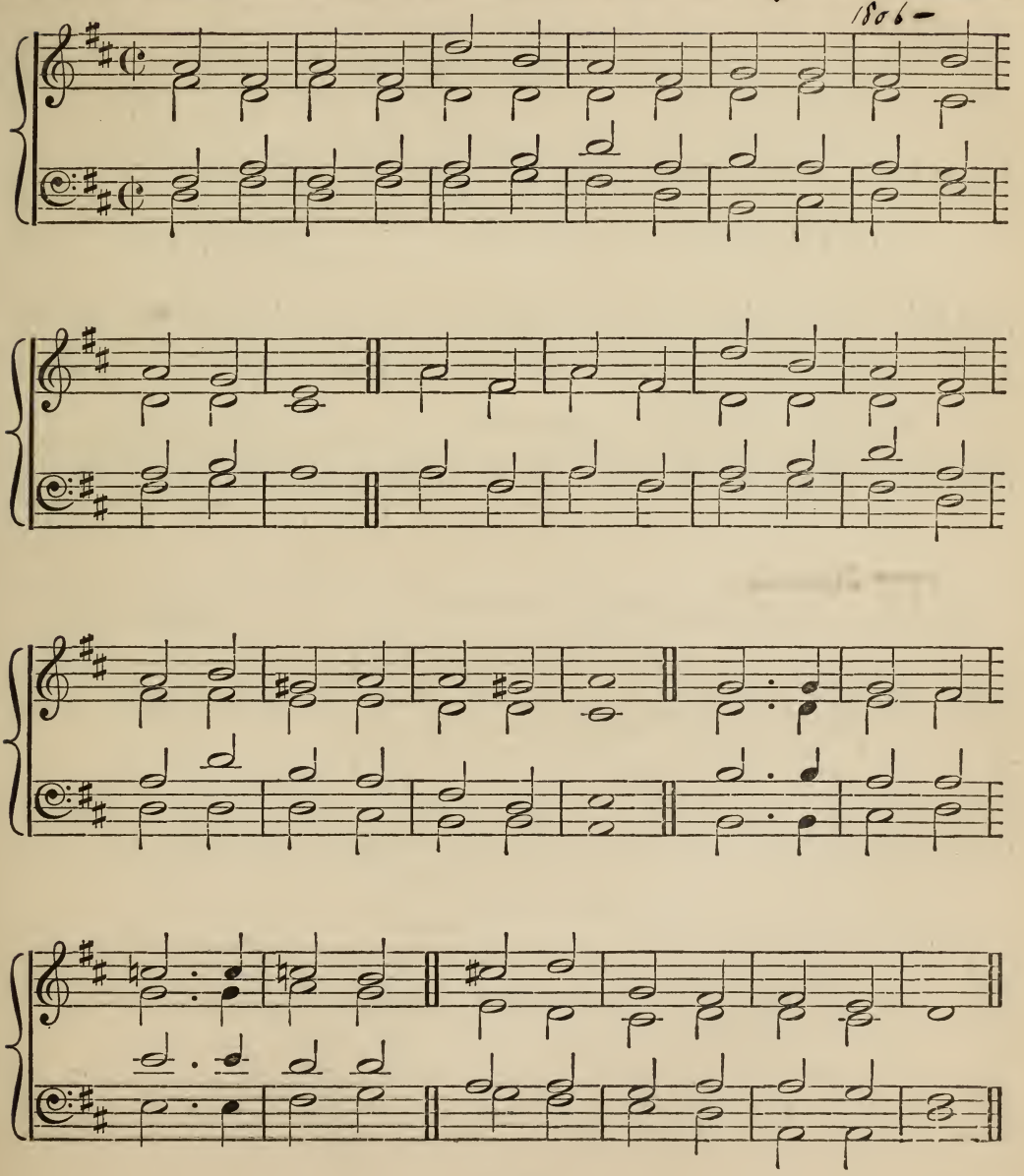
Alleluia! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn!
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see.
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be. Amen.

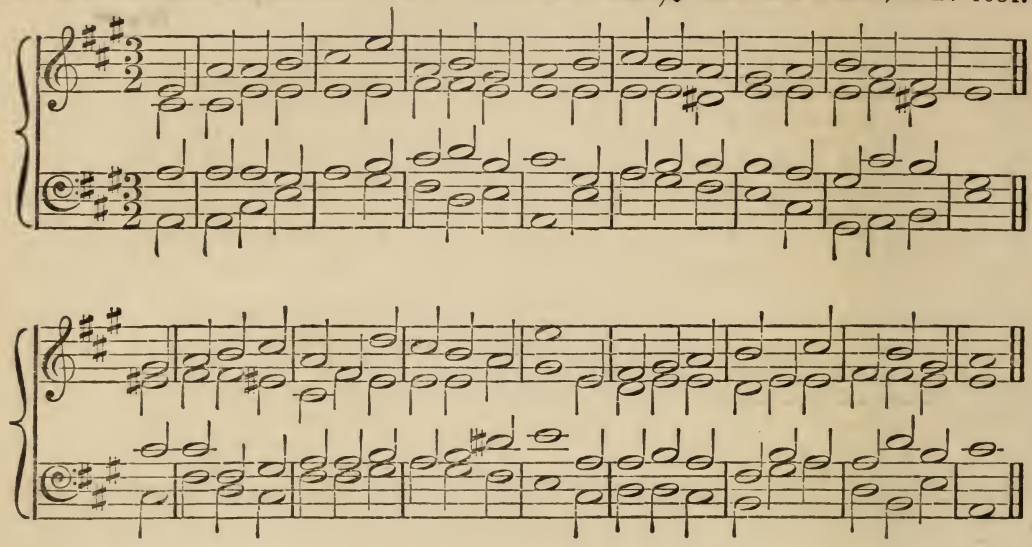
8 7 8 7 8 7 Trochaic

No. 107. ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN. P. M. Henry John Gauntlett. Mus. D. 1806 –



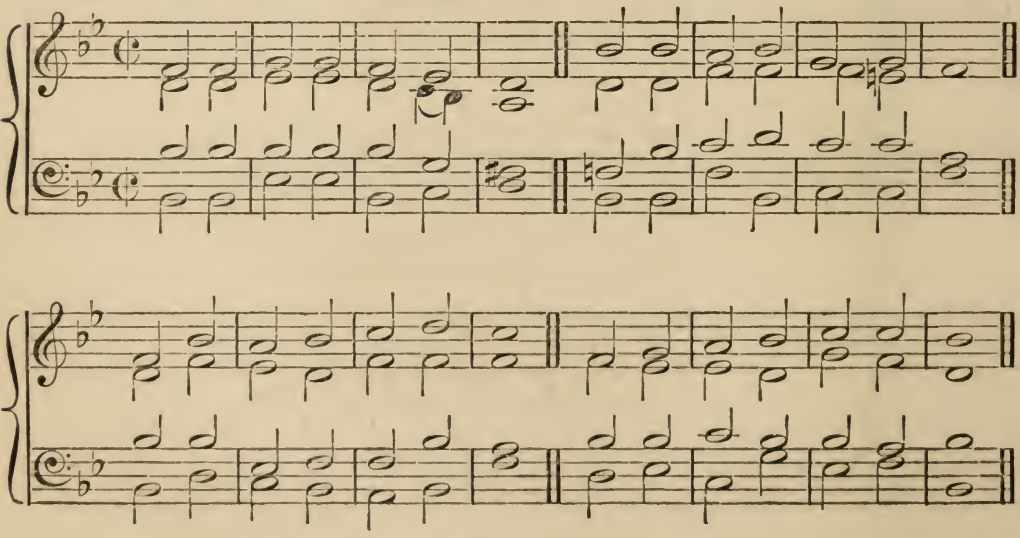
5555 6565 William Croft Mus. D. 1677-1727

No. 108. HANOVER. P. M. or George Fredrick Handel, A.D. 1684.-1759



7777 Trochaic

No. 109. OLDENBURG. P. M. *German Choral.*



199 O worship the KING,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark in His path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

O measureless Might,
Ineffable love:
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

---

170 GOD the FATHER, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our Light.

GOD the SAVIOUR, be our Peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

HOLY SPIRIT, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

HOLY TRINITY be nigh!
Mystery of love adored:
Help to live and help to die,—
Lighten all our darkness LORD! Amen.

156 CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day :
Christians, haste your vows to pay,
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the LAMB has bled
Sinless in the sinner's stead ;
CHRIST the LORD is risen on high,
Now He lives no more to die.

CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,
Man to GOD hath reconciled ;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day,
Haste with joy your vows to pay ;
CHRIST the LORD is risen on high,
Now He lives no more to die.

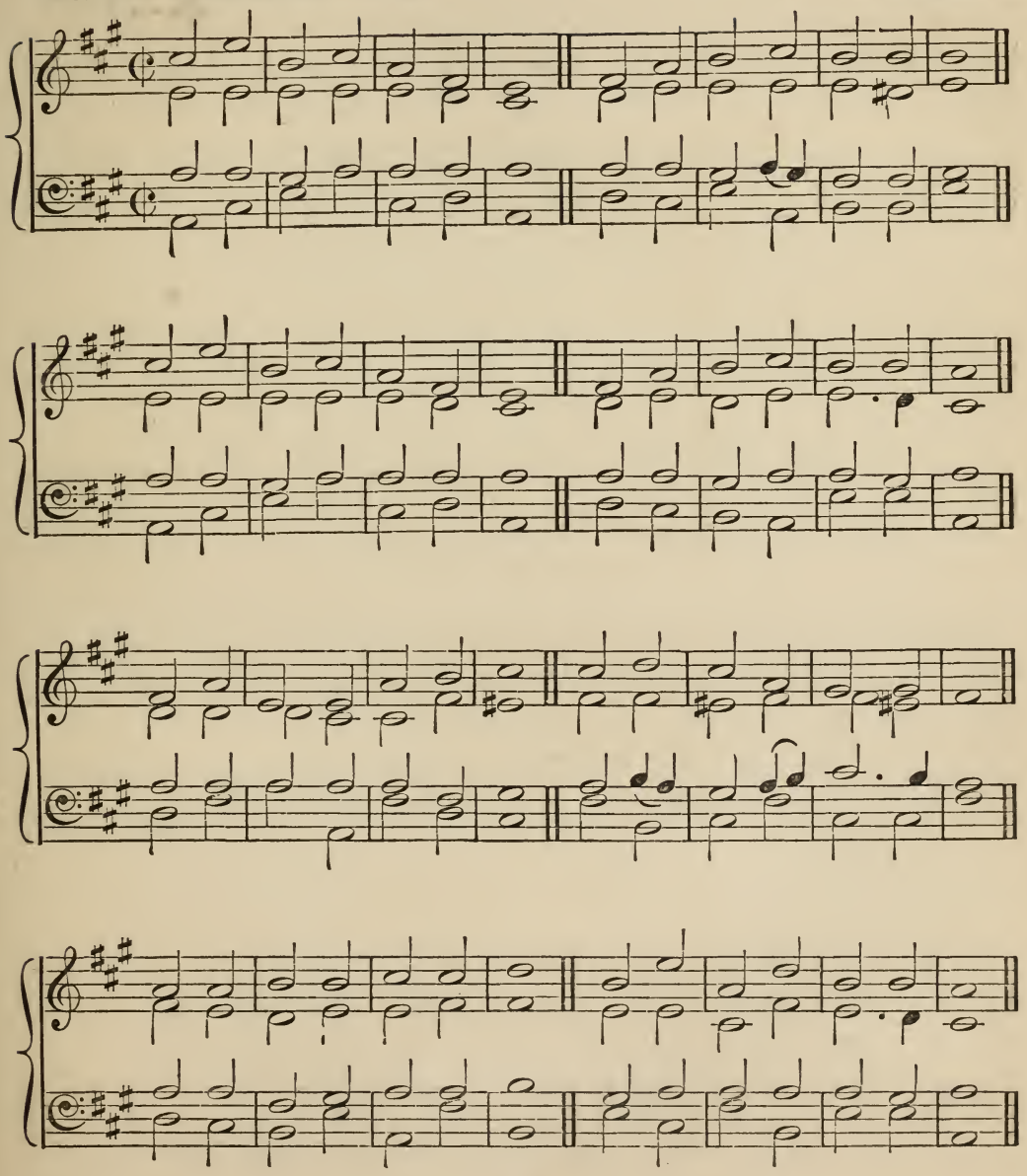
Say, O wondering Mary, say
What thou sawest on thy way ;
" I beheld where CHRIST had lain,
Empty tomb and angels twain ;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising LORD of light ;
CHRIST, my hope is risen again,
Now He lives and lives to reign."

CHRIST, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal Hope on high !
Hail, Thou King of Victory !
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored !
Help and save us, gracious LORD. Amen.

7777; 7777

No. 110. S. EDMUND. P. M.

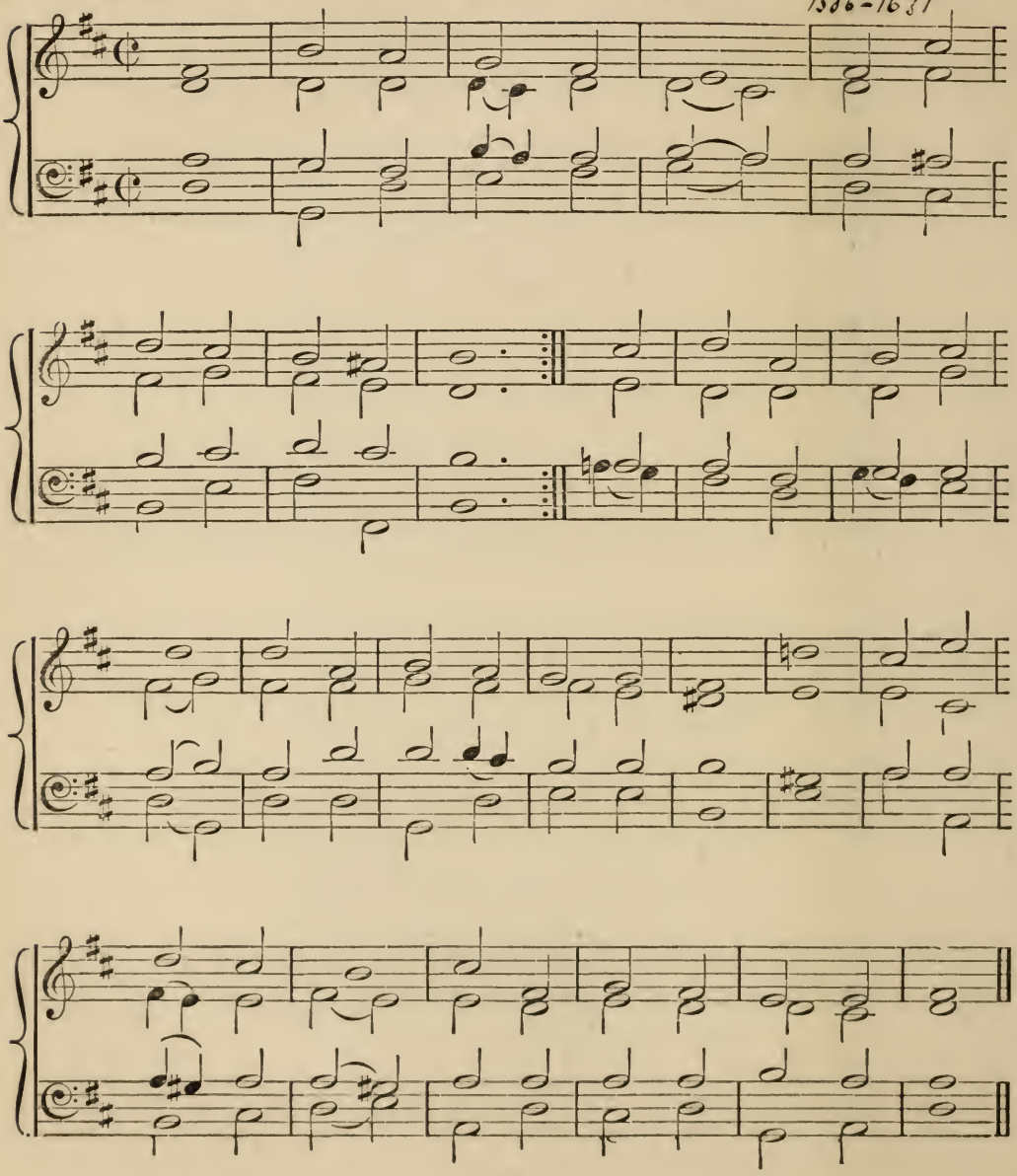
Charles Steggall. Mus. D.



7676; 7676 Iambic

Hans Georg Hassler 1601

No. 111. PASSION HYMN. P. M. *J. H. Schein, A.D.* 1620.
1586-1631



152 O Sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn ;
O bleeding Head, so wounded
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life ;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu all grace supplying!
O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be ;
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding
And with Thy presence blest. Amen.

185 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes." Amen.

---

144 Lo! the Baptist's herald cry
Shakes the Jordan;
Let the wakening eye and ear
Welcome the great harbinger.

Earth, and sea, and listening sky,
Wait their Maker;
And, throughout the mighty womb,
Feel the Jubilee is come.

Let us cast the way on high
For his coming;
Cleanse the heart, and make it meet
For His heaven descended feet.

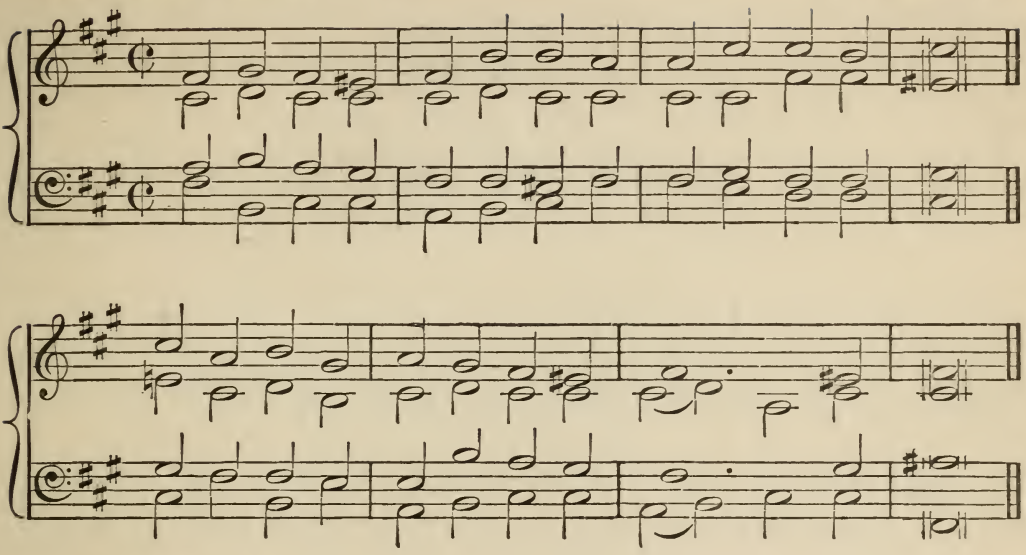
Jesu, strength, and solace nigh,
And Salvation!
Without Thee, like withering grass,
Man doth into nothing pass.

Unto us, who pine and die,
Stretch forth Thy hand;
Earth shall break the wintry trance
At Thy blissful countenance.

Praise to Him Who comes from high,
Our Deliverer;
Praise to Father, Spirit, Son,
Never ending, ne'er begun. Amen.

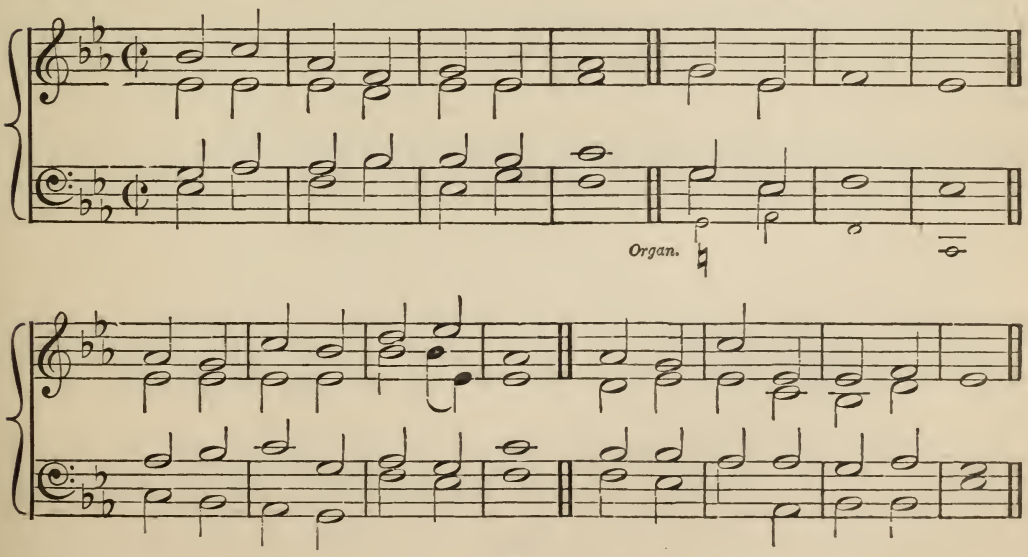
8583

No. 112. S. SABBAS. P. M. *A. R. Reinagle.*



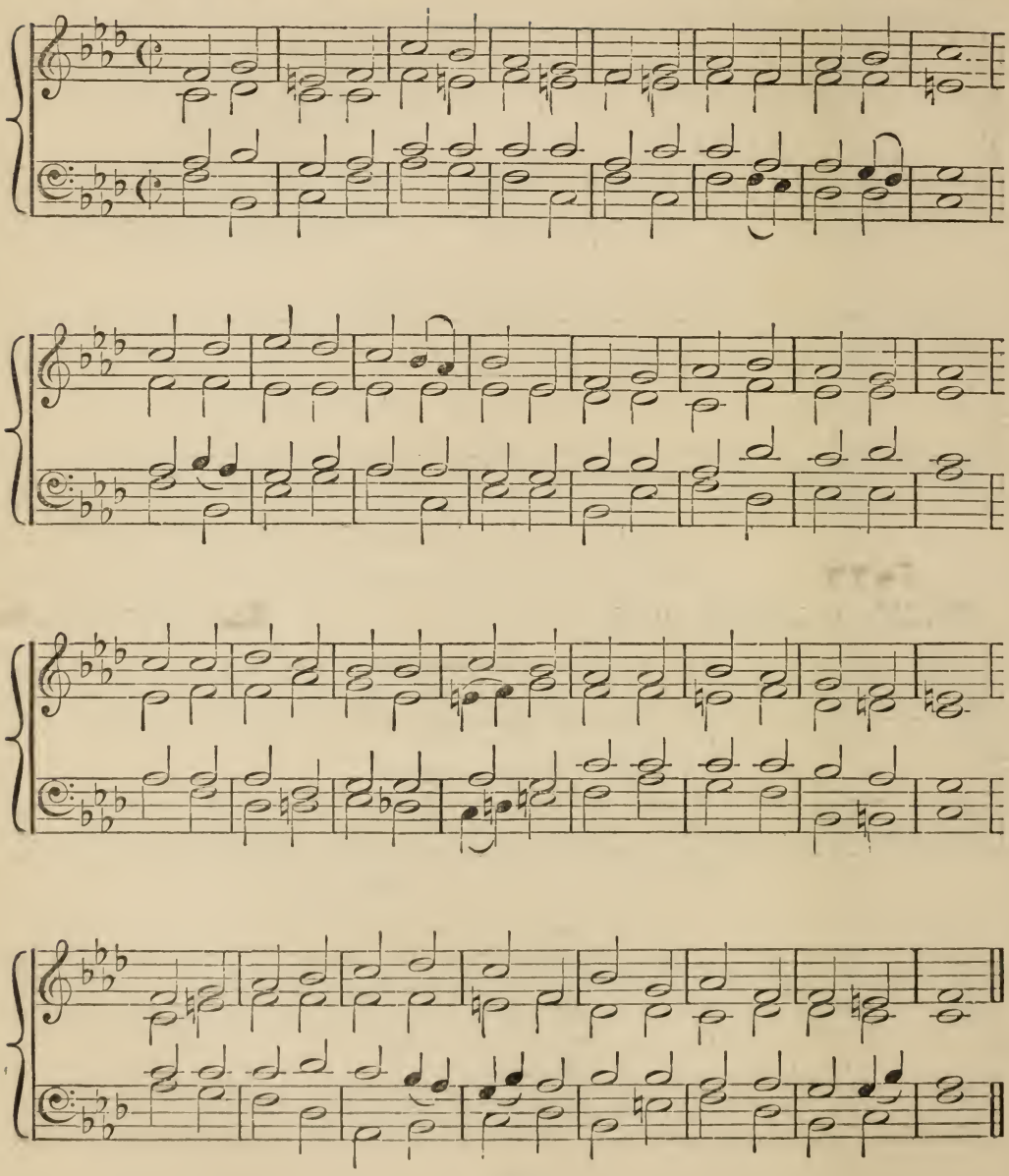
7477

No. 113. S. LUCIAN. P. M. *Rev: L. G. Hayne. Mus. D*



8787; 8787 Trochaic

No. 114. S. DENYS. P. M. *From "Mainz Choral-Buch."*



191 See, O see, what love the FATHER
Hath bestowed upon our race,
How He bends with sweet compassion
Over us His beaming face!
See how He His best and dearest
For the very worst hath given,
His own SON, for us poor sinners,
See, O see, the love of Heaven!

See, O see, what love the SAVIOUR
Also hath on us bestowed,
How He bled for us and suffered,
How He bare the heavy load.
On the cross and in the garden
Oh how sore was His distress!
Is not this a love that passeth
Ought that tongue can e'er express?

See, O see, what love is shewn us
Also by the HOLY GHOST,
How He strives with us poor sinners
Even when we sin the most.
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where He sees it needful is!
O what heart would not be thankful
For a threefold love like this? Amen.

197 The day is past and over:
All thanks, O LORD, to Thee!
I pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O JESU! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O JESU! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

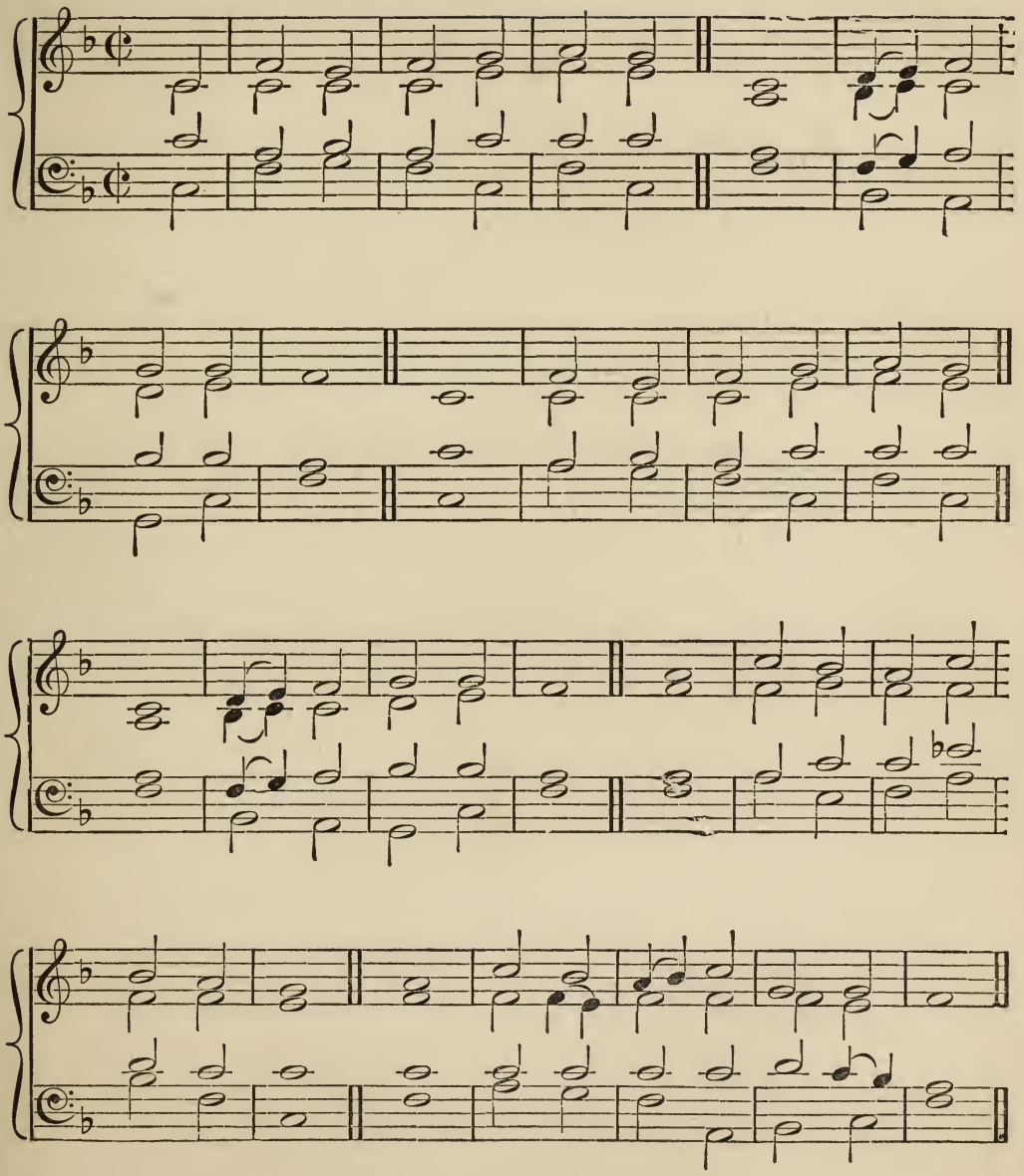
The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O JESU! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

Lighten mine eyes, O SAVIOUR,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And he, my wrathful tempter
Triumphantly shall cry:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night!"

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O GOD! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

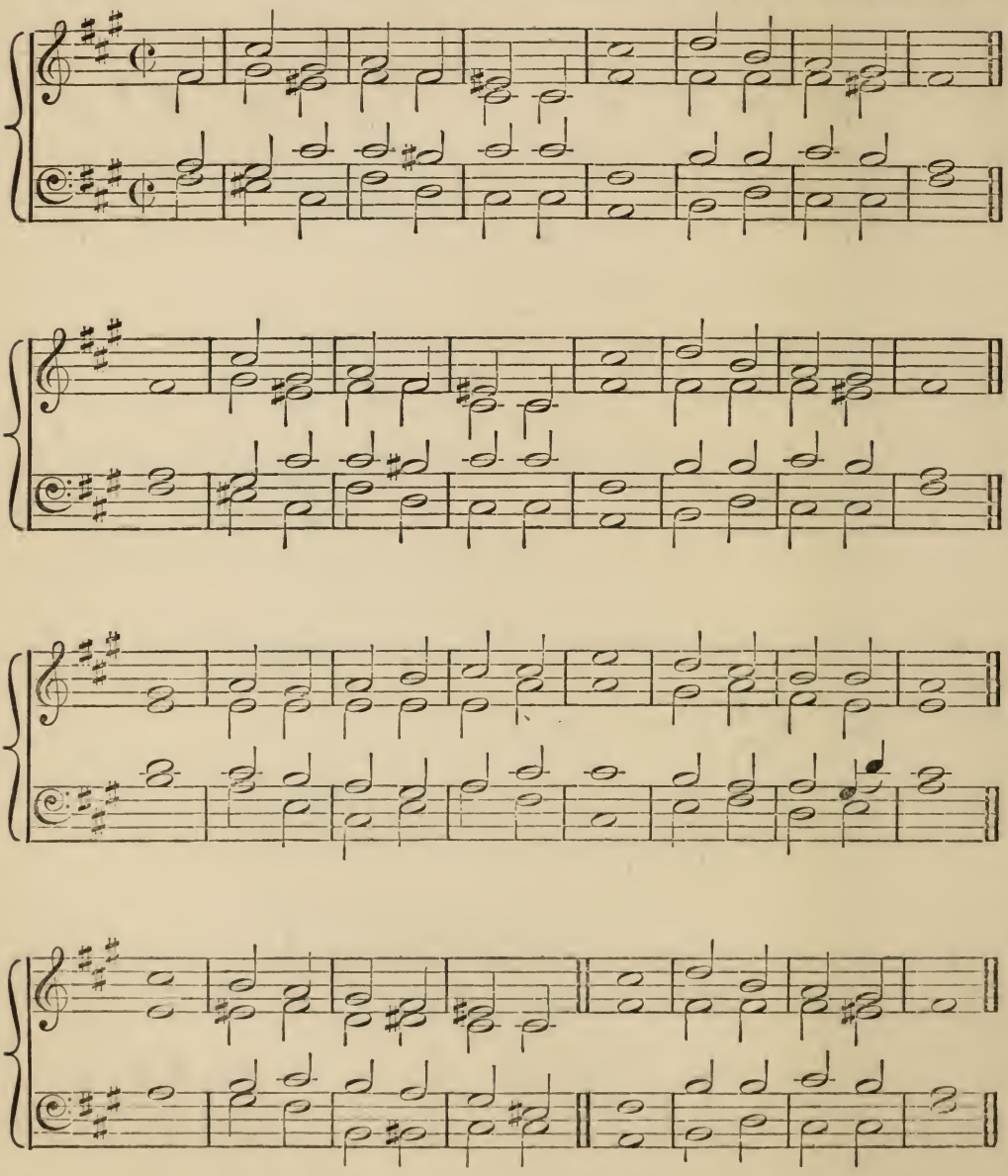
767655

No. 115. S. JEROME. P. M. *From "Mainz Choral-Buch."*



7676; 7676 Iambic

No. 116. S. CHRYSOSTOM. P. M. *From "Mainz Choral-Buch."*



154 The Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of Gladness!
The Passover of God.
From Death to Life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection Light:
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own—*All Hail!*—and hearing,
May raise the victor strain!

Now let the Heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
The round world keep her triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

76 Lo, from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

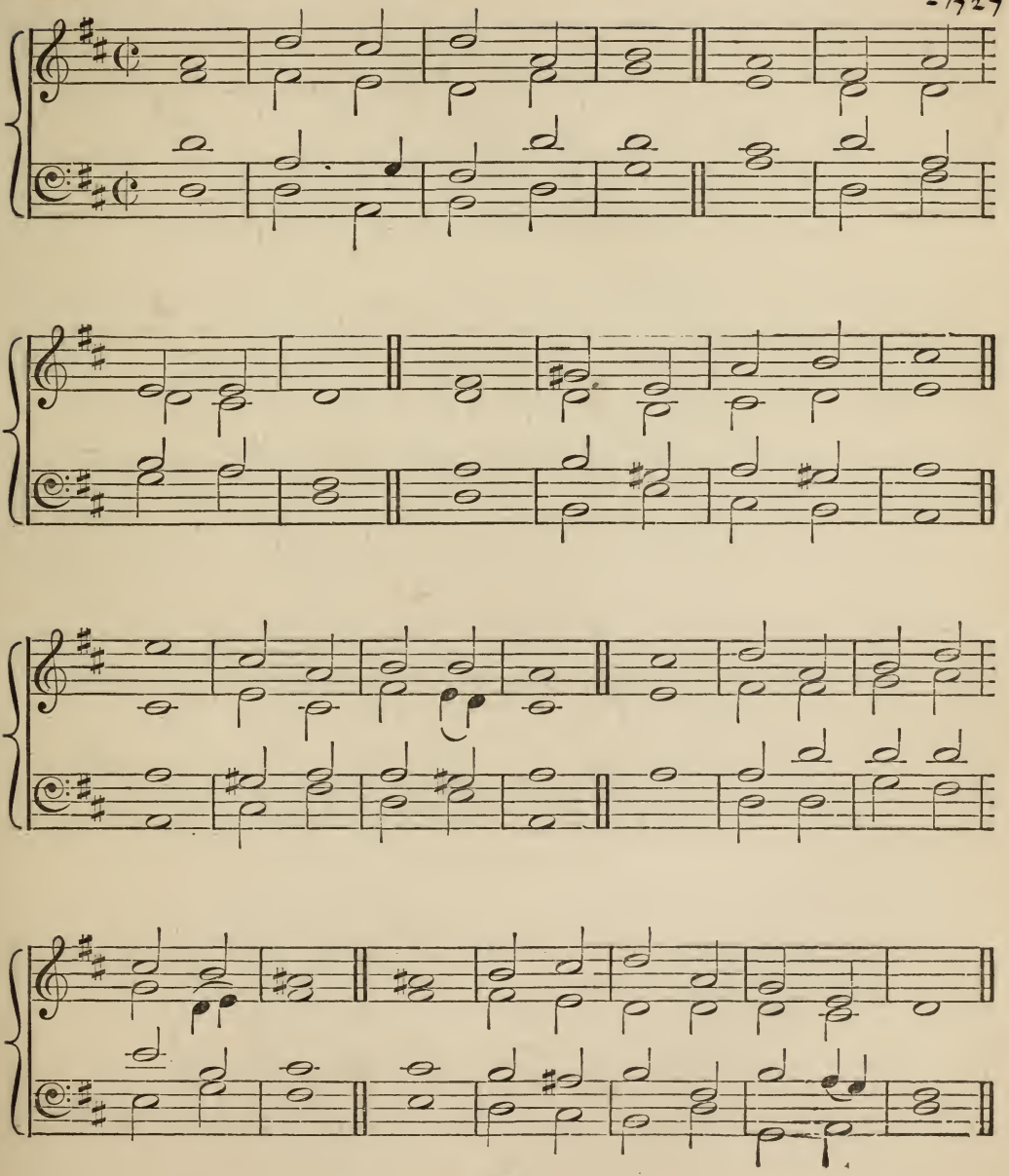
"Your GOD e'en now doth stand
Within Heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hands,
And He will purge His floor:
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows,
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

"Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads,
Make His way plain
Your King before:
For evermore
He comes to reign."

May thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
In our dull ears still sound
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom. Amen.

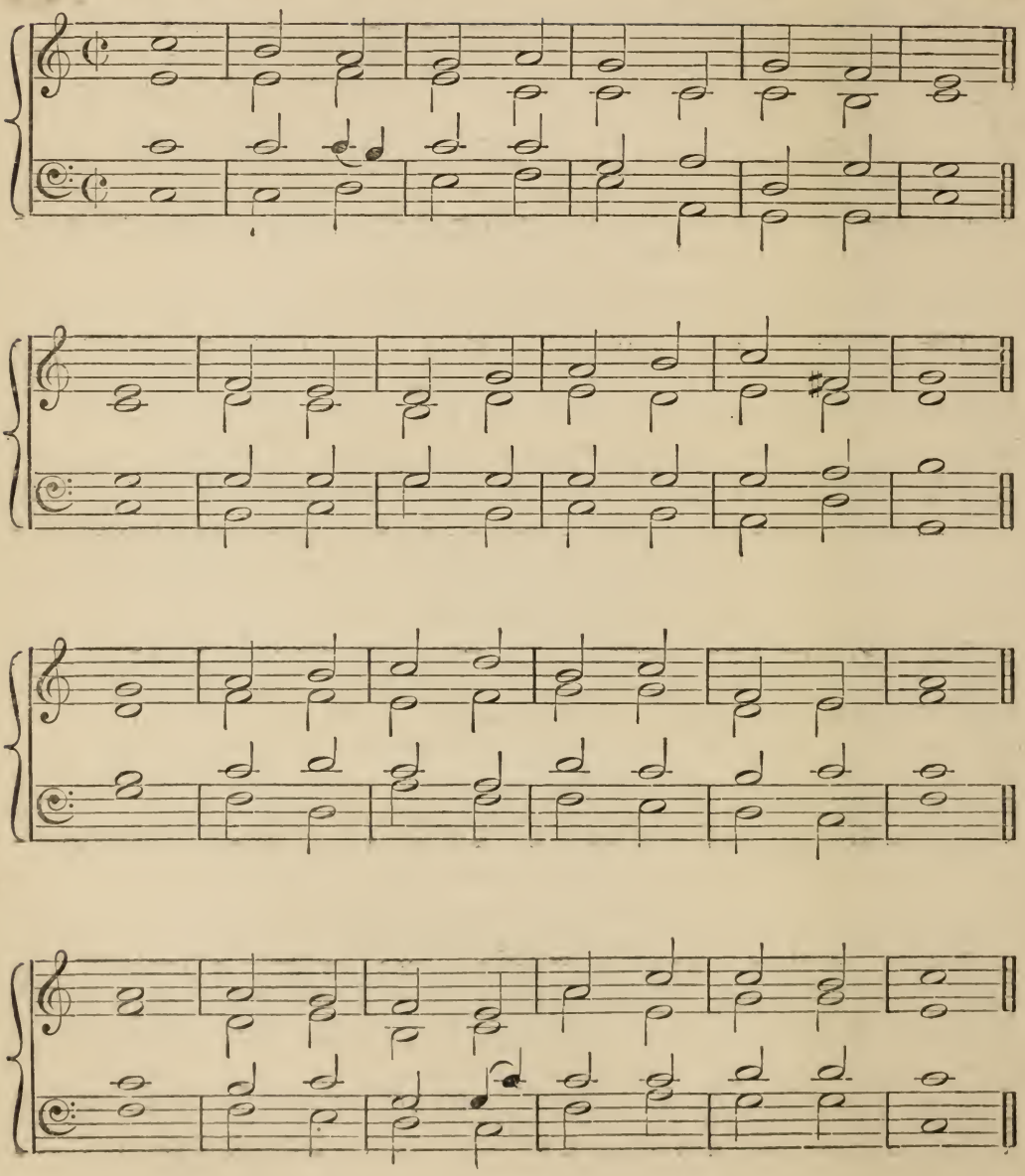
666688

No. 117. S. EDWARD. P. M. *Dr. Croft, A.D.* 1677.
-1727



10 10 10 10 Iambic

No. 118. EVENSONG. P. M. Rev: L. G. Hayne Mus. D



166 Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; LORD, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of Sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early life didst smile ;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee !
On to the close, O LORD, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting, where grave, Thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. Amen.

184 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER'S breast,
Fainting I cry, blest SPIRIT, come,
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

GOD of my life, be near,
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

---

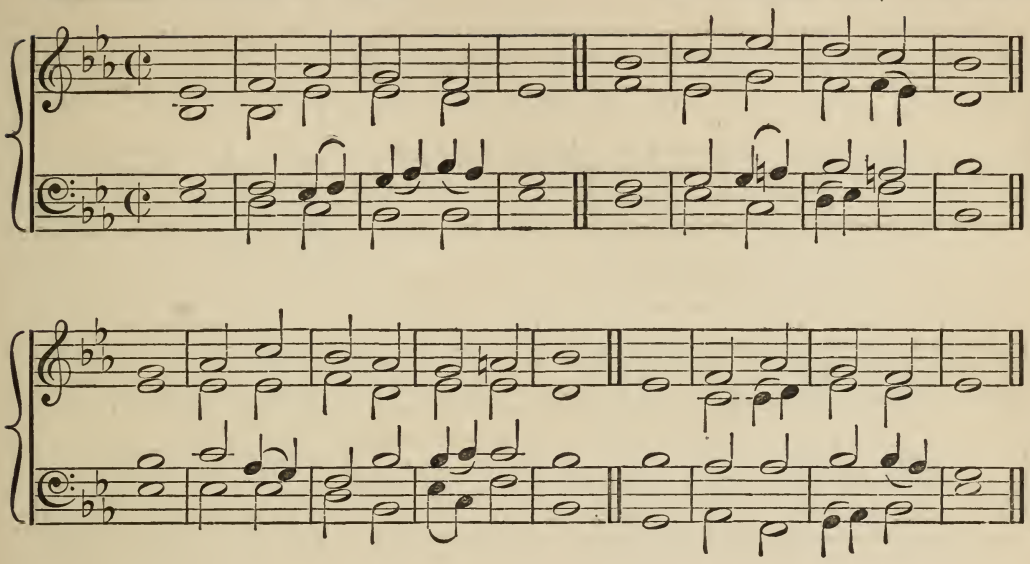
56 O Thou Whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown;
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy SPIRIT and Thy SON!

And Thou that from Thy bright abode
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Did'st graft the Manhood into GOD,
Eternal, co-eternal SON!

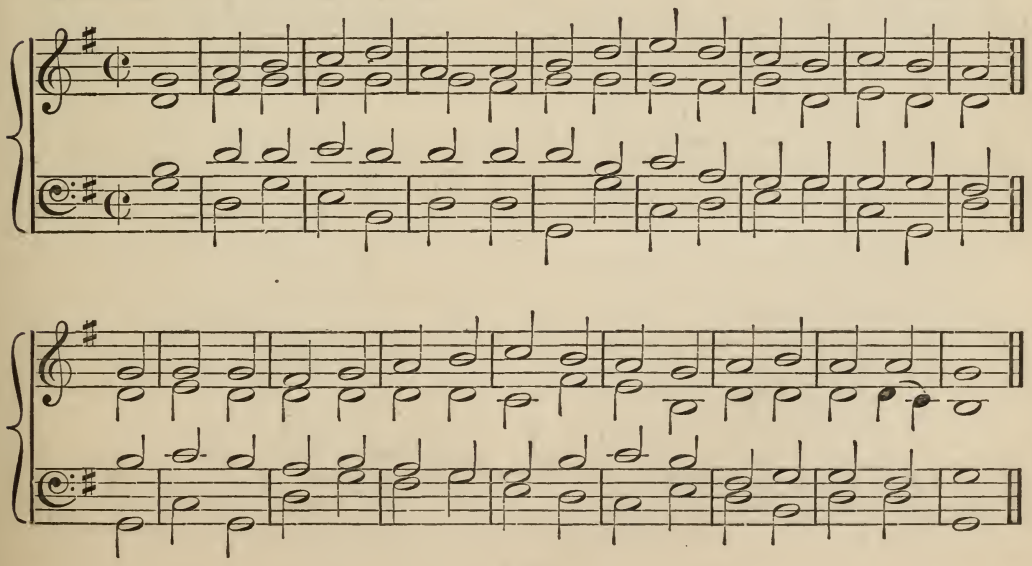
And Thou Whose unction from on high
By comfort, life, and love is known,
Who with the parent DEITY,
Dread SPIRIT, art for ever one!

Great First and Last! Thy blessing give,
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone:
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do that will Thou would'st have done.
Amen.

No. 119. POTSDAM. S. M. *From Sebastian Bach, A.D.* 1685.-1750



No. 120. ALL SOULS. L. M. *Rev. Dr. Maurice.*

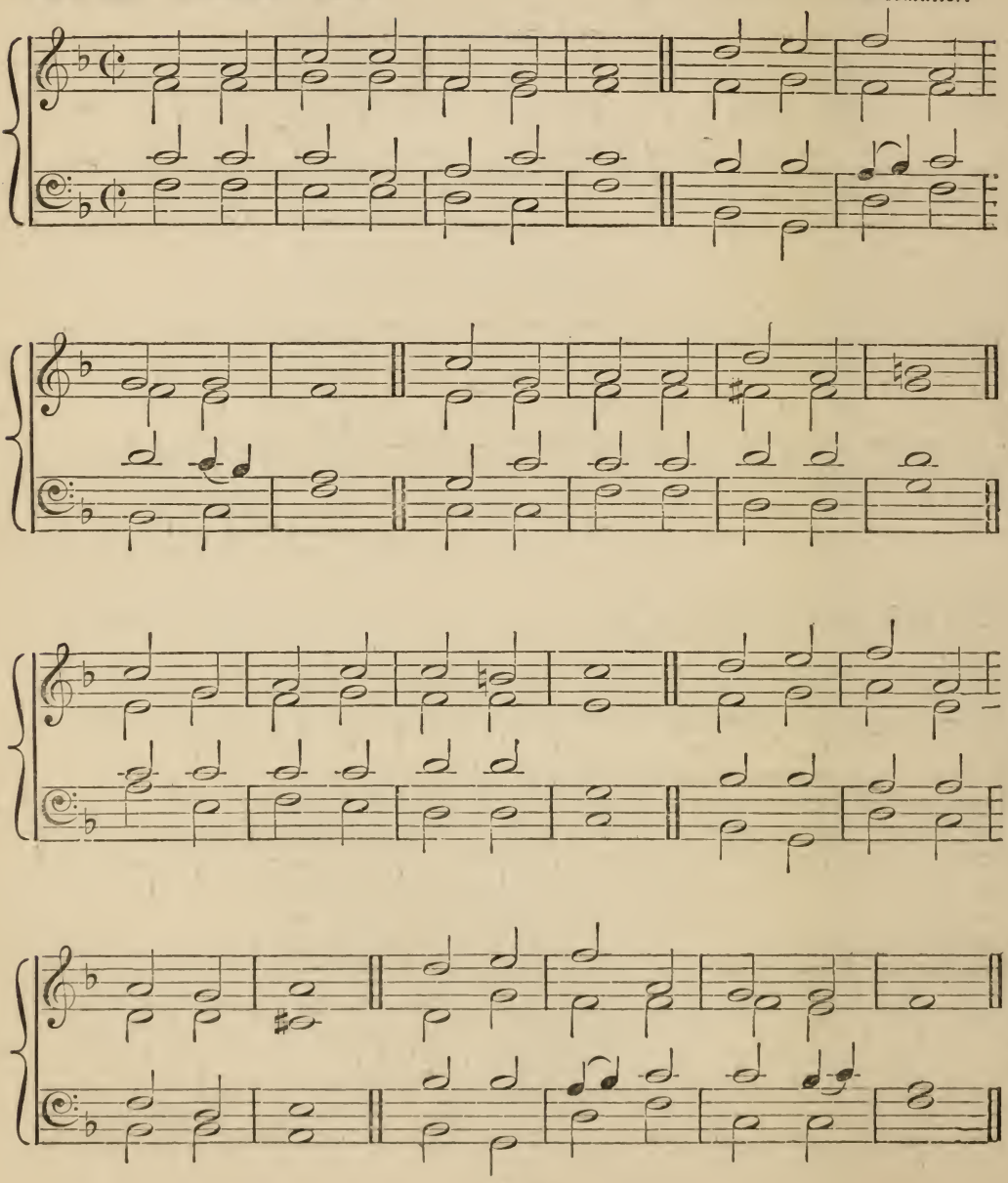


777777 Tuchair

T. Rosenmüller 1610-1650

No. 121. NASSAU. P. M.

Rosemüller.



145 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious LORD, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST! to Thee our heavenly KING.

HOLY JESUS! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing,
Alleluias to our KING. Amen.

38 Resting from His work to-day
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay;
Still He sleeps, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
In the rocky tomb alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early rose, as rested late,
By the sepulchre to wait
In the holy garden glade,
Where her buried LORD was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, LORD, a shrine
In this stony heart of thine;
Where, in pure embalmed cell,
None but Thou may ever dwell!

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering:
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around:
And in patient watch remain,
Till my LORD appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep;
Scarce a day perchance doth seem
The time of their unbodied dream,
'Twixt their rest from labour past
And their waking at the last.

Then, the new Creation done,
Shall be endless rest begun.
JESU! keep me safe from sin,
With Thee may I enter in,
Danger past, and toil at end,
To Thy resting-place ascend. Amen.

167 The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As CHRIST upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His FATHER'S hands
His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One SACRED TRINITY!
One LORD DIVINE!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

---

149 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the REDEEMER of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down His face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced His Mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake:
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

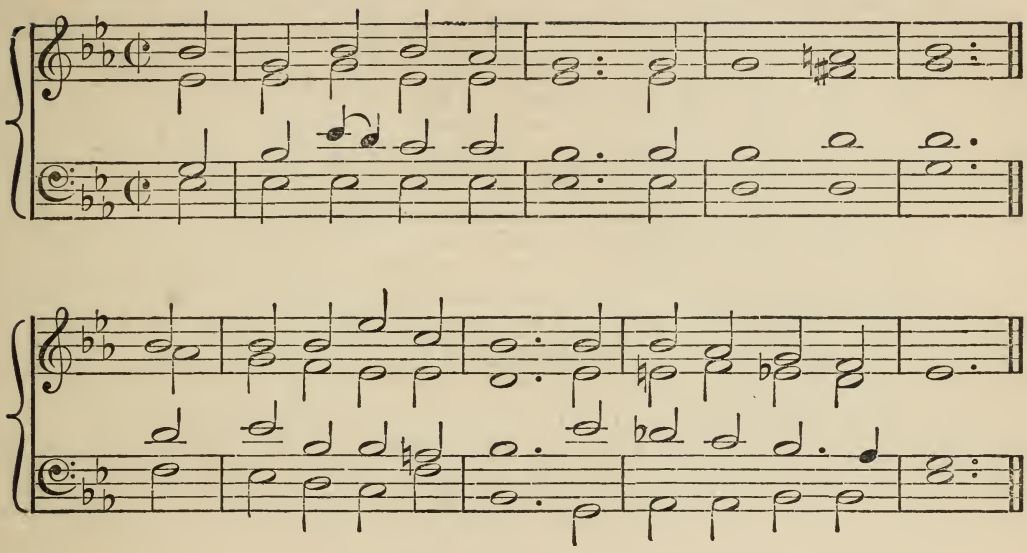
Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come, fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us His Blood!
Who died the victim of pure love
To make us sons of God!

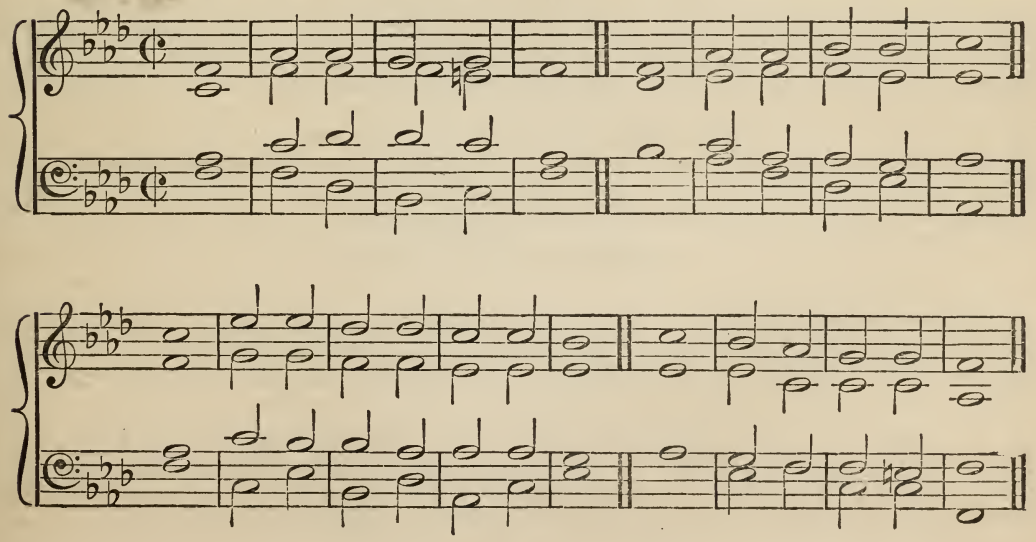
JESUS! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

6466

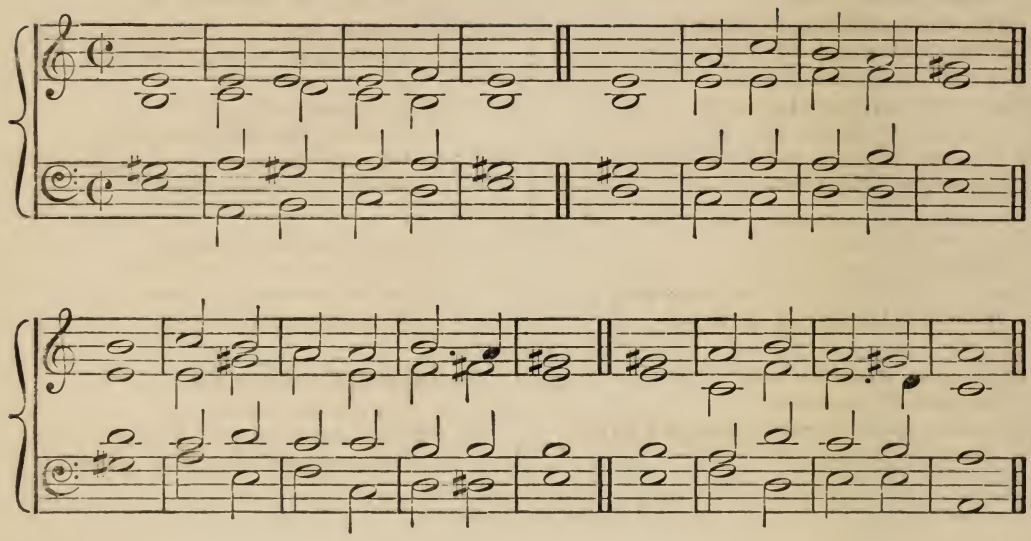
No. 122. S. OSWALD. P. M. *T. Hewlett*, 1862.



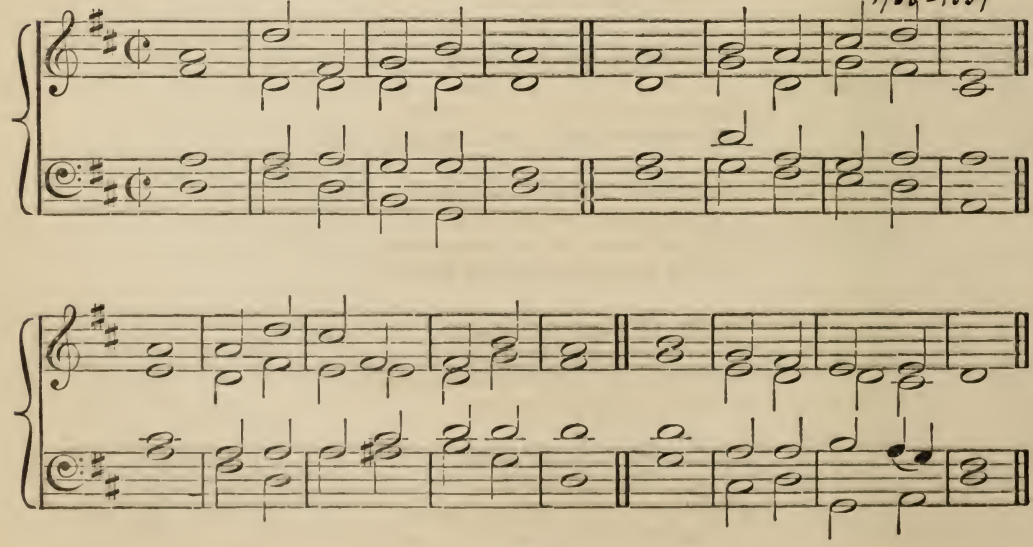
No. 123. SOUTHWELL. S. M. *From Denham's Psalter*, 1588.



No. 124. S. SIMON. S. M. *T. F. Walmesley.*



No. 125. BETHLEHEM. S. M. *S. Wesley.*
1766 - 1837



149 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the REDEEMER of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down His face, and neck. and breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced His Mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake:
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come, fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us His Blood!
Who died the victim of pure love
To make us sons of God!

JESUS! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

---

168 The day is past and gone,
Great GOD, we bow to Thee;
Again, as shades of night steal on,
Unto Thy side we flee.

O when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking to the west,
That country and that holy home,
Where none shall break our rest?

Where all things shall be peace,
And pleasure without end,
And golden harps that never cease
With joyous hymns shall blend?

Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of Thy wing,
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe
And of Thy mercy sing?

To GOD the FATHER praise,
And to the Eternal SON,
And to the HOLY GHOST always,
Co-equal THREE in ONE. Amen.

176 JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide,
Hidden in Thy wounded side.

If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

Death will come one day to me;
JESU, cast me not from Thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

---

165 Morn of morns, and day of days!
Beauteous were thy new-born rays;
Brighter yet from death's dark prison
CHRIST, the Light of Lights, is risen.

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard;
O shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay?

Nature yet in shadow lies,
Let the sons of light arise,
And prevent the morning rays
With sweet canticles of praise.

Unto hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And a newer walk express
Their new life to righteousness.

Hear us, LORD, and with us be
O Thou Fount of Charity;
Thou Who dost the SPIRIT give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

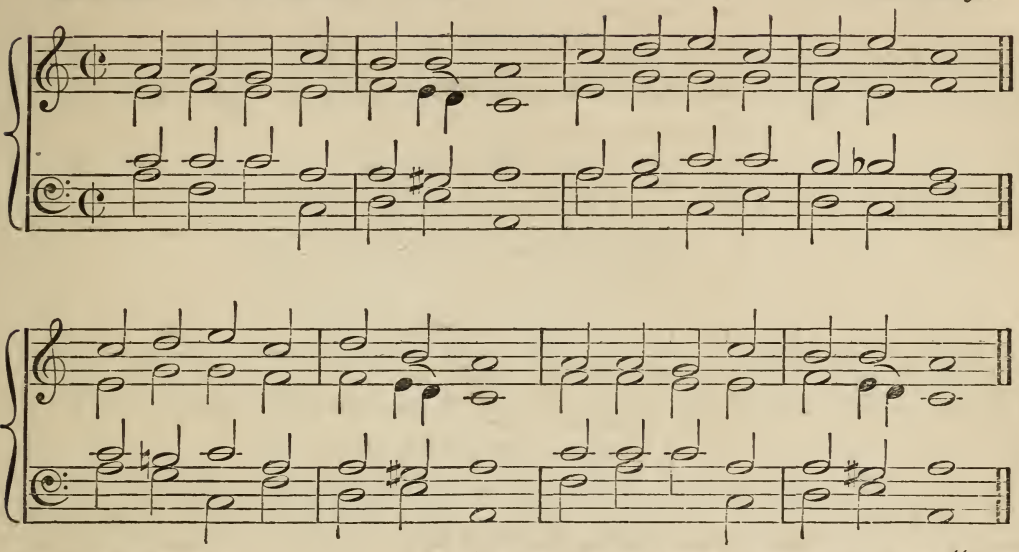
Glory to the FATHER, SON,
And to Thee, O HOLY ONE,
By whose quickening Breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

7777 Trochaic

4th Cent. "Enchiridion" 1524

No. 126. S. AMBROSE. P. M.

Old Melody.

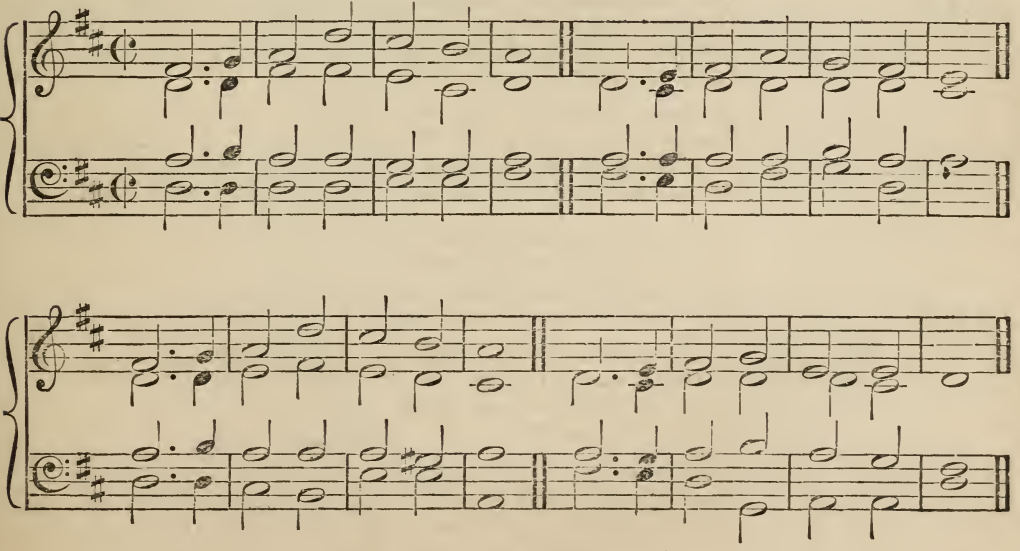


7777 Trochaic

Thibaut, Count of Champagne & King of Navarre 1201-1253

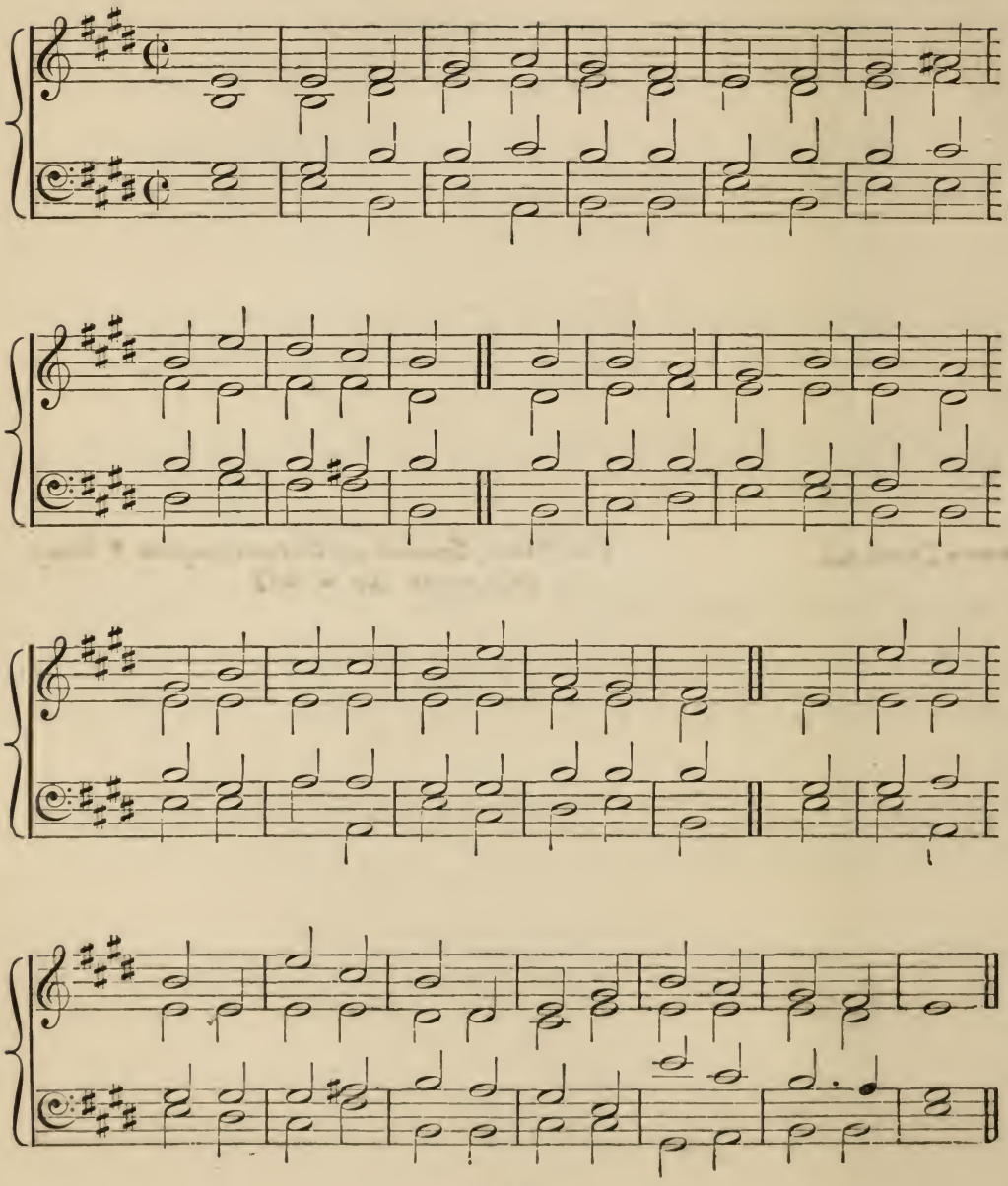
No. 127. ALL SAINTS. P. M.

Old Melody.



8 8 8 8 8 8 Iambic

No. 128. EATON. P. M. *Wyvill.*



178 JESU, my LORD, my GOD, my all,
Hear me, blest SAVIOUR, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought;
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought;
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest SAVIOUR, Thou art mine;
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

190 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls;
When our final doom is near,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
JESU, SON of Mary, hear. Amen.

---

177 Ruler of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might:
And Thy Blood hath marked a road,
Which will lead us back to GOD.

From Thy dwelling place above,
From Thy FATHER'S throne of love,
With Thy look of mercy bless
Those without Thee comfortless.

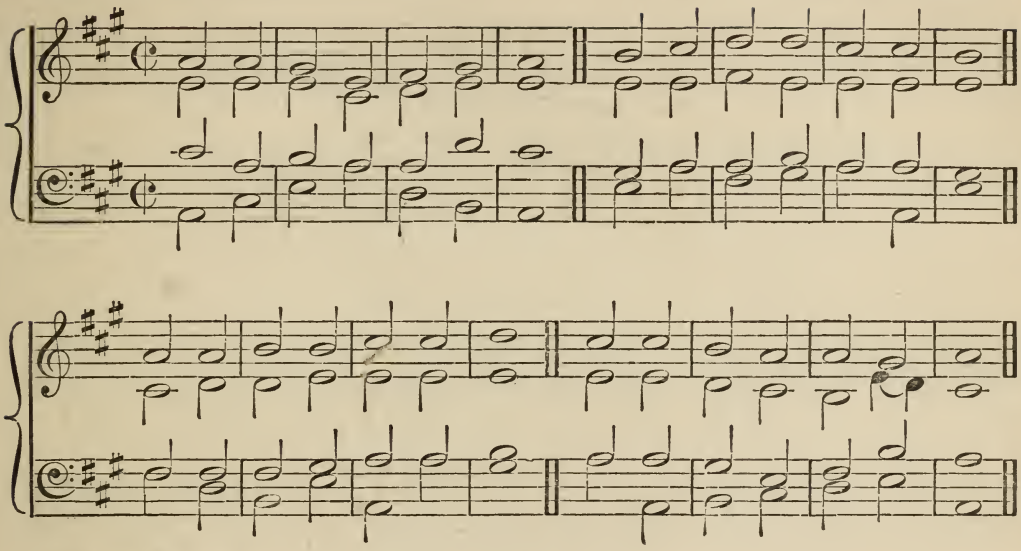
Bitter were Thy throes on earth,
Giving to the Church her birth
From the spear-wound, opening wide
In Thine Own life-giving side.

Now in glory Thou dost reign,
Won by all Thy toil and pain;
Thence the promised SPIRIT send,
While our prayers to Thee ascend.

JESU, praise to Thee be given,
With the FATHER high in heaven;
HOLY SPIRIT, praise to Thee,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

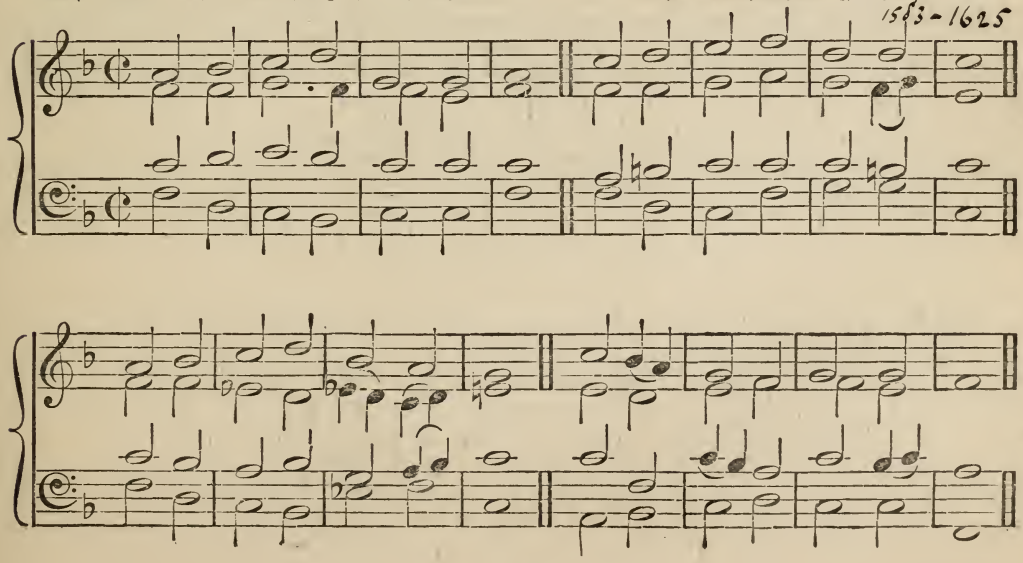
7777 Trochaic

No. 129. S. SWITHUN. P. M. *J. Schop,* 1640.



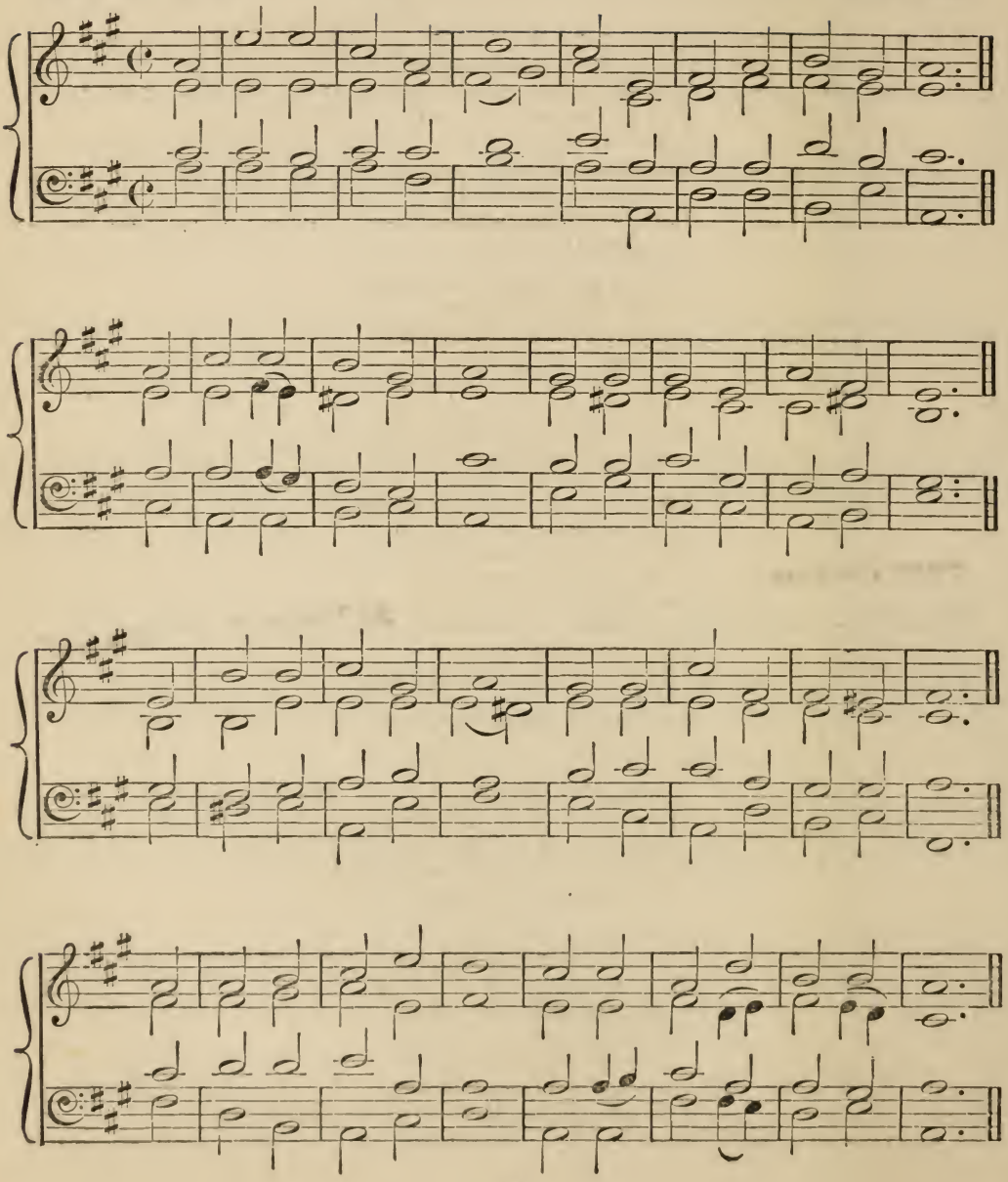
7777 Trochaic

No. 130. S. IRENÆUS. P. M. Dr Orlando *Gibbons,* 1623.
1583-1625



7676; 7676 Iambic

No. 131. S. GEORGE. P. M. *W. T. Best.*



148 Hail to the LORD's Anointed,
Great David's greater SON!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blessed;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love. Amen.

188 This is not our place of resting,
  Ours, a city yet to come :
Onwards to it we are hasting,
  On to our eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
  O'er it shines a nightless day ;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
  All the curse has passed away.

There the LORD our Shepherd leads us,
  By the stream of life along ;
On the freshest pasture feeds us,
  Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
  Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
Never more be sad or weary,
  Never, never sin again. Amen.

---

173 THREE IN ONE, and ONE IN THREE,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
  Holy chant and psalm.

LIGHT OF LIGHTS! with morning, shine ;
Lift on us Thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
  Breathe on us her balm.

LIGHT OF LIGHTS! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
  Shed a holy calm.

THREE IN ONE, and ONE IN THREE,
Dimly here we worship Thee!
With the saints hereafter we
  Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

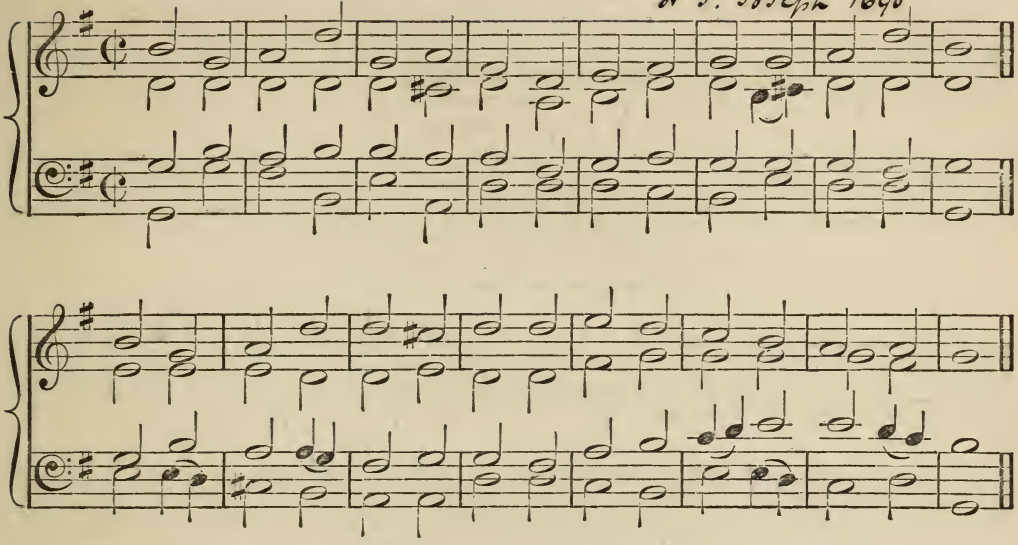
8787 or 878777

No. 132. S. HILARY. P. M.

1643-1703

J. C. Bach, A.D. 1730.

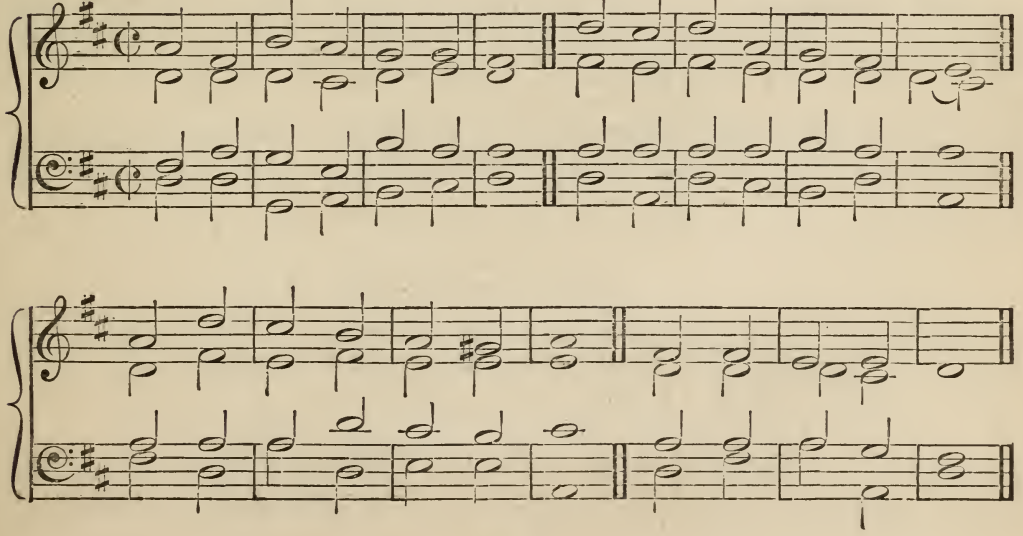
or S. Joseph 1690



7775

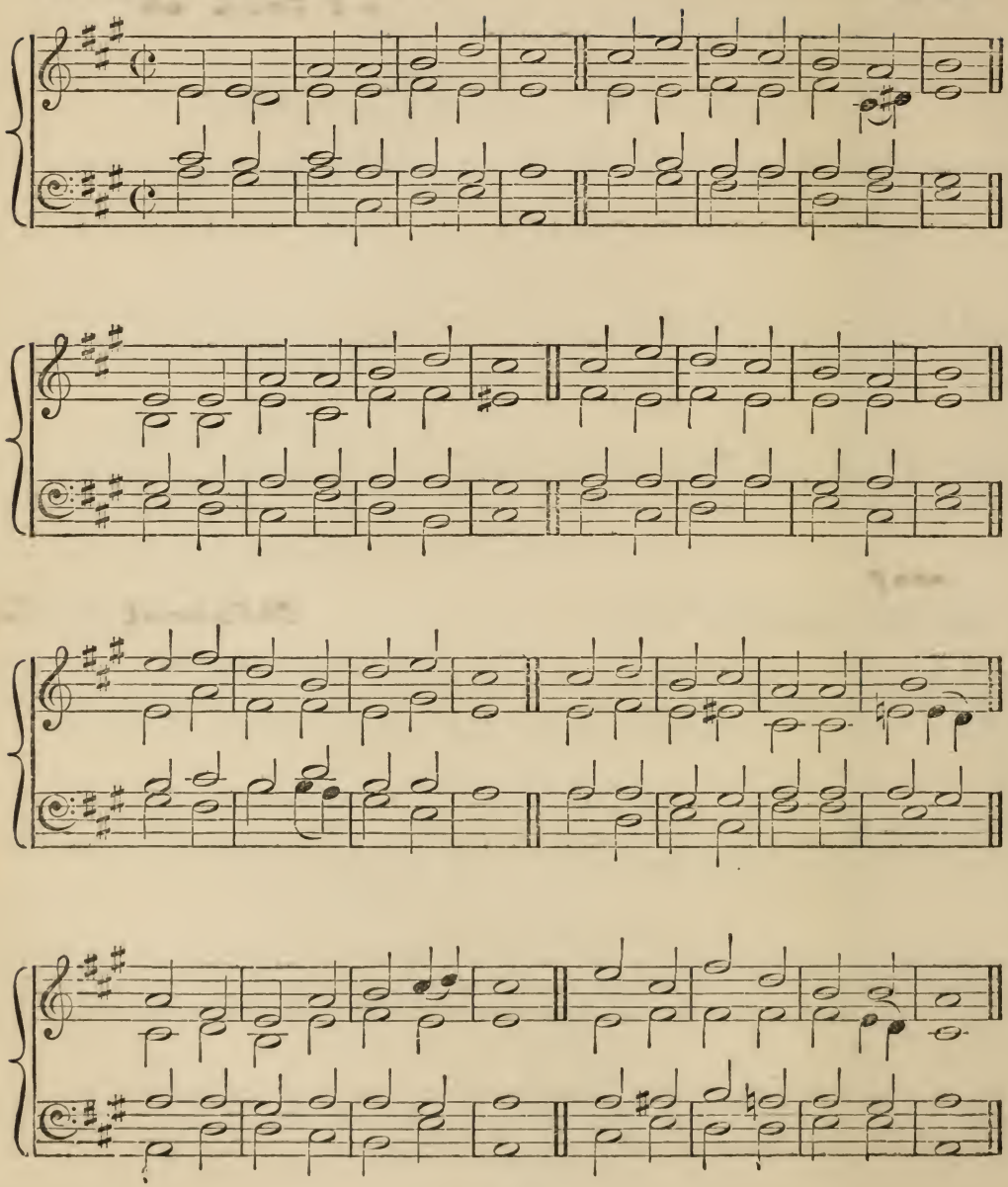
No. 133. DANTZICK. P. M.

Dr. Frederick Filitz. 1846



7777; 7777 Trochaic

No. 134. S. PANCRAS. P. M. *German.*



155 At the LAMB's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious KING,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from His pierced side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives his guest His blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast;
CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we CHRIST, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat the Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy—
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;
Risen LORD, all praise to Thee,
With the SPIRIT, ever be. Amen.

146 The wise men to Thy cradle throne,
O Infant SAVIOUR, brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern star,
Thine own baptised Gentile band,
Till we have found our LORD from far,
An offering in our hand.

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above.

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship and Love and Sorrow met,
Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

All meet for Thee our own Adored,
Our Suffering SAVIOUR, GOD, and KING,
Accept the Gold and Incense, LORD,
Accept the Myrrh we bring. Amen.

---

189 Everlasting Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

O Everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within,
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away our sin!

O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold us in the way;
Bring us in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light and day.

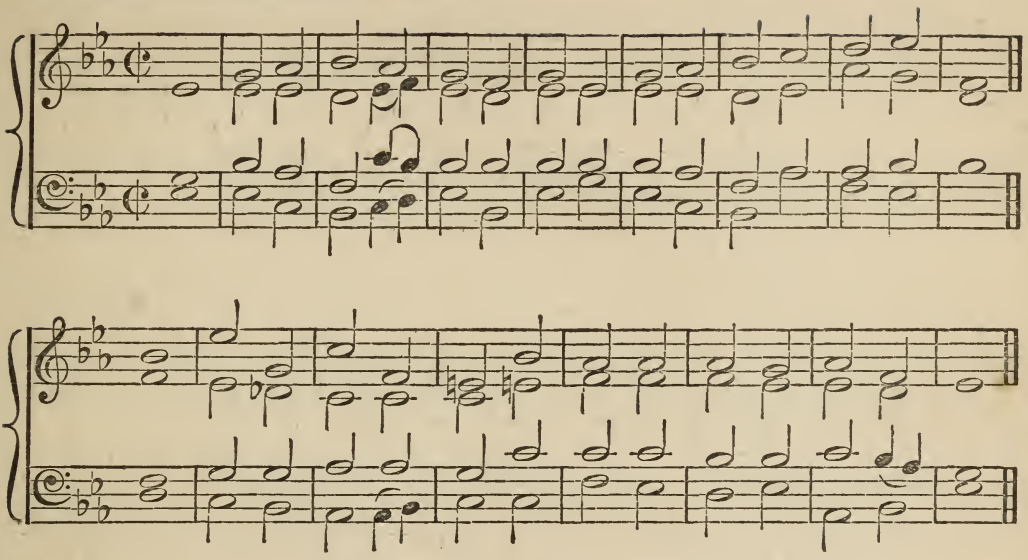
O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive the burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
LORD JESUS, bless us now! Amen.

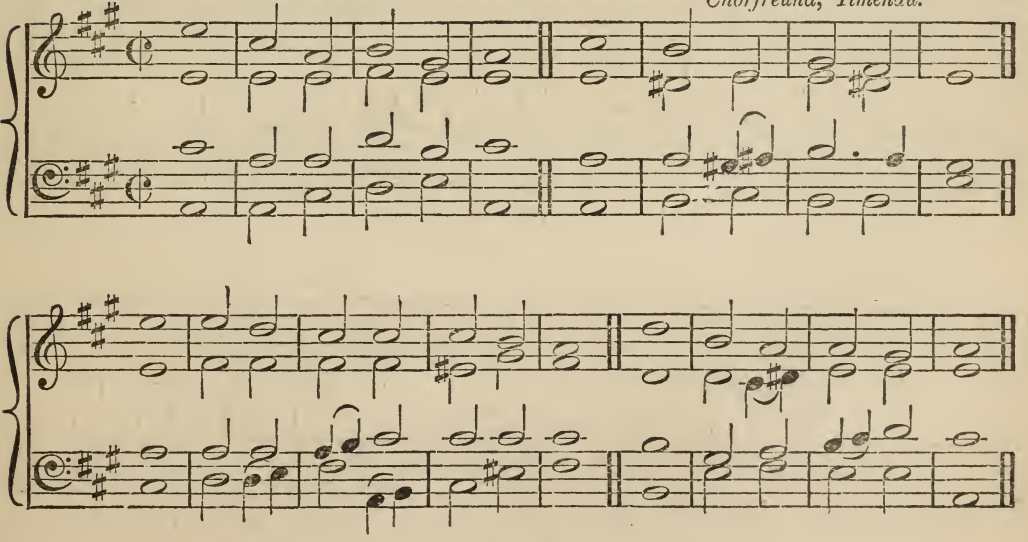
8886

No. 135. S. CORNELIUS P. M.



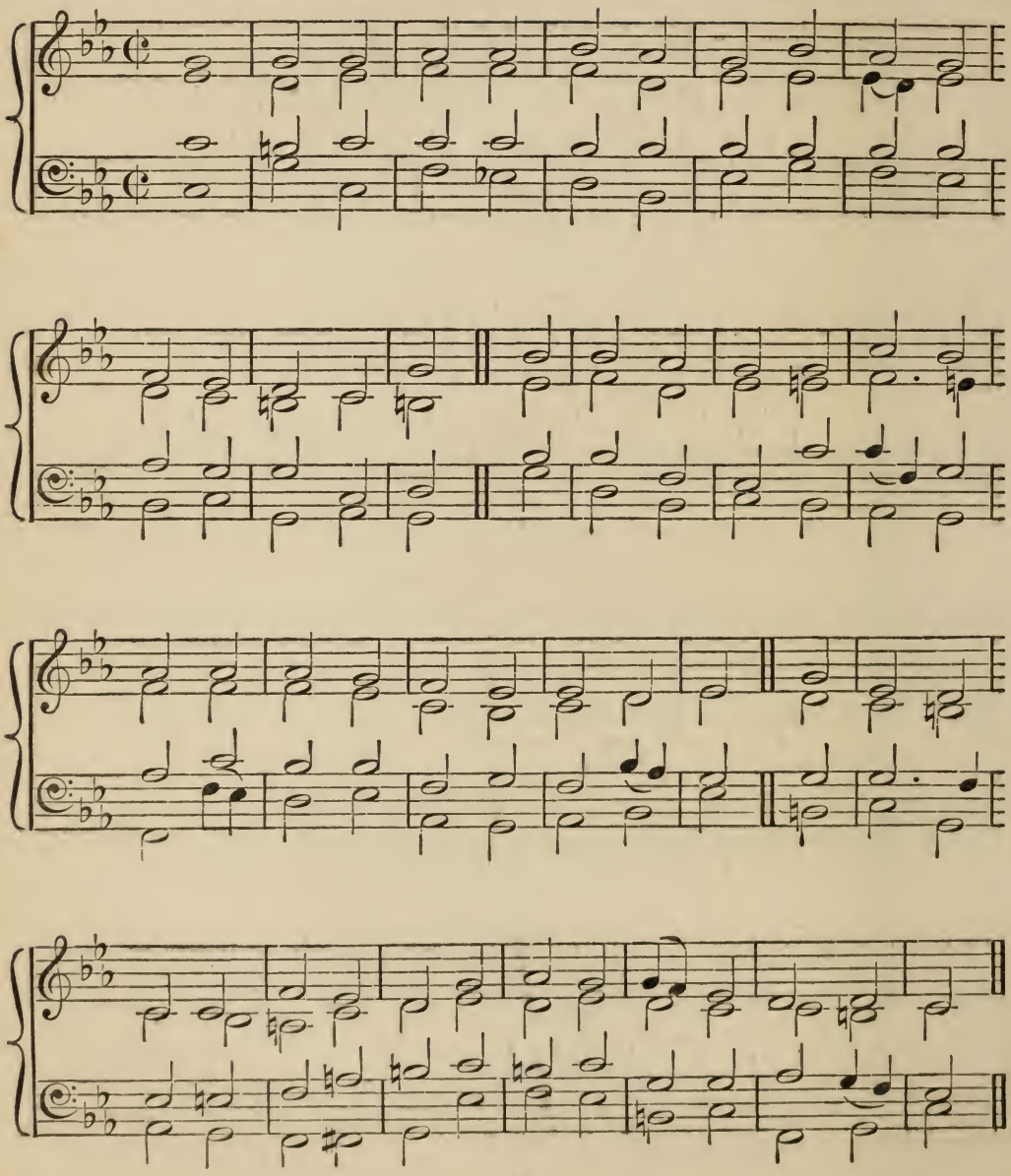
No. 136. S. BENEDICT. S. M.

From "H. Kohlhas's Praktischen, Chorfreund, Ilmenau."



8888888 Iambic

No. 137. S. LEONARD. P. M. *Gottlieb Muffat,* 1695.



59 O Thou eternal Victim, slain
A Sacrifice for guilty man,
By the Eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead :—
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.

Thy offering still continues new ;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue ;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb ;
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love :
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
My God, Who diest there for me !

164 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the LORD, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who, by wisdom, did create
Painted Heavens full of state;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And the solid Earth ordain
High above the watery plain;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who, by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

Caused the golden-tressed Sun
All the day his course to run;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And the horned Moon by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who, in season, for the grain
Gives the first and latter rain;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And our garners, running o'er,
Fills each year with richest store;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He all living creatures feeds,
With full hand supplies their needs;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His great majesty and worth;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who His mansion hath on high,
Past the reach of mortal eye;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
LORD of LORDS, Great THREE IN ONE;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

---

111 Sing the song unheard before,
Sing the GOD Whom we adore,
Sing, all earth, unto the LORD,
Praise His Name, and bless His Word.

Tidings tell, from day to day,
Of His high and saving way;
Shew all lands His glorious light,
Heathens all, His deeds of might.

Tell them GOD is great always,
Praised, and high above all praise:
Throned in awful majesty,
Far above all gods is He.

Heathen gods—frail gods are they,
Heaven He made Whom we obey.
Grace and honour round Him shine,
Power and splendour in His shrine.

Glory to the FATHER, SON,
And Blest SPIRIT, Three in One,
LORD on high, to Thee we raise
Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise. Amen.

147 Grateful hearts and voices bring,
While the GODHEAD's praise we sing,
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD!
Be Thy glorious Name adored.

Saints on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great REDEEMER's love:
LORD, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, Thou LORD of mercy, hail!

Though unworthy of thine ear,
Still our alleluias hear:
Purer praise we hope to bring
When with saints in heaven we sing.

Look in mercy from Thy throne;
Send Thy HOLY SPIRIT down:
Guide our footsteps in Thy way;
Guide to realms of endless day.

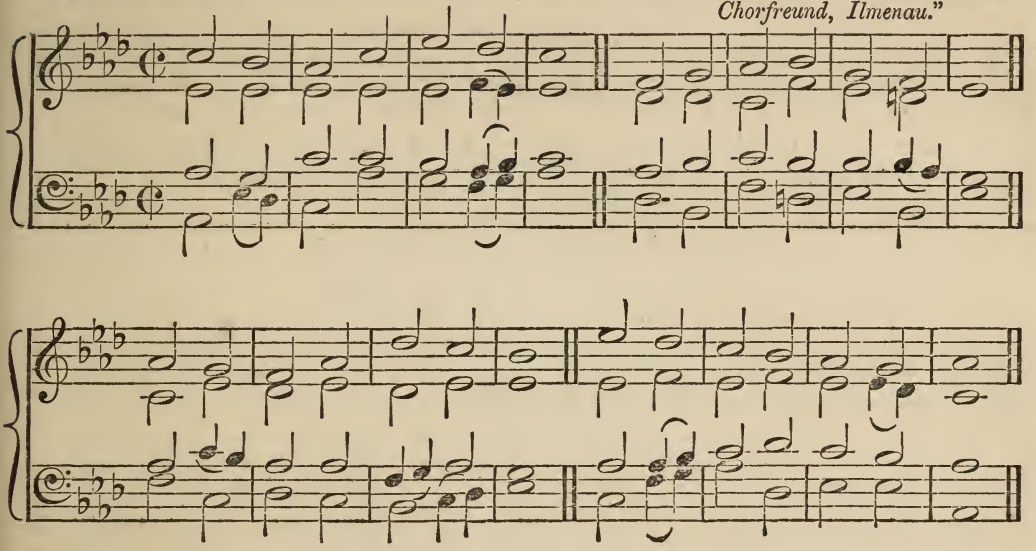
Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the FATHER and the SON
And the SPIRIT THREE in ONE. Amen

7777 Trochaic

Justin Heinrich Knecht 1752-1793

No. 138. S. BONIFACE. P. M.

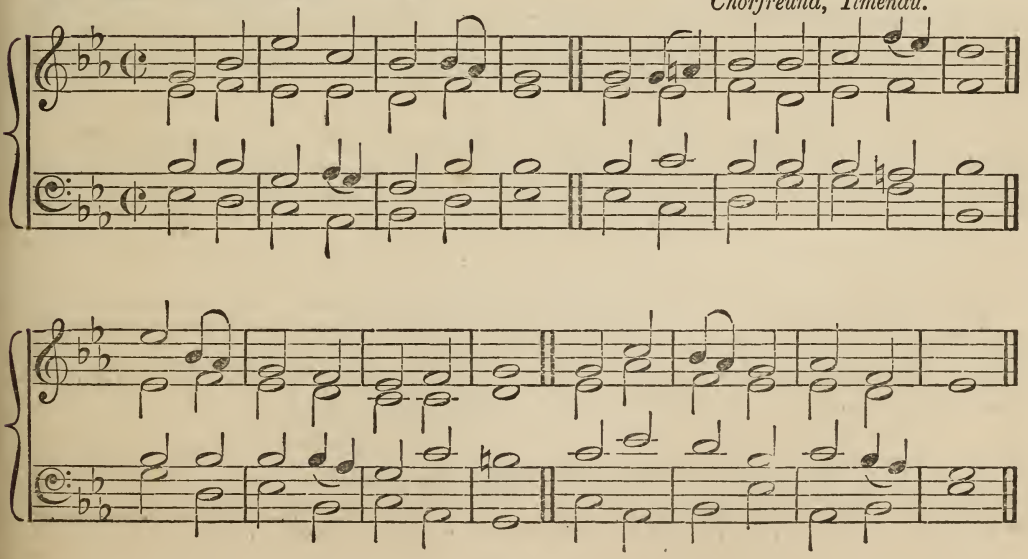
From "H. Kohlhas's Praktischen, Chorfreund, Ilmenau."



7777 Trochaic

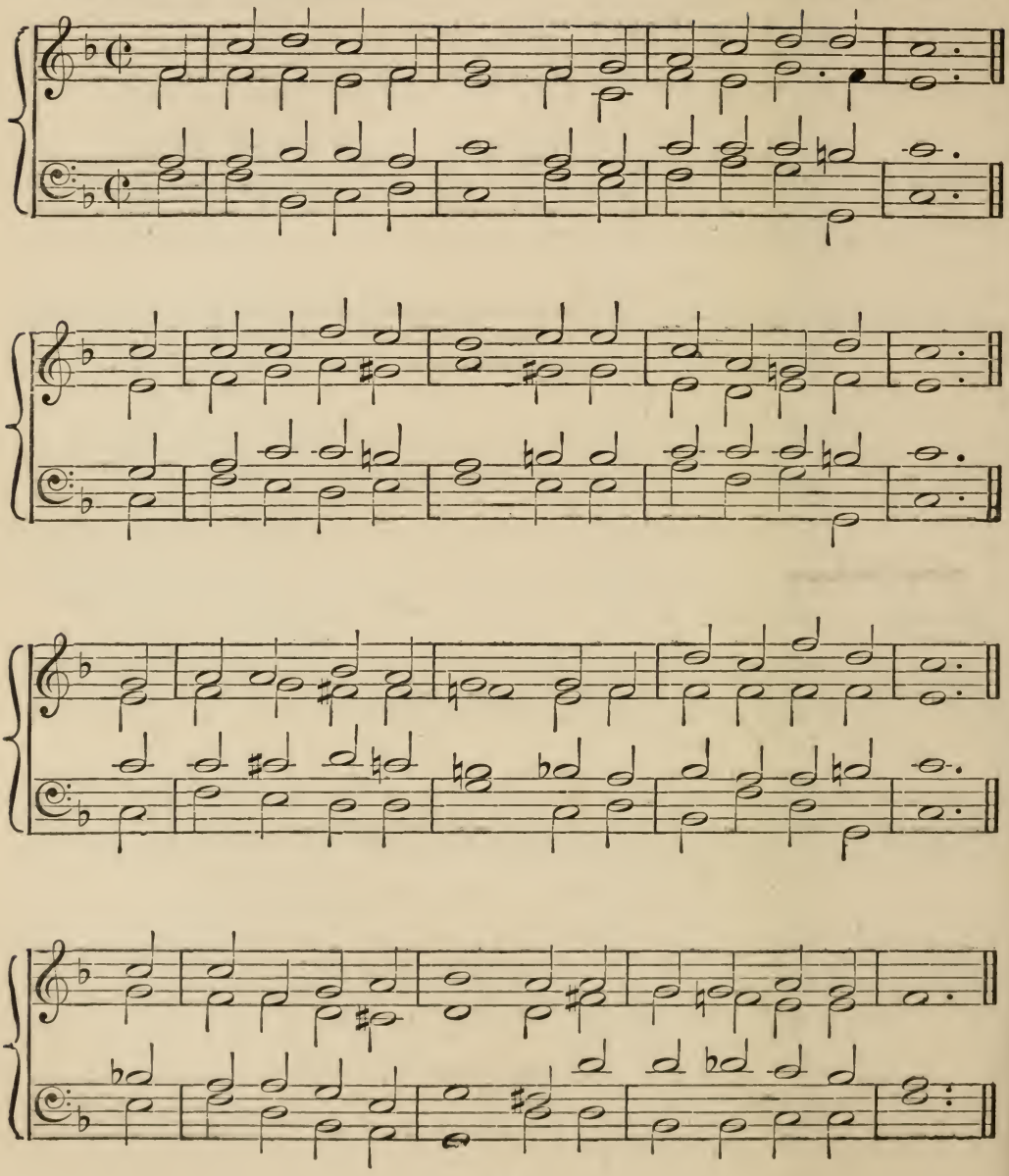
No. 139. S. NINIAN. P. M.

From "H. Kohlhas's Praktischen, Chorfreund, Ilmenau."



7676; 7676 Iambic

No. 140. S. ETHELDREDA. P. M. *T. Hewlett*, 1862.



163 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away :

Still, in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The HOLY THREE are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break,

Be present, awful FATHER,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gavest to Adam
Out of his own pierced side ;

Be present, SON of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands ;

Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for CHRIST, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallowed path they trace.

To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With CHRIST'S own Bride they rise. Amen.

157 Bound by a holy charm,
We passed through raging sea,
And 'neath a mighty arm
Burst chains of slavery.

Let us His praise unfold
Who our Avenger came;
And, robed in pureness, hold
The festal of the LAMB!

He for our souls did bleed;
Oh then, in holy love,
Upon Him let us feed,
And live to GOD above!

CHRIST is our sacrifice,
The LAMB come down from high;
Death's angel dread descries
His blood, and passes by.

O Victim, worthy Heaven,
Of death the victory;
Who chains of hell hath riven
And borne her gates away!

Grant us with Thee to die,
That we with Thee may rise,
And build our home on high,
On Thee beyond the skies.

Praise FATHER, praise the SON,
Who leads to starry homes;
Praise SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Who as our Guardian comes. Amen.

---

192 My GOD, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself, and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed LORD, should not
Thy servant love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining ought,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me
O ever-loving LORD.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my GOD
And my eternal KING. Amen.

194 I heard the voice of JESUS say
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, Thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.

I came to JESUS as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,
Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.

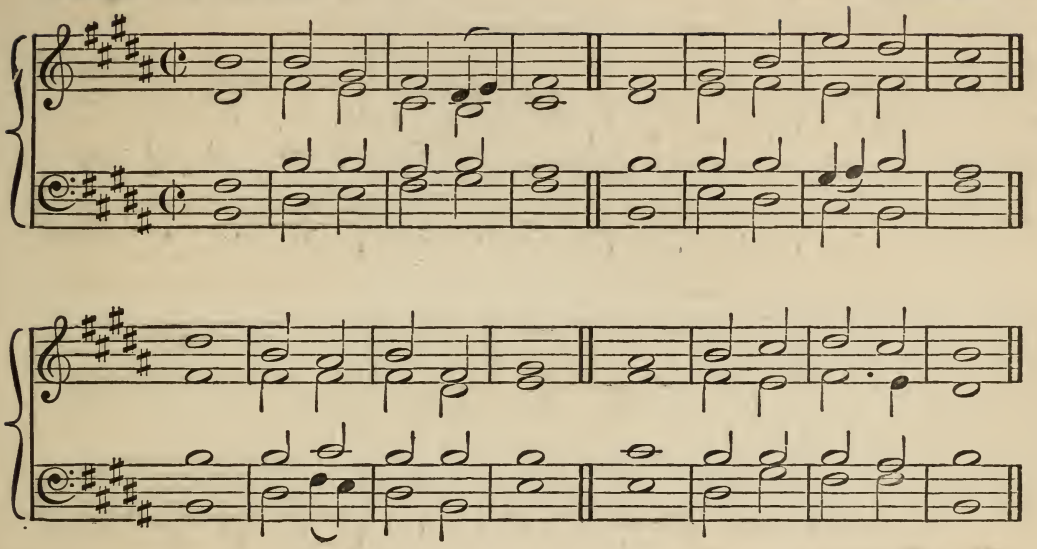
I came to JESUS and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.

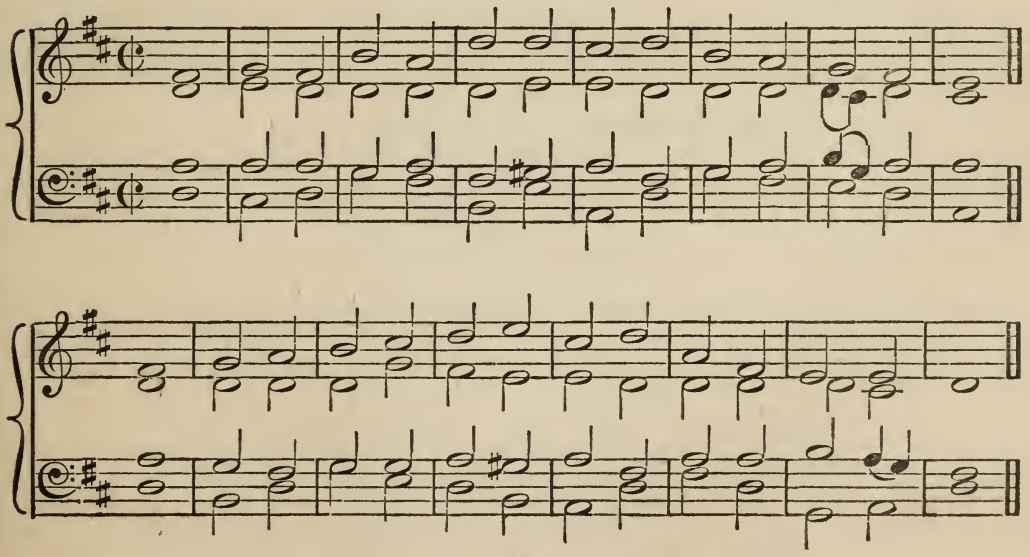
I looked to JESUS, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

6666 Iambic

No. 141. S. DUNSTAN. P. M. *Rev: L. G. Hayne. Mus.D*

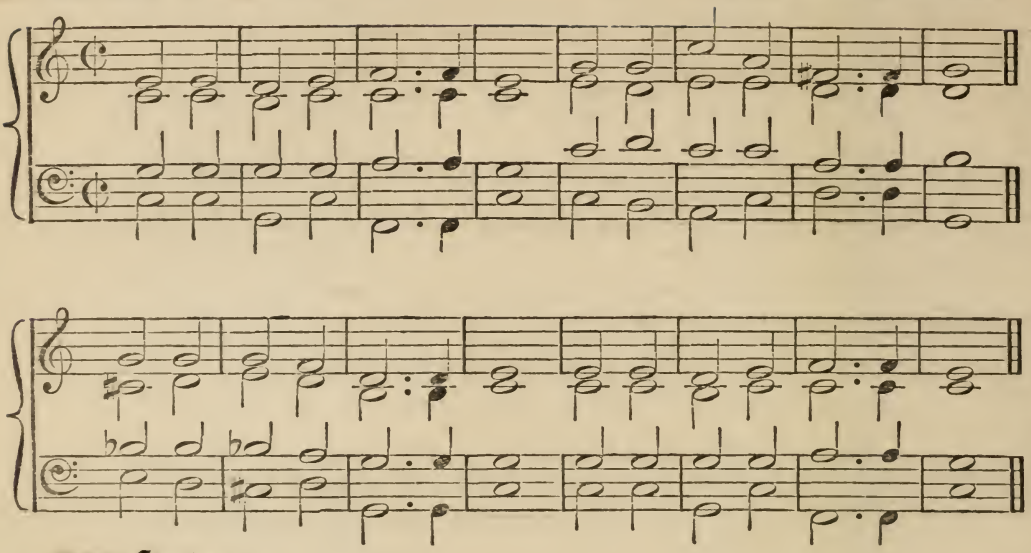


No. 142. BRADFIELD. C. M. *T. Morley*, 1862.



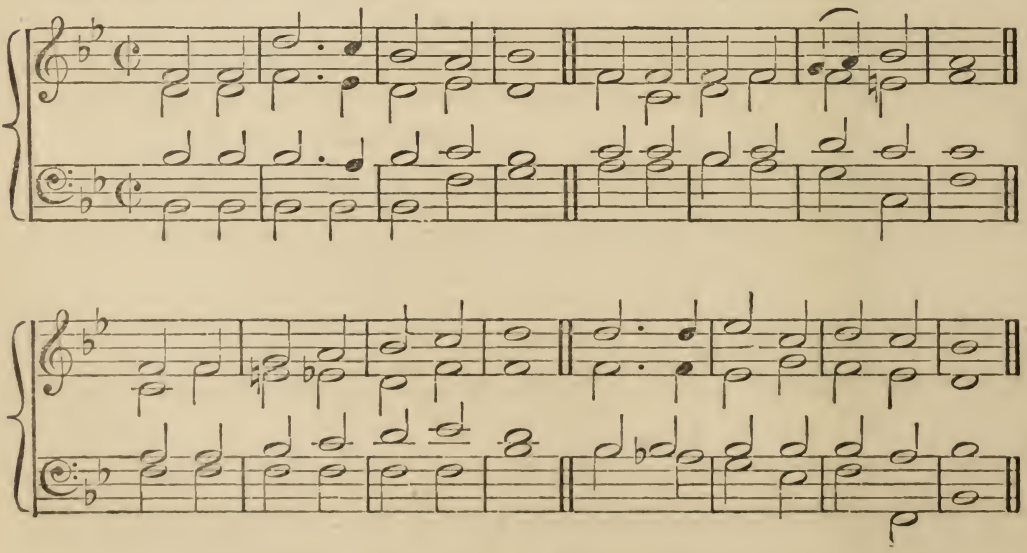
7777 Trochaic

No. 143. S. PRISCA. P. M. *From Redhead's Collection.*



7777 Trochaic

No. 144. S. PETER. P. M. *R. A. Firth.*



36 See the destined day arise,
See a willing sacrifice,
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross.

JESUS! who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Thence the cleansing Water flowed
Mingled from Thy side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy JESUS! grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good. Amen.

---

182 Children of the heavenly KING,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to GOD,
In the path the fathers trod;
They are with Him now, and ye
Soon with Him and them may be.

They the ransomed flock and blest,
Now on Abraham's bosom rest;
Ye, if well ye run the race,
In their joys shall find a place.

Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
JESUS CHRIST, GOD'S only SON,
Bids you undismayed go on.

LORD, obedient we would go,
Leaving all we love below;
Only Thou our Leader be!
Gladly we will follow Thee.

Sing we to our GOD above
Praise, eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

200 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

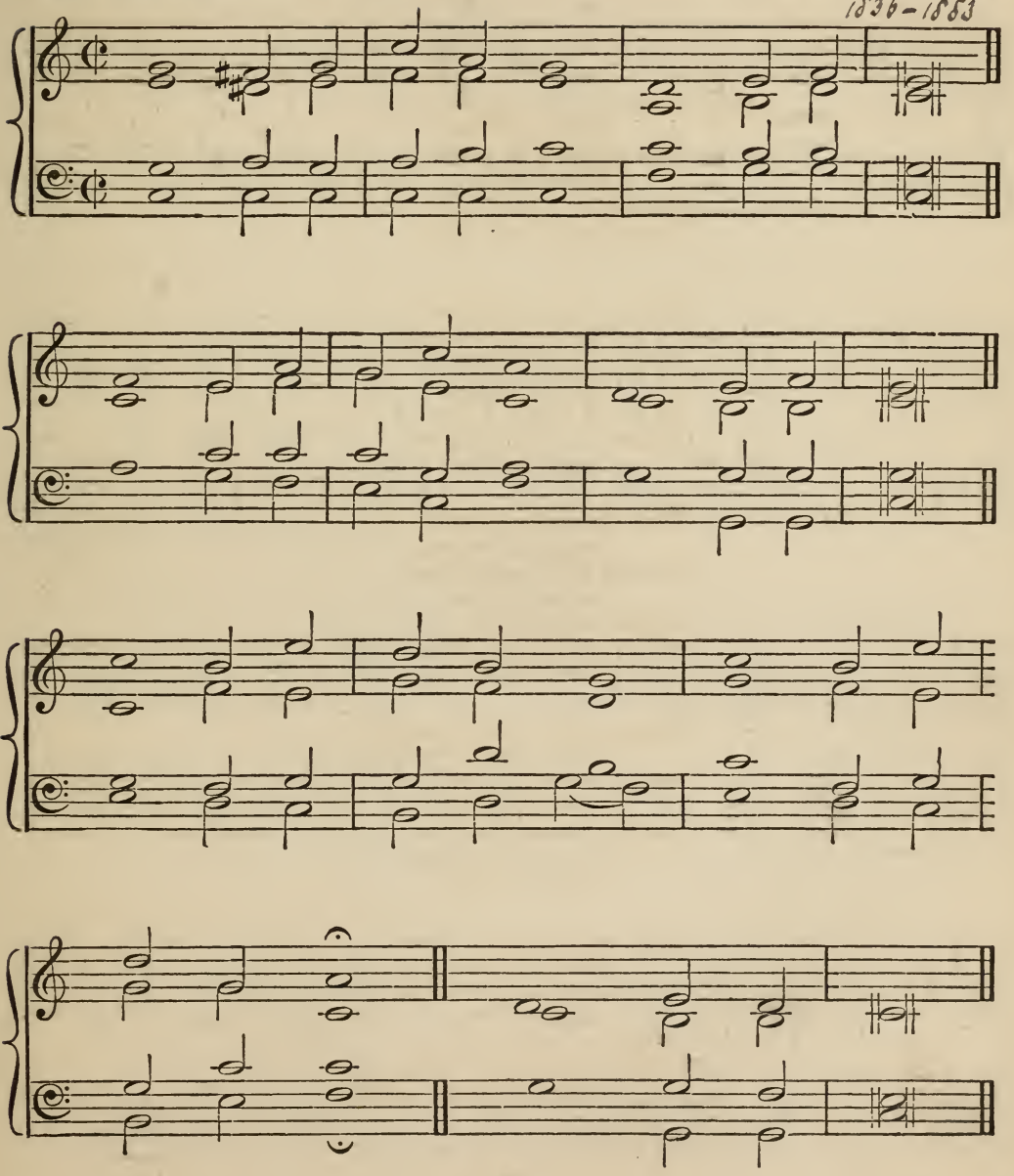
Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

And, when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

6464;664

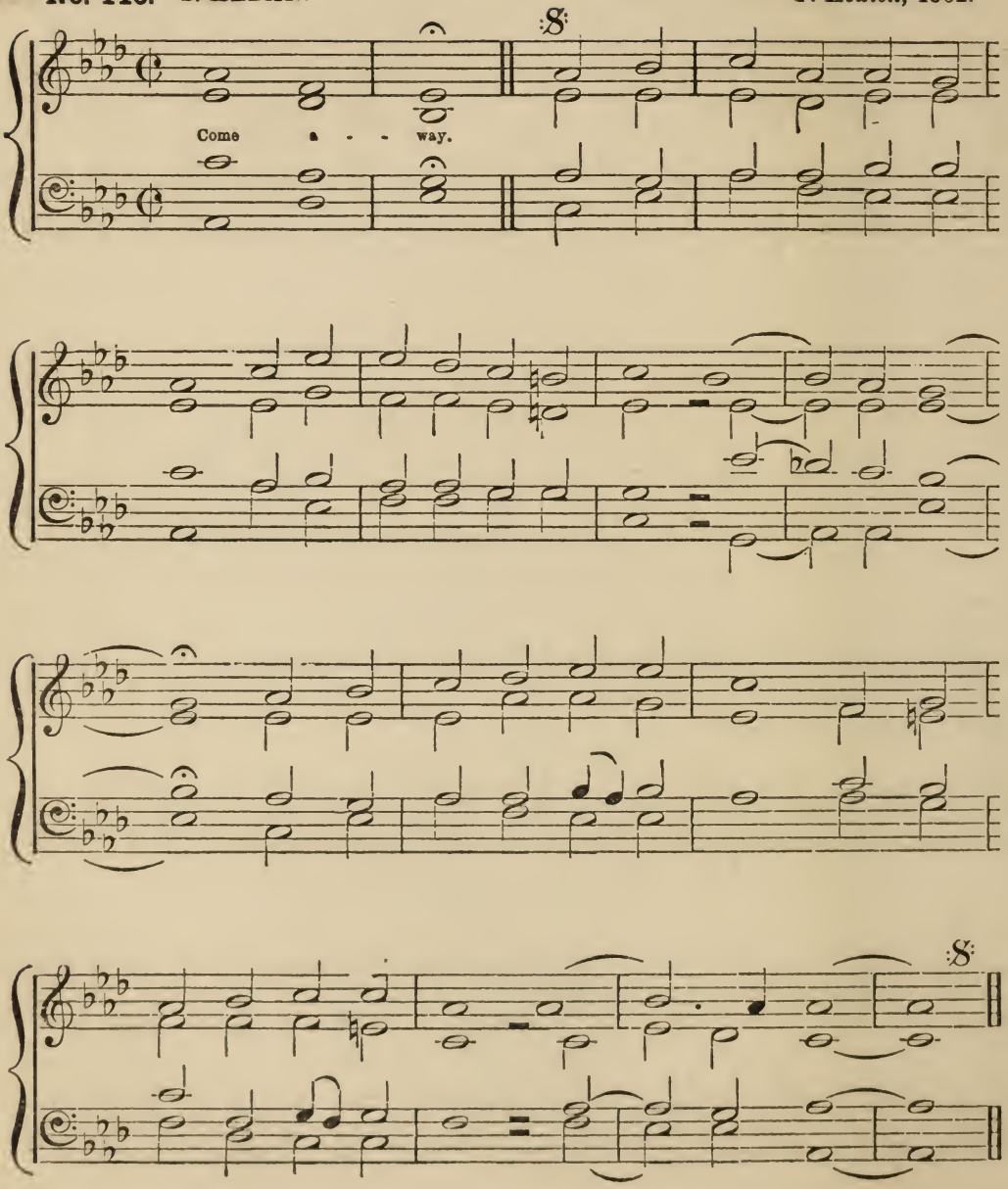
No. 145. MISTLEY. P. M.

Res: L. G. Hayne. Mus. D
1836-1863



3773; 773

No. 146. S. ALBAN. *T. Hewlett*, 1862.



186 Come away,
Where no shadows in a glass,
Where no things that come and pass
To decay;
But the leaf that shall not fade,
And the lights that throw no shade,
Ever stay.

Where the happy skies above
Are the home of them that love,
All the day,
And good spirits o'er our head,
As on happy stars they tread,
Sing alway.

Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
While ye may,
To the heavens lift your eyes,—
God Himself shall be your prize,—
Come away. Amen.

51 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

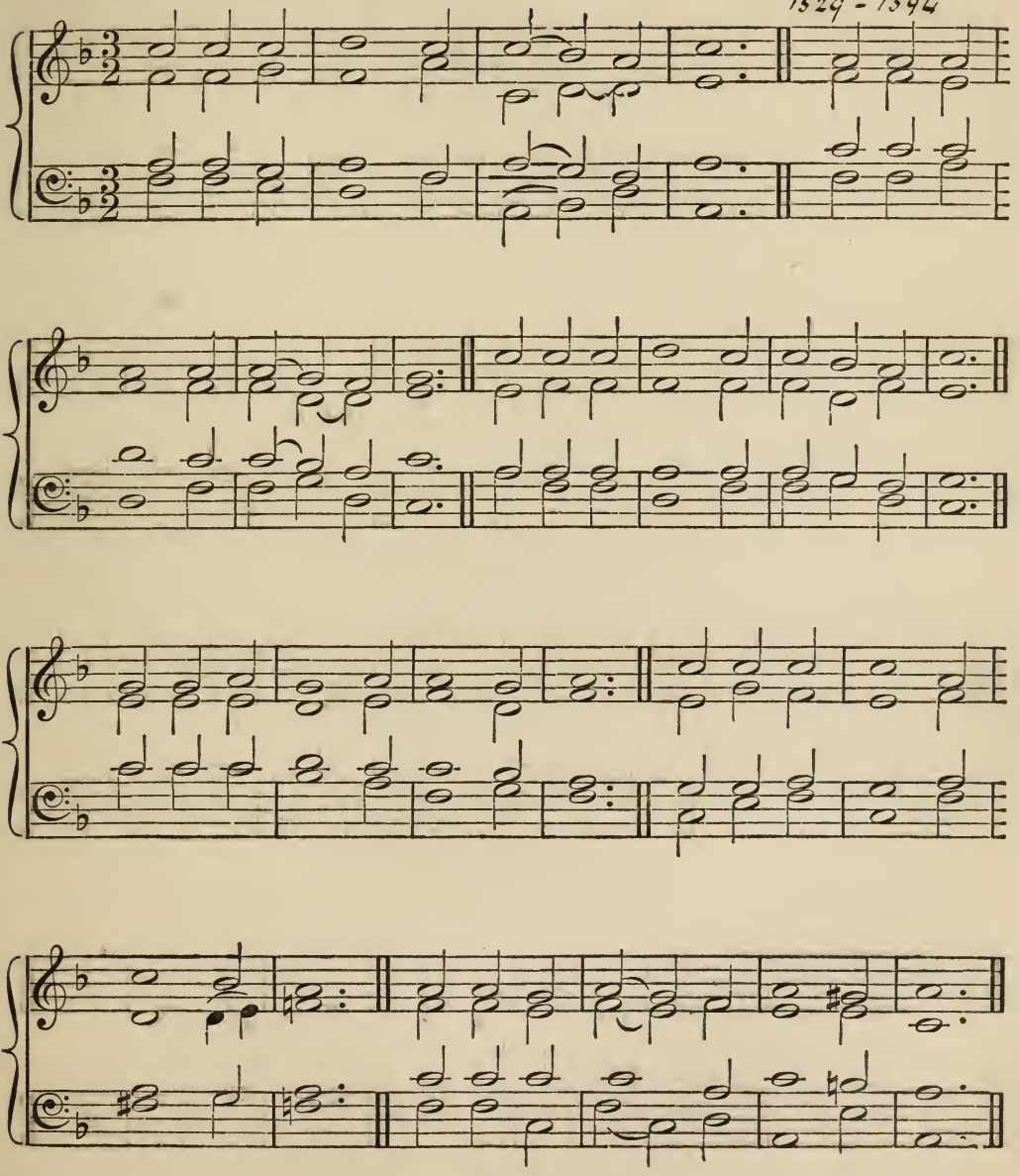
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

888888 Iambic

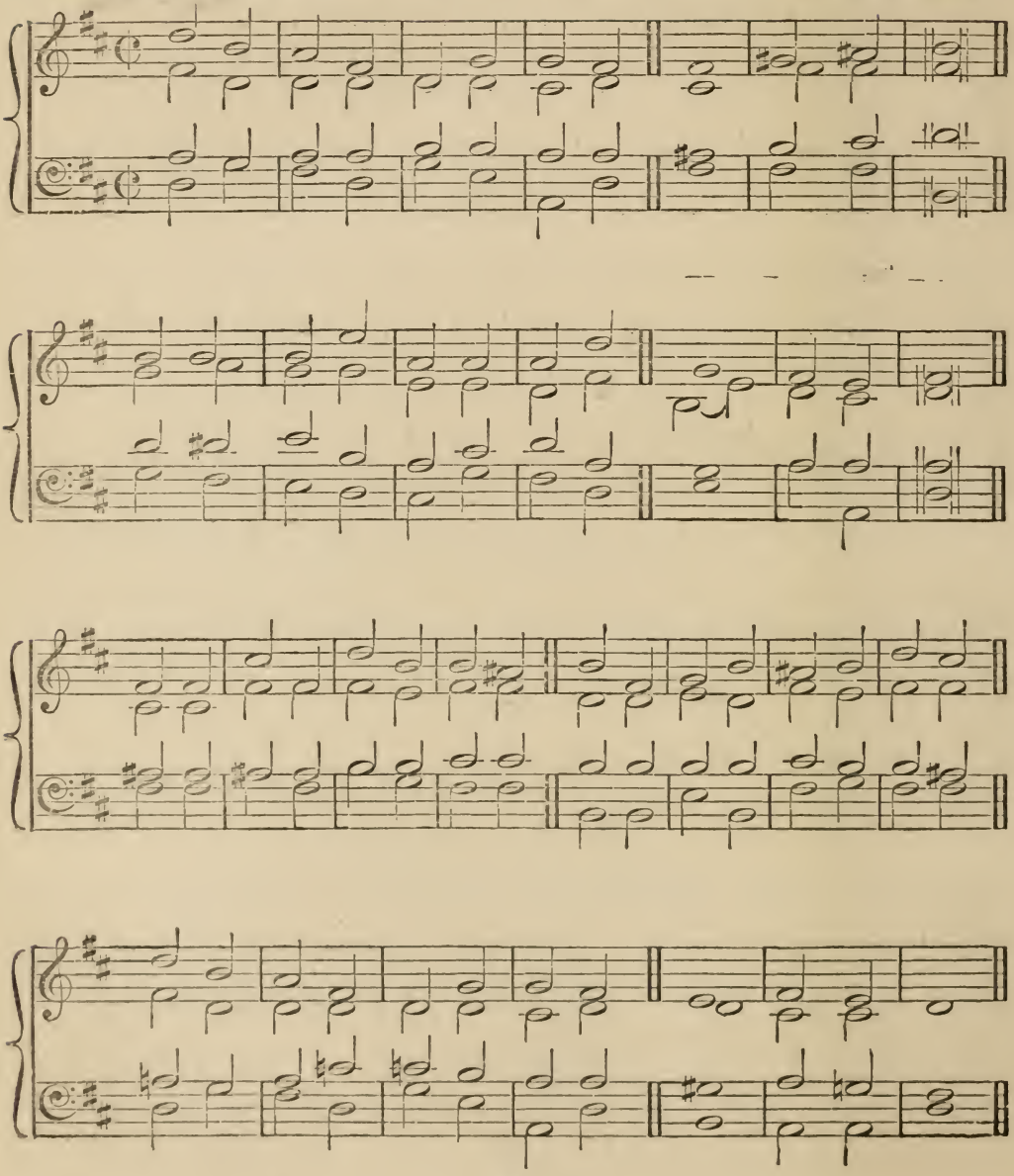
No. 147. PALESTRINA. P. M.

From "Palestrina."
1529 - 1594



8484; 8884

No. 148. EGLESFIELD. P. M. Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus.D.



198 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in Glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

169 They slumber not, nor sleep,
Whom Thou dost send, O God of Light,
Around Thine own the live-long night
Their watch and ward to keep.

They leave their seats on high,
They leave the everlasting hymn,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do cry.

They come to guard the bed
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
And hover round their head.

They come to us by day,
While young and old, through joy and woe,
Along our daily course we go,
To guard us on the way.

All glory be to Thee,
From those who at Thy bidding go
To guard and keep us here below,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

---

179 To Christ the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God Most High,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His Heart for us
The wound of love He bore;—
That love which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu! Victim blest,
What else but Love Divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred Heart of Thine?

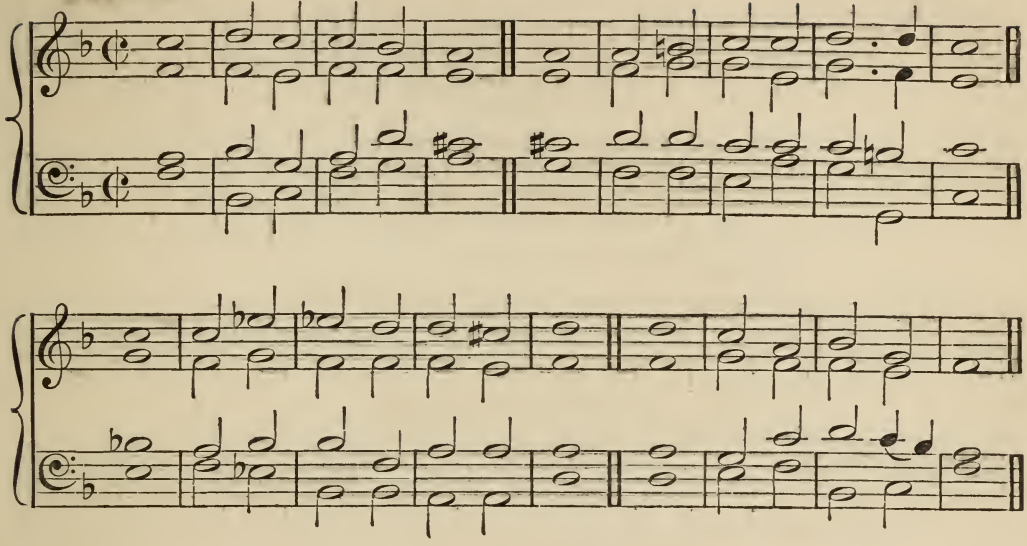
O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of water clear;
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near!

Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy Grace through life, in death
Thine Immortality.

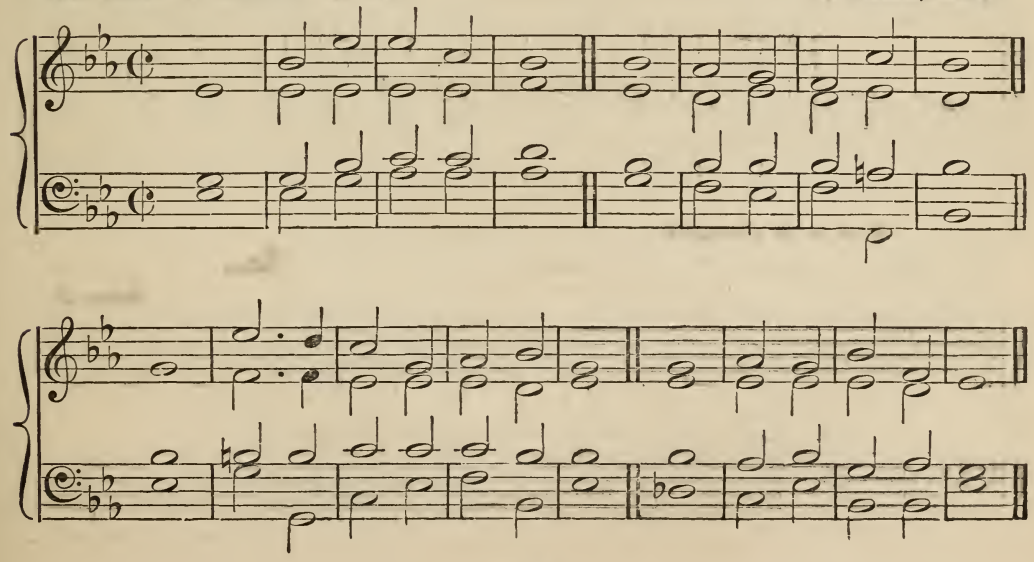
Praise to the Father be,
Praise to His only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

6886

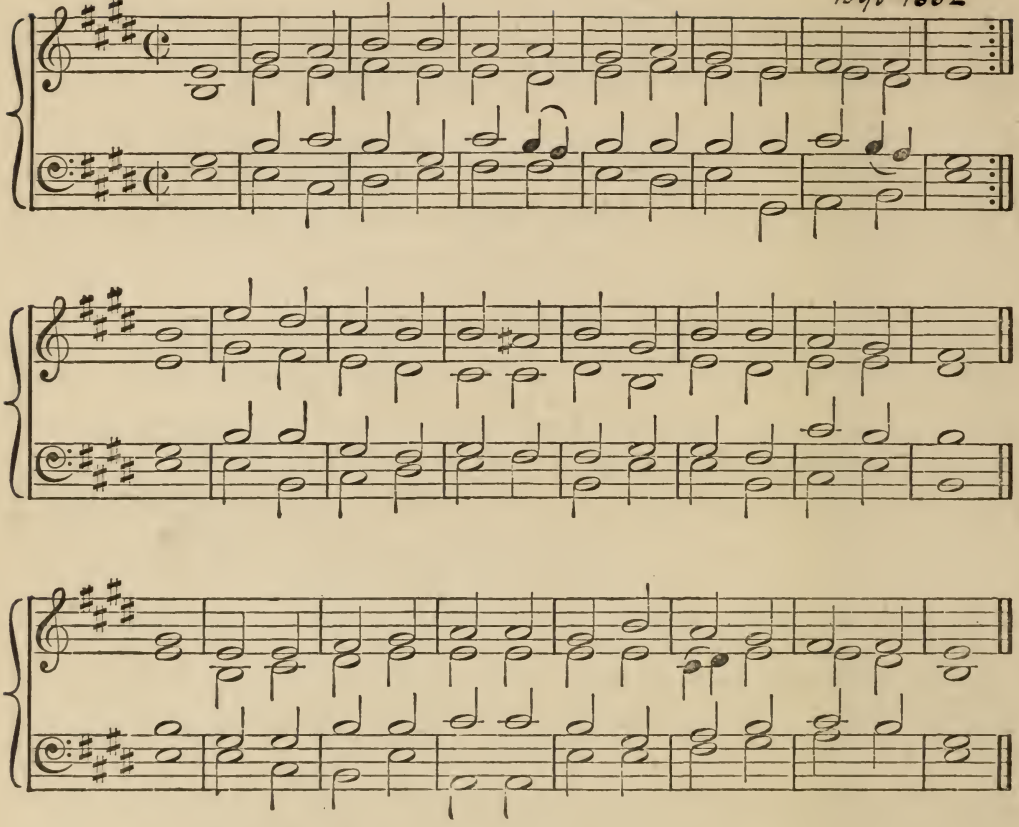
No. 149. S. BARBARA. P. M. *T. Hewlett,* 1862



No. 150. S. LUKE. S. M. *T. Hewlett,* 1862.

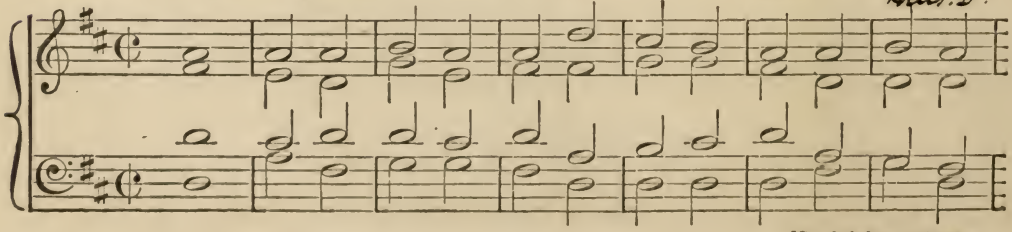


No. 151. METROPHANES. D. C. M. *J. Crüger, 1653.*
1598-1662



10 10 10 10 Iambic

No. 152. S. MARY MAGDALENE. P. M. *Rev. L. G. Hayne.*
Mus. D.



[Concluded on next page.

174 O Unity of Threefold Light,
Send out Thy loveliest ray,
And scatter our transgressions' night,
And turn it into day!
Make us those temples, pure and fair,
Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacles, where
Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell!

The glorious hosts of peerless might,
That ever see Thy face,
Thou mak'st the mirrors of Thy light,
The vessels of Thy grace:
Thou, when their wondrous strain they weave,
Hast pleasure in the lay:
Deign thus our praises to receive,
Albeit from lips of clay!

And yet Thyself they cannot know,
Nor pierce the veil of light,
That hides Thee from the thrones below,
As in profoundest night:
How then can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to their King?
Thou, only, while we praise Thy Name,
Forgive us as we sing! Amen.

---

201 O Father of the Fatherless, to Thee
We turn, sole Comforter, and seek release.
When shall Thy better kingdom come—and we
Be gathered 'neath Thy feet, and be at peace.

Thou givest and takest away, Thy Name be blest!
Fain would we have that cup to pass away,
But may Thy will be done; our only rest
To know that Thou art good, and to obey.

Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven,
Give us enough each day to bear us on;
'Tis not our home, and as we have forgiven,
Forgive us ere we die for Thy dear Son.

Look on us, for like leaves, we haste away,
And are not; to Thy mercy let us cling;
Till we have passed this world of evil sway,
Hide us beneath the shadow of Thy wing. Amen.

201 O FATHER of the Fatherless, to Thee
We turn, sole Comforter, and seek release,
When shall Thy better kingdom come—and we
Be gathered 'neath Thy feet, and be at peace.

Thou giv'st and tak'st away, Thy Name be blest!
Fain would we have that cup to pass away,
But may Thy will be done; our only rest
To know that Thou art good, and to obey.

Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven,
Give us enough each day to bear us on;
'Tis not our home, and as we have forgiven,
Forgive us ere we die for Thy dear SON.

Look on us, for like leaves, we haste away,
And are not; to Thy mercy let us cling;
Till we have passed this world of evil sway,
Hide us beneath the shadow of Thy wing. Amen.

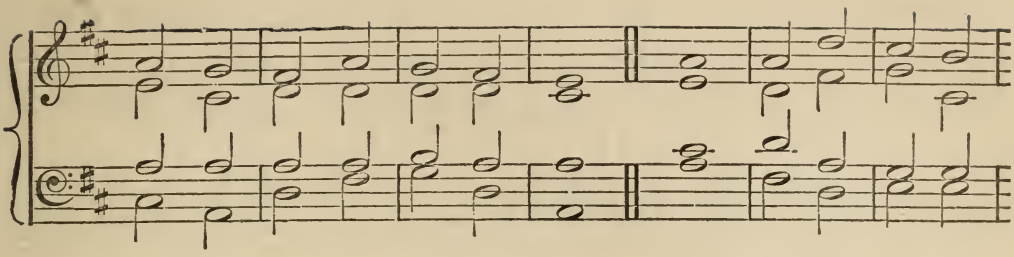
---

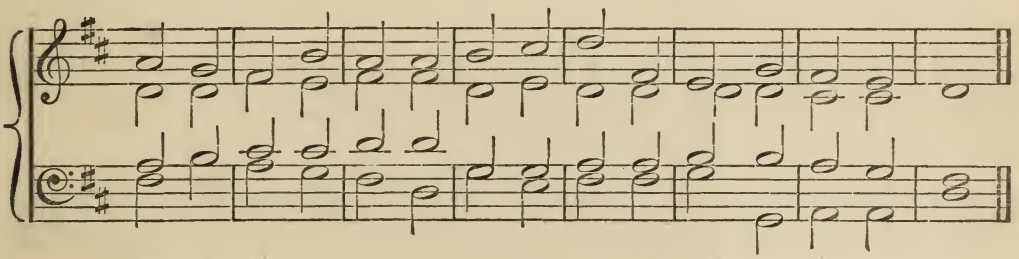
151 Behold the LAMB of God!
Behold, believe and live;
Behold His all-atoning Blood
And life receive.

Look from thyself to Him,
Behold Him on the tree;
What though the eye of faith be dim,
He looks on thee.

That meek, that languid eye,
Turns from Himself away;
Invites the trembling sinner nigh,
And bids him stay.

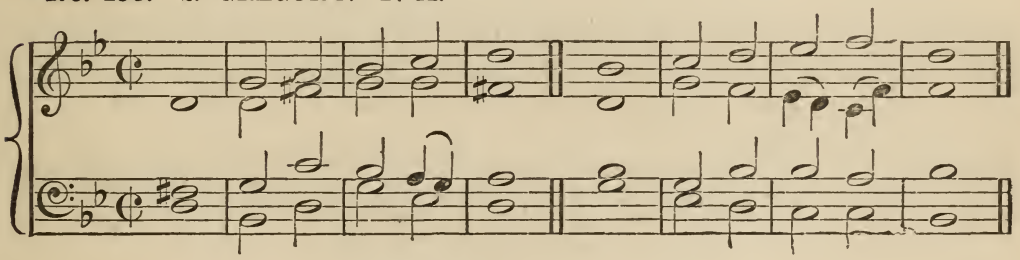
Stay with Him near the tree,
Stay with Him near the tomb;
Stay till the risen LORD you see,
Stay "till He come." Amen.

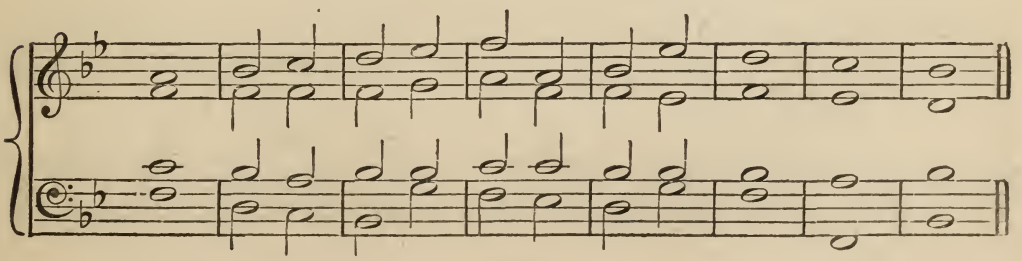




6684

No. 153. S. GREGORY. P. M.



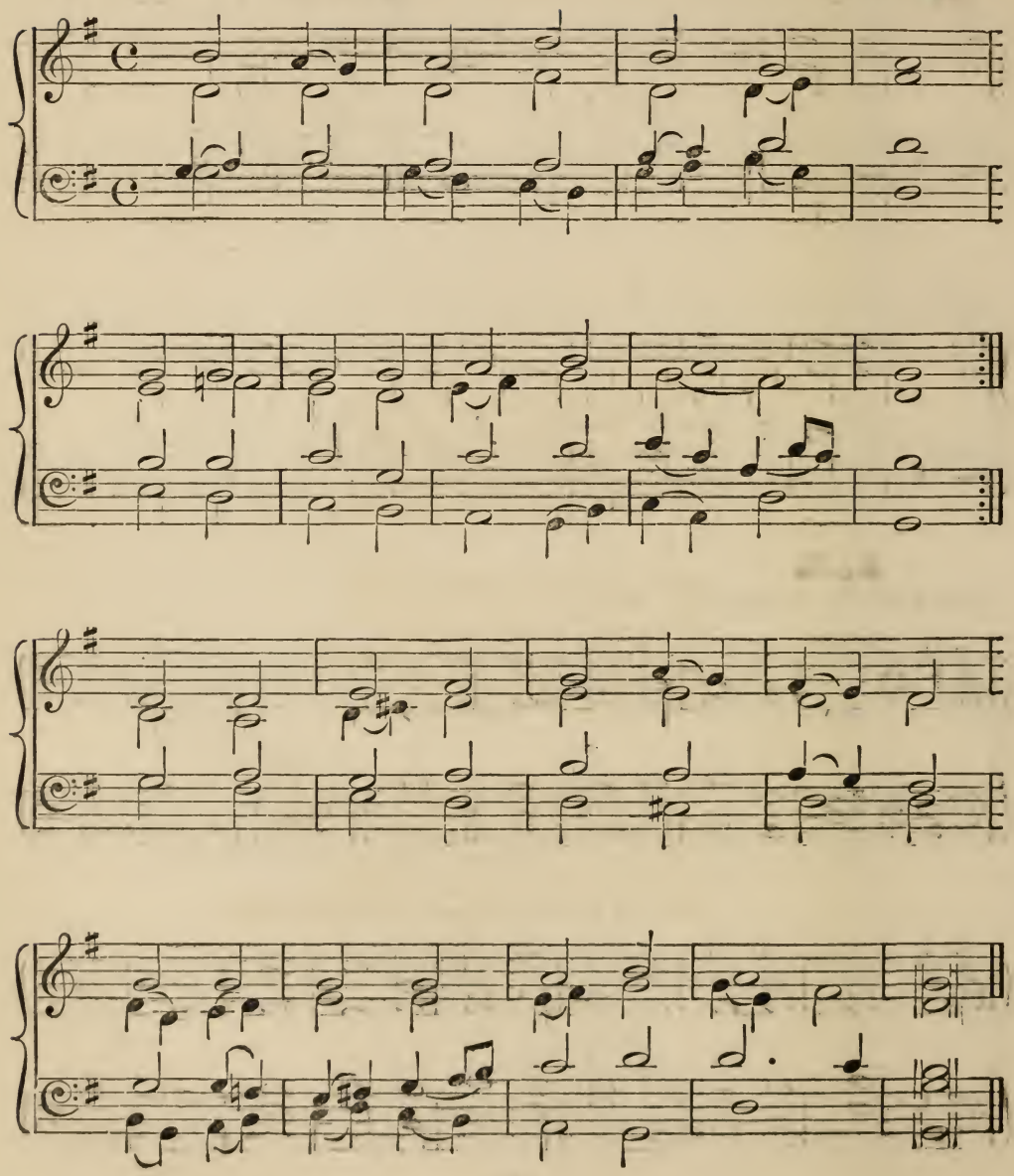


787888

Joh: Rud: Ahle 1625-1673

No. 154. S. JUDE. P. M.

Sebastian Bach.



171 Blessed JESU, at Thy word
We are gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till thy SPIRIT breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to GOD canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

Glorious LORD, Thyself impart!
LIGHT of LIGHT from GOD proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy SPIRIT'S pleading;
Hear the cry Thy Church now raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises! Amen.

150 Oh, world! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee,
Thy SAVIOUR yields His dying breath
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world, and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore His conflict with the foe;
And hark! how from that sacred heart,
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start,
From depths of yet unfathomed woe.

Alas! my SAVIOUR, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, hast wronged none,
As we and ours too oft have done,
Thou hast not sinned, dear LORD, like us.

I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony.
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,
That weighed my spirit to the ground:
Yes, Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blessed through Thee;
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

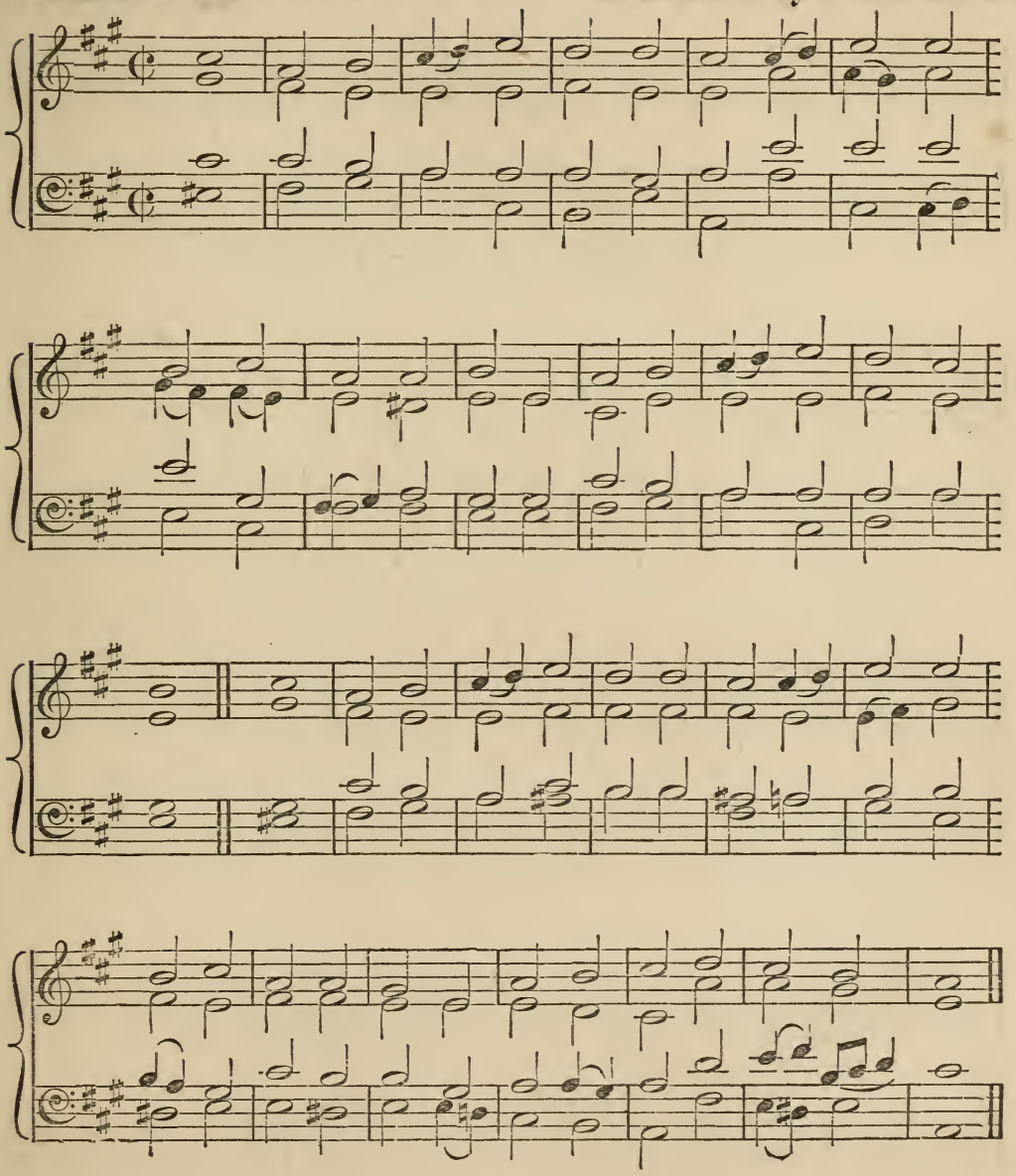
Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
Were shed when thou wast sore oppressed,
Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest. Amen.

8.8.8.8.8.8 or 8.8.6.8.8.6

H. Isaac 1490

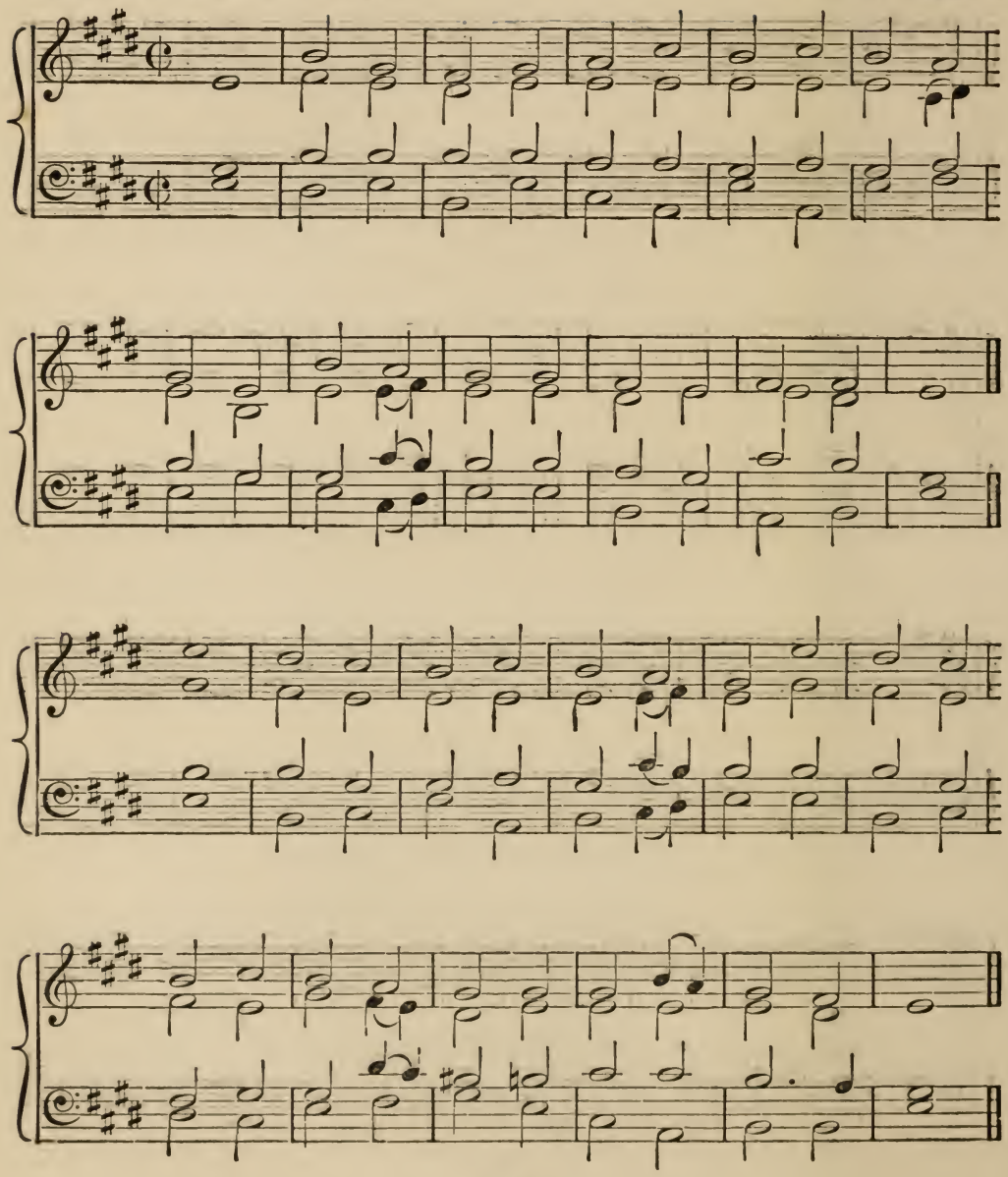
No. 155. S. ATHANASIUS. P. M.

Harmonised by Sebastian Bach. 1685-1750



8 8 6 ; 8 8 6

No. 156. 8. CHAD. P. M. *Rev: L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.*



160 Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,
Which sweetly flow in silent streams,
From Thy bright throne above;
O come, Thou Father of the poor,
O come, Thou source of all our store,
Come fill our hearts with love.

O Thou, of Comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest
The pilgrim's sweet Relief;
Thou art in labour Rest most sweet,
A Shadow from the noon-day heat,
And Solace in our grief.

O Light immortal, Light divine,
Shine Thou within these hearts of Thine,
Our inmost being fill:
Take but Thy hallowing Grace away,
And nothing pure in man will stay,
Our good is turned to ill.

Lord, heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On parched souls pour down Thy dew;
Wash stains of guilt away;
Incline the stubborn will to Thine;
The frozen melt with fire divine;
Guide steps that go astray.

On those whose trust is in Thy word,
Who worship Thee as God and Lord,
With seven-fold gifts descend;
Give them Thy comfort when they die;
Give them new life with Thee on high,
The joys that never end. Amen.

161 Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in Three Persons, Blessed TRINITY!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in Three Persons, Blessed TRINITY! Amen.

---

195 Thy way, not mine O LORD,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my GOD,
So shall I walk aright.

The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

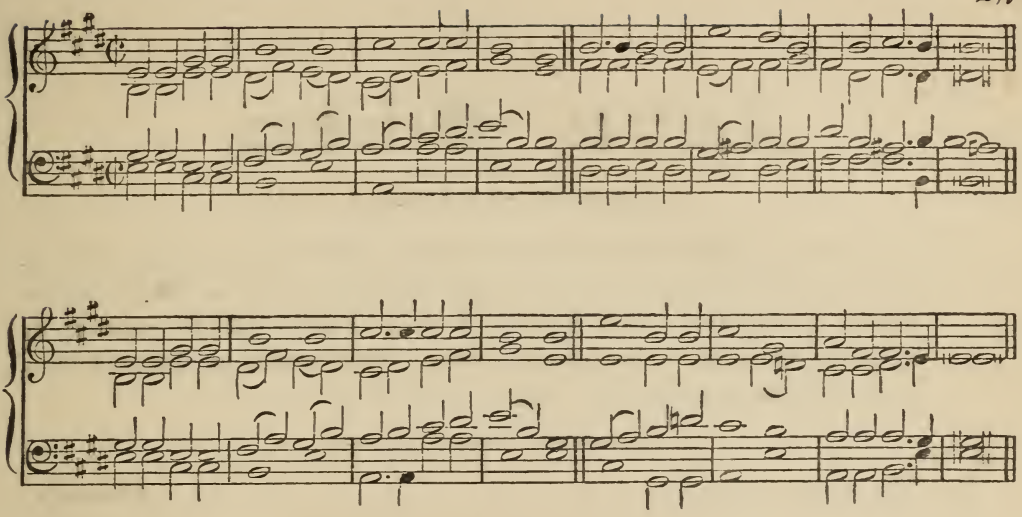
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all. Amen.

11 12 12 10

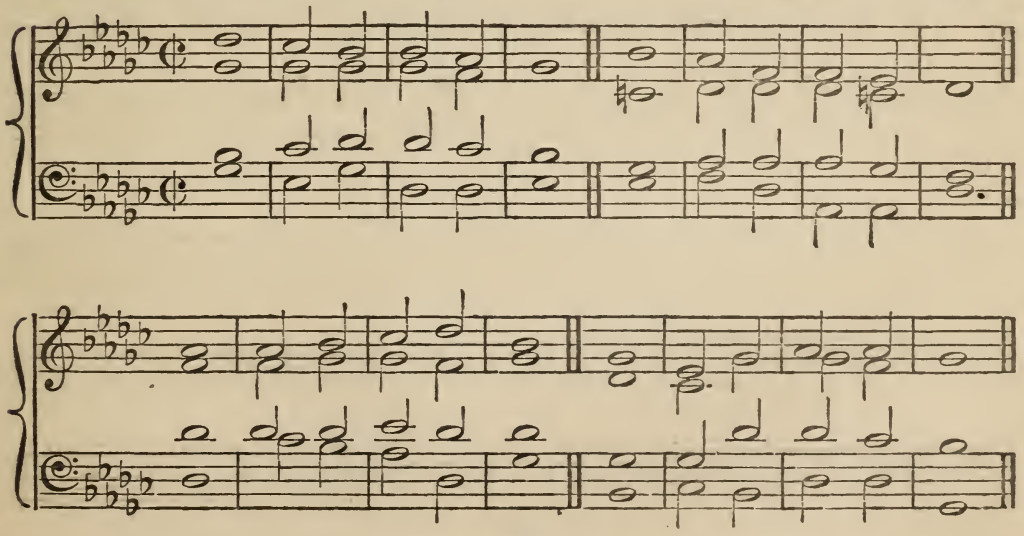
No. 157.(*a*) NICÆA. P. M. *Rev. J. B. Dykes. Mus. D*

-1876



6 6 6 6 Iambic

No. 157.(*b*) S. CECILIA. P. M. *Rev. L. G. Hayne. Mus. D*



Ancient Melodies.

The following Ancient Melodies are arranged to be ſung in uniſon, with an Organ Accompaniment; but the harmonies, being vocal, may be used by the voices, if preferred. The *Rhythm* of theſe Tunes muſt be marked, by attending carefully to the *Accented Notes*, which should be ſuſtained for a ſlightly longer time than the others.

I. M

No. 158. "JAM LUCIS."

Ancient

A - men.

41 Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry;
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

While He, the King of glorious might,
Treads down death's strength in death's despite,
And trampling hell by victor's right,
Brings forth His sleeping saints to light.

Fast barred beneath the stone of late,
In watch and ward where soldiers wait,
Now shining in triumphant state,
He rises victor from death's gate.

Hell's pains are loosed and tears are fled;
Captivity is captive led;
The Angel, crowned with light, hath said,
"The LORD is risen from the dead."

We pray Thee, KING with glory decked,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that Death would fain effect,
Thy ransomed flock, Thine own elect.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, LORD, Thy people give:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

55 Thrice Holy God, of wondrous might!
O Trinity of Love divine!
To Thee belongs unclouded light,
And everlasting joys are Thine.

Before Thy throne dark clouds are rolled,
Around Thee shine such dazzling rays,
That angels, who Thy face behold,
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious Lord,
Confess Thee in Thine Own great Name;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which faith already dares to claim.

Father, may we Thy law fulfil;
Blest Son, may we Thy precepts learn;
And Thou, Blest Spirit, guide our will,
Our feet unto Thy counsels turn.

Blest Father, may Thy will be done,
May we Thy hallowed Name adore,
Together with th' Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, evermore. Amen.

---

4 Creator of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting light,
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear Thy servants when they call.

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death an universe,
Hast found the medicine, full of grace,
To save and heal a ruined race.

Thou camest, the Bridegroom of the Bride,
As drew the world to evening tide;
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,
The spotless Victim all divine.

At Whose dread Name, majestic now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
And things celestial Thee shall own,
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.

O Thou Whose coming is with dread,
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
From every insult of the foe.

To Him, Who comes the world to free,
To God the Son, all glory be:
To God the Father, as is meet,
To God the blessed Paraclete. Amen.

I. M.

Ancient

No. 159. "O LUX BEATA."

A - men.

I. M.

Ancient

No. 160. "CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM."

A - men.

I. M.

No. 161. "ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA." *Ancient*

A - men.

No. 162. "AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES." *Ancient*

I. M.

A - men.

64 The Apostles' glorious deeds we sing,
Unfading gifts of CHRIST our KING;
Their hard-won palms and circling rays
Demand our joyous hymns of praise.

Princes of all the Churches they,
Crowned chieftains of the unearthly fray,
Of Heaven's high courts the warriors bright,
For ever set the world's true light.

Theirs is the Saints' unwavering Faith,
The Hope that triumphs over death,
The Love of CHRIST in perfect glow,
That laid the Prince of this world low.

In them the FATHER'S glory shone,
In them the will of GOD the SON;
In them exults the HOLY GHOST,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

REDEEMER, hear us of Thy love,
That with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

---

43 Now at the Lamb's high royal feast,
In robes of festal white we sing,
The Red Sea's depth in safety past,
To JESUS, our immortal KING;

Whose love divine pours forth the Blood,
The mystic Cup that crowns the Feast,
Whose love the tender Victim slays,
Himself the Lamb, Himself the Priest.

The blood-drops on the lintel spread,
The wasting angel passes o'er;
In sudden flight the waves divide,
Th' o'erwhelmed hosts are seen no more.

So CHRIST, our Passover, is slain,
The very Paschal Victim He;
The leaven true of spirits pure,
The leaven of sincerity.

True Victim sent from highest Heaven,
Whom deeps of Hell their conqueror own;
Who death's strong chain in sunder rent,
And rescued life's unfading crown.

Blest JESU! Thou to every heart
Unceasing Paschal gladness be!
From death of sin, and guilty strife,
The new born sons of life set free! Amen.

129 JESU! the very thought is sweet,
In that dear name all heart-joys meet:
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

JESU! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

We follow JESUS now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the Heavenly Seat. Amen

---

32 The Royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled Water flowed and Blood.

Thee by Thy Cross, O CHRIST, we pray,
To life's reward direct our way:
Who of old time upon the Tree
Our ransom didst vouchsafe to be:

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore
Preserve and govern evermore! Amen.

I. M.

No. 163. "JESU DULCIS MEMORIA."

Ancient

A - men.

No. 164. "VEXILLA REGIS."

Ancient

I. M.

A - men.

8 7 8 7 8 7 Trochaic

Ancient

No. 165. "ANGULARE FUNDAMENTUM."

V V

V V

V V

V V

V V

V V

A - men.

101 Blessed City, Heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilded,
Art the joy of Heaven above:
And, with Angel cohorts circled,
As a Bride to earth dost move:

From celestial realms descending,—
Bridal glory round her shed,—
To His presence, decked with jewels,
By her LORD shall she be led:
All her streets and all her bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters:
It is open evermore:
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who, for CHRIST's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone:
Who, the twofold walls surmounting,
Binds them closely into one;
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved by GOD on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody:
GOD the One, and GOD the Triune
Singing everlastingly.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
That they supplicate to gain:
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their prayers obtain:
And hereafter, in Thy Glory,
With Thy Blessed ones to reign. Amen.

33 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing the Cross in mournful strain ;
Tell the sorrows all-amazing,
Tell the Wounds, the dying pain,
Which our SAVIOUR
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

He, the cruel scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
By His stripes transgressors curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Bore our sorrows,
And removed our pains away.

He to freedom hath restored us
By the very bonds He bare ;
His nail-pierced limbs afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare :
Nailed, He draws us
To the Cross, and keeps us there.

When His painful life was ended,
From that fount, His wounded side,
Blood and Water straight descended,
Each a sacramental tide ;
One to cleanse us,
One to feed our souls, applied.

JESUS ! may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford ;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
Thee, our ever-glorious LORD ! Amen.

87 87 87 Trochaic

No. 166. "PANGE LINGUA."

Ancient

A - men.

I. M

No. 167. "VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS."

Ancient

A - men.

2. M.

No. 168. "TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM."

Ancient

A - men.

51 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

---

120 Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray,
That with Thy wonted favour, Thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.

Let no ill dreams our souls alarm,
No powers of night approach to harm;
Defend us from the Tempter's art,
And keep us ever pure in heart.

Father of mercies, hear our cry;
O hear, Co-equal Son Most High,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
One only God for evermore. Amen.

43 Now at the Lamb's high royal feast,
In robes of festal white we sing,
The Red Sea's depth in safety past,
To JESUS, our immortal KING;

Whose love divine pours forth the Blood,
The mystic Cup that crowns the Feast,
Whose love the tender Victim slays,
Himself the Lamb, Himself the Priest.

The blood-drops on the lintel spread,
The wasting angel passes o'er;
In sudden flight the waves divide,
Th' o'erwhelmed hosts are seen no more.

So CHRIST, our Passover, is slain,
The very Paschal Victim He;
The leaven true of spirits pure,
The leaven of sincerity.

True Victim sent from highest Heaven,
Whom deeps of Hell their conqueror own;
Who death's strong chain in sunder rent,
And rescued life's unfading crown.

Blest JESU! Thou to every heart
Unceasing Paschal gladness be!
From death of sin, and guilty strife,
The new born sons of life set free! Amen.

---

116 O GOD, the LORD of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently,
Brightening with beams the opening prime
And burning in the mid-day sky:

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fevers of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
FATHER, and Thou co-equal SON,
And HOLY GHOST, the COMFORTER,
Eternal Blessed Three in One. Amen.

I. M.

No. 169. AD CŒNAM AGNI PROVIDI.

Ancient

A - men.

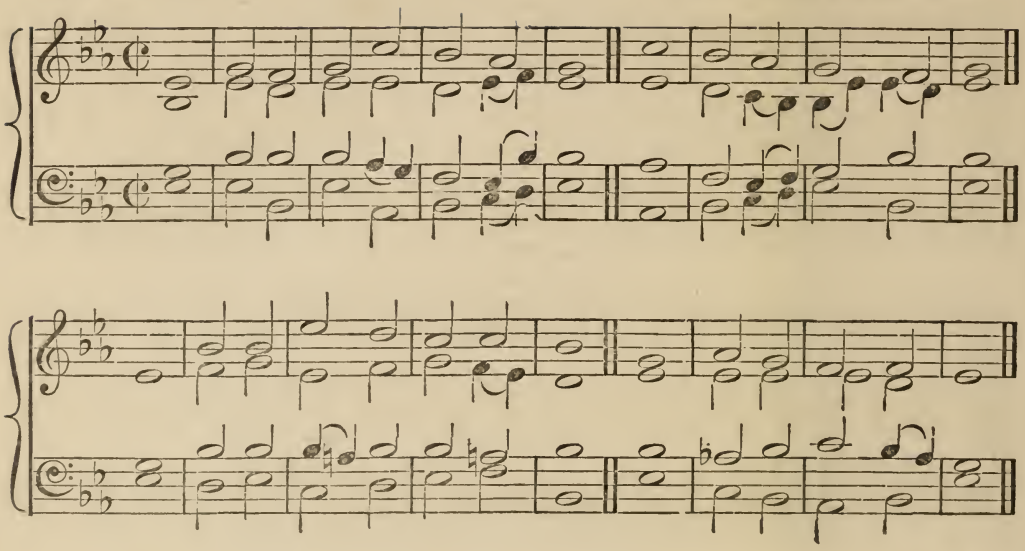
I. M.

No. 170. RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS.

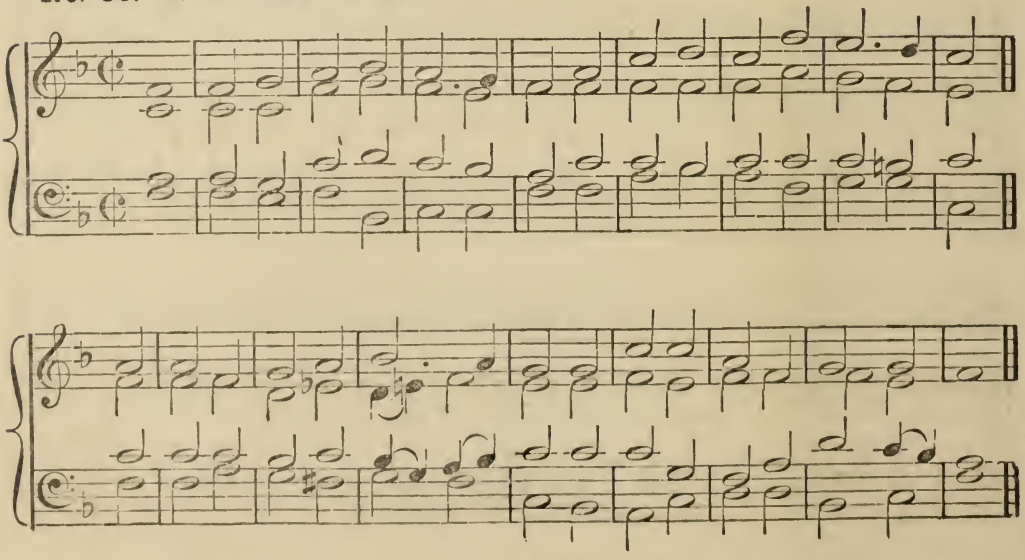
Ancient

A - men . .

No. 13. BERLIN. C. M. *From "Sächsen Choral-Buch."*



No. 30. S. ANSELM. L. M.



175 My God! How wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

All glory and all praise to Thee,
And glory to Thy Son,
All glory to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run. Amen.

---

96 Creator of the rolling flood,
On Whom Thy people hope alone,
Who camest by Water and by Blood,
For man's offences to atone:

Who from the labours of the deep
Did'st set Thy servant Peter free;
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build a glorious Church for Thee

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer
And on Thy sacred Rock to stand.

And when our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burden down,
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee. Amen.

130 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head!
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young Hosannas to His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
With joy the captive bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain. Amen.

88 Son of God, to Thee we bow;
Thou art God, and only Thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Of Thy Church the crown and head.

Thee the Angels ever sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King,
Worthy is Thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast gladsome tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;
Do Thou guide us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy Saints above. Amen.

180 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
Jesus shall His people save.

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Son of God above,
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

---

81 How bright those glorious spirits shine,
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from suffering great,
Who came to realms of light;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

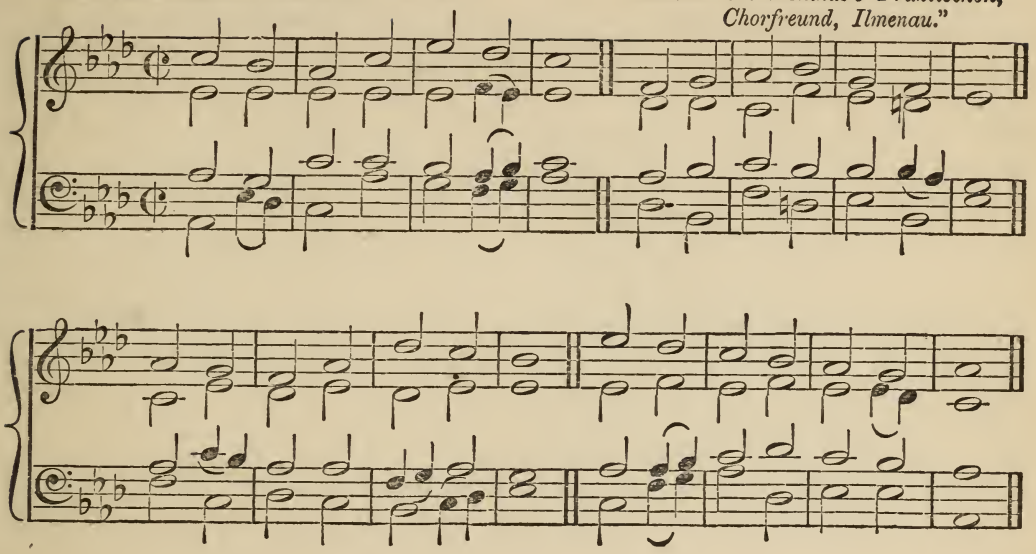
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With Alleluias ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray:
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

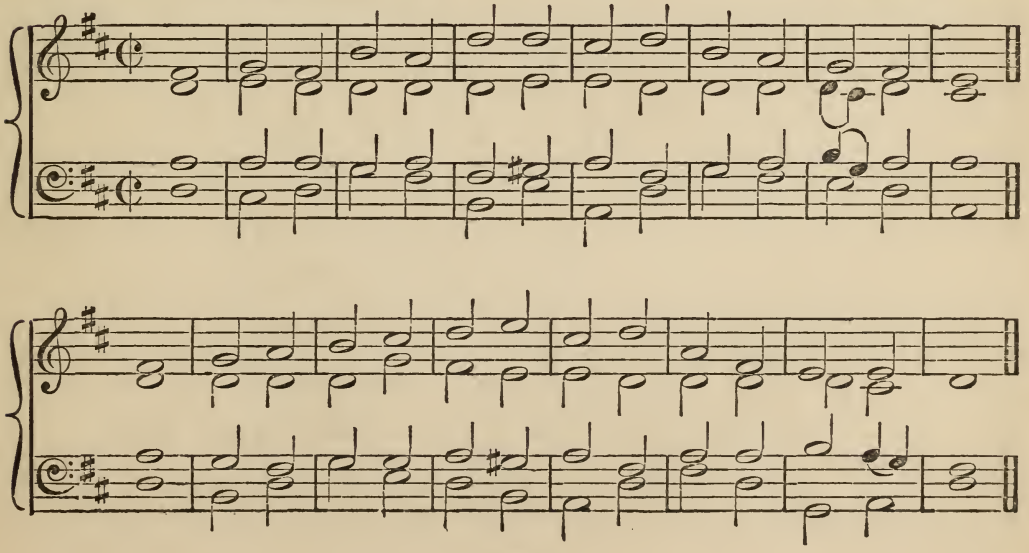
The Lamb Which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

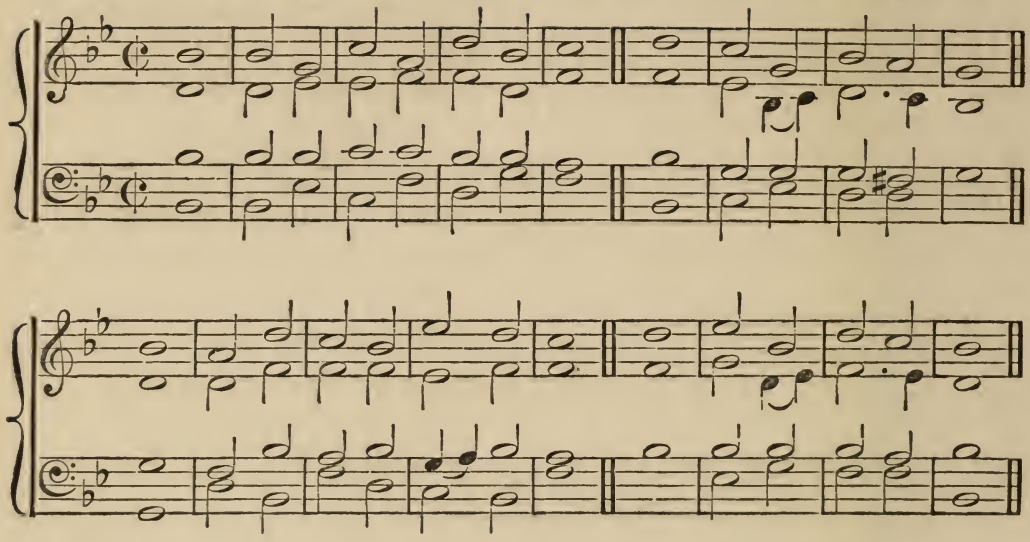
No. 138. S. BONIFACE. P. M. *From "H. Kohlhas's Praktischen, Chorfreund, Ilmenau."*



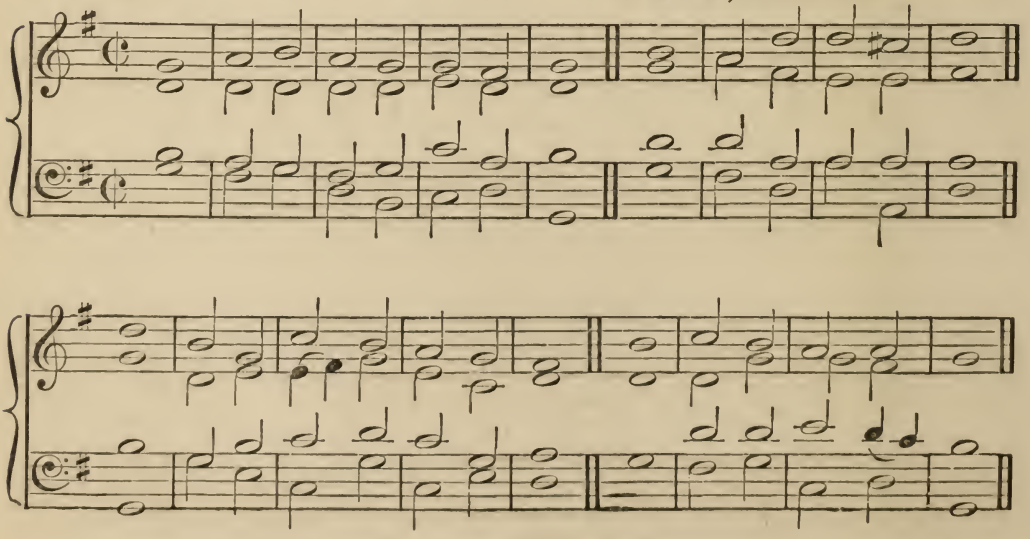
No. 142. BRADFIELD. C. M. *T. Morley,* 1862.



No. 20. CARLISLE. C. M. *Ravenscroft, A.D.* 1621.



No. 18. PLAYFORD. C. M. *From Playford's "Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Musick," A.D.* 1671.



57 With CHRIST we share a mystic grave,
With Him we buried lie;
Yet not within the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain;
And from the healing waters born
With CHRIST we rise again.

Thrice blest if through this world of sin,
And lust, and selfish care,
Our resurrection-mantle, white
And undefiled, we wear.

Thus through the grave and gate of death
Glorious at last and free,
With all Thy ransomed people, LORD,
May we accepted be. Amen.

138 Oh for a closer walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB!

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy DOVE, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee,

So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the LAMB. Amen.

---

95 When Israel left the Egyptian's land,
Through the Red Sea they trod,
The cloud above was brooding o'er,
The token of their GOD.

Then man was fed on Angels' food,
For meat enough He sent,
Their drink was of the living stream,
The Rock that Moses rent.

They journeyed to a promised land,
Along a toilsome way,
They passed through Jordan's parted stream,
The ark of GOD their stay.

A house of bondage we have left,
Redeemed from sin and shame,
By water and the HOLY GHOST,
Baptized into CHRIST'S Name.

Our manna is the living Bread
Which hath come down from Heaven,
The Rock that follows, CHRIST the LORD,
From Whom our drink is given.

Our promised land shall ever last—
O may our faith be strong!
That we may never murmur, sure
He cannot lead us wrong.

That so, when we have passed the flood
This earth and heaven between,
We find the eternal joy, the bliss
That eye hath never seen. Amen.

87 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The House of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears;
The guardian of mankind appears.

He Who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye.
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

With boldness therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known:
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Praise we the Father, praise the Son,
Who hath our woes and weakness known;
Let equal praise to Spirit Blest
By men and angels be addressed. Amen.

---

175 My God! How wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

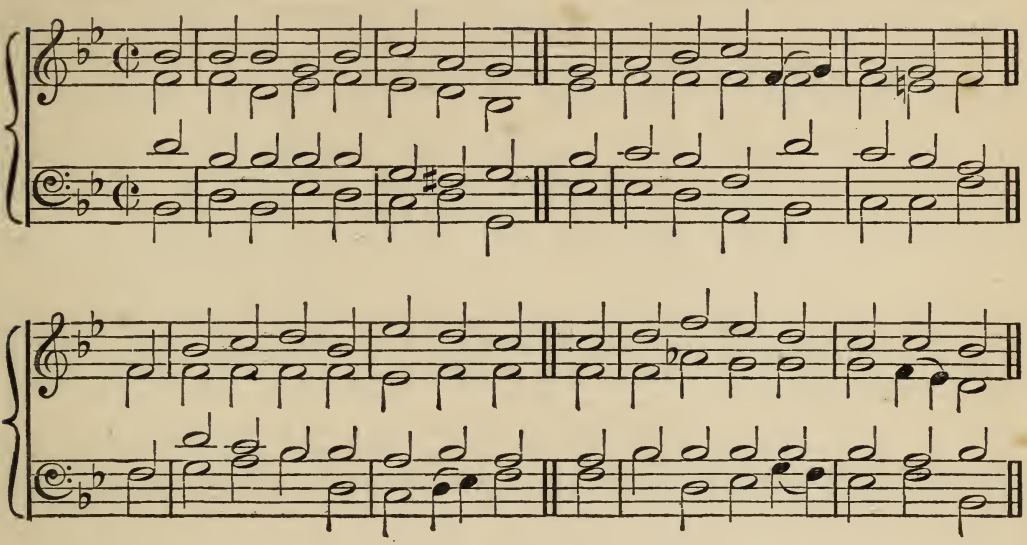
Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

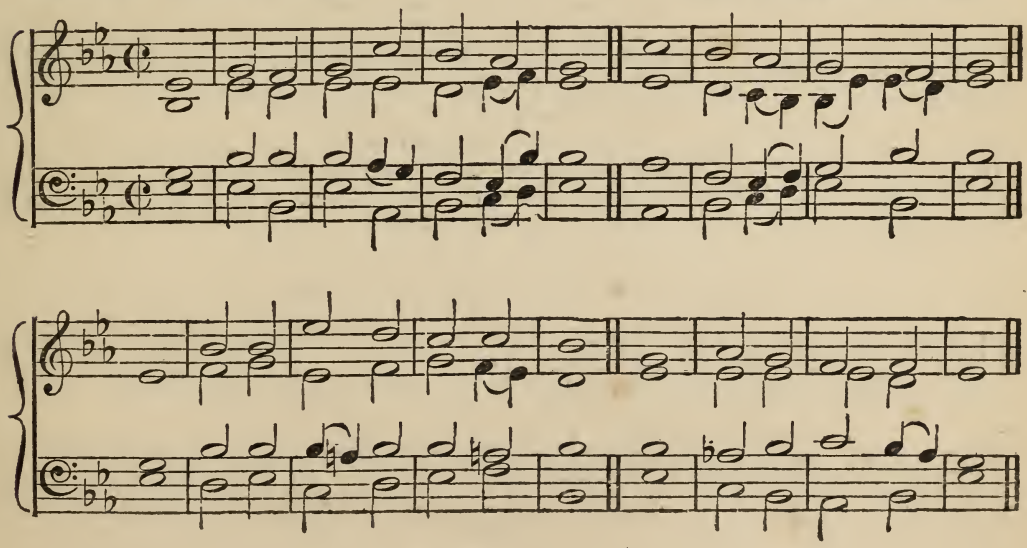
No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

All glory and all praise to Thee,
And glory to Thy Son,
All glory to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run. Amen.

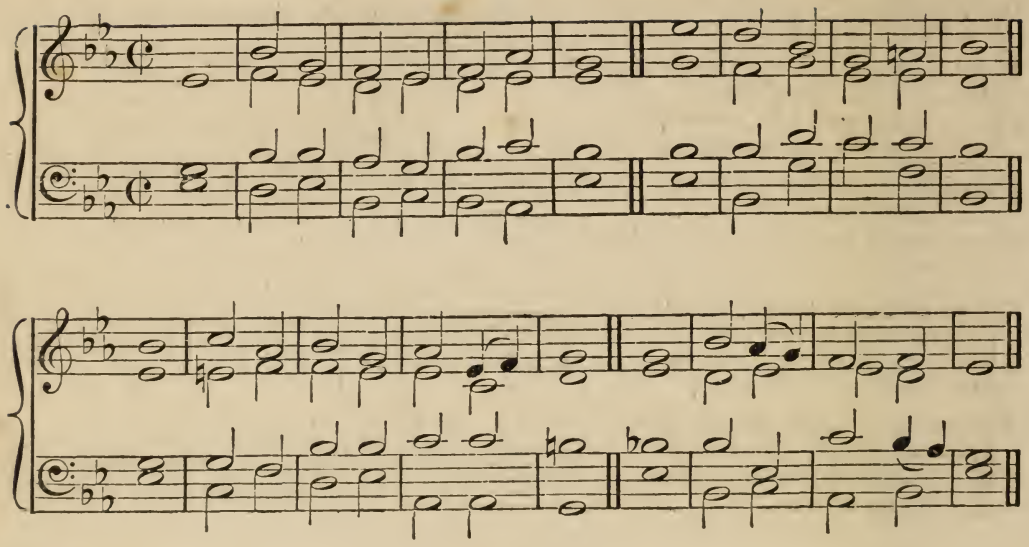
No. 32. S. MATTHIAS. L. M. *Old melody arranged by W. H. Monk.*



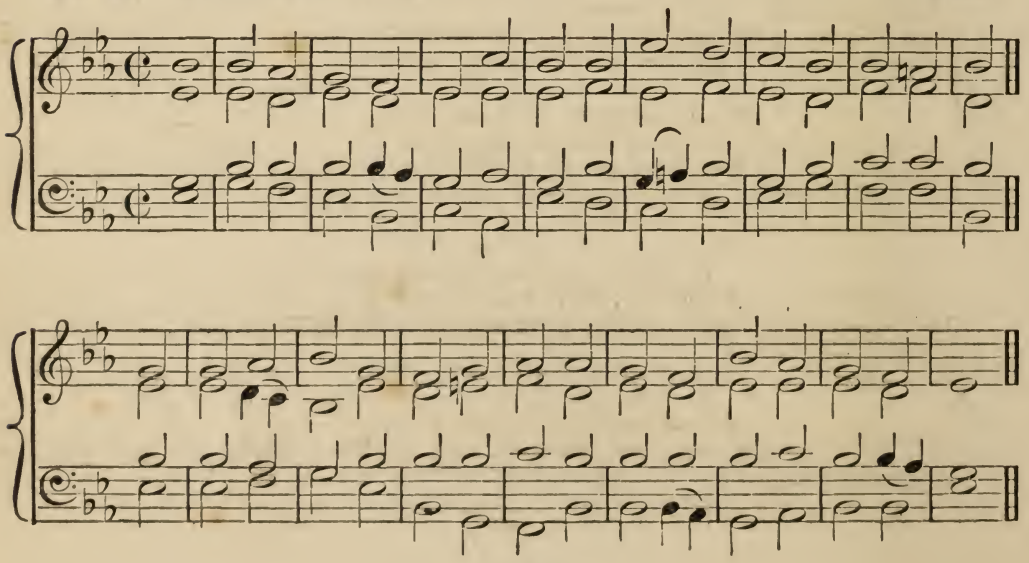
No. 13. BERLIN. C. M. *From "Sächsen Choral-Buch."*



No. 17. S. MARGARET. C. M. *L. G. Hayne.*



No. 40. MELCOMBE. L. M. *Webbe.*



45 FATHER of peace, and GOD of love,
We own Thy power to save,—
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred Blood
Confirmed and sealed for evermore
Th' eternal covenant stood.

O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;

Thus to perfection's sacred height
Still nearer may we rise;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

Praise be to FATHER, praise to SON,
Blest SPIRIT, praise to Thee:
Glory to GOD, the THREE IN ONE,
To GOD the ONE IN THREE. Amen.

86 LORD! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear.
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

We perish if we cease from pray
O grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
LORD! meet us by the way.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
LORD! whither shall we go?

GOD of all grace! we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On CHRIST, on CHRIST alone. Amen.

---

68 Oh GOD! Who gavest Thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distrest,
To look on Thine incarnate Face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast:

To see the Light that dimly shone
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of th' Eternal One!
Through shadows of Thy mortal veil!

Be ours, O King of Mercy! still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word, and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love:

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee. Amen.

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